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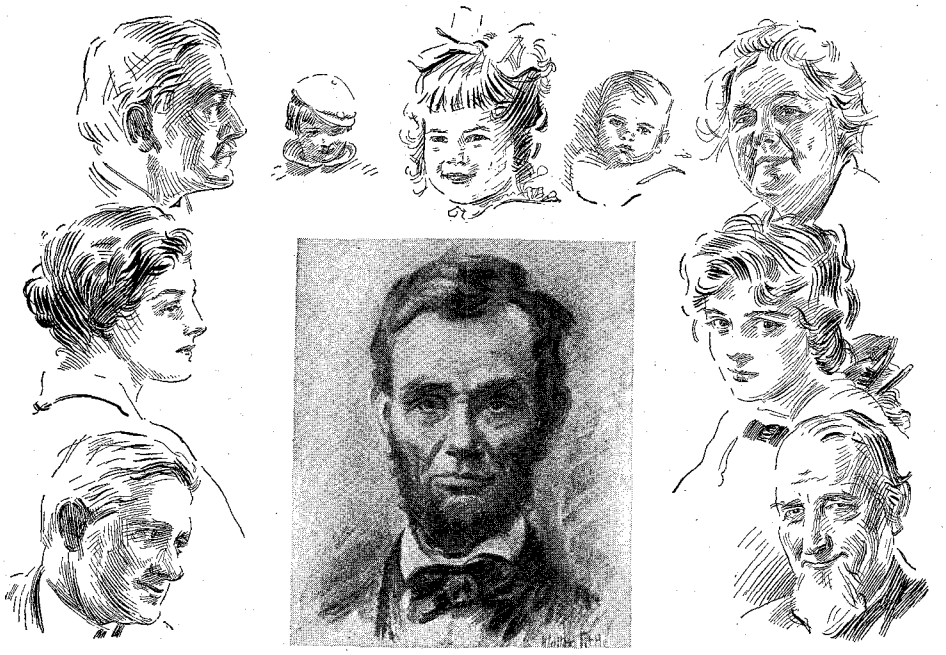

"THE VALLEY OF DEMOCRACY"

I—THE FOLKS AND THEIR FOLKSINESS

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

"THE great trouble with these fellows down here," remarked my friend as we left the office of a New York banker—"the trouble with all of 'em is that they forget about the *Folks*. You noticed that when he asked in his large, patronizing way how things are going out West he didn't wait for us to answer; he pressed a button and told his secretary to bring in those tables of railroad earnings and to-day's crop bulletins and that sort of rubbish, so he could tell *us*. It never occurs to 'em that the Folks are human beings and not just a column of statistics. Why, the *Folks*——"

My friend, an orator of distinction, formerly represented a tall-corn district in Congress. He drew me into Trinity

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churchyard and discoursed in a vein with which I had long been familiar upon a certain condescension in Easterners, and the East's intolerable ignorance of the ways and manners, the hopes and aims, of the West, which move him to rage and despair. I was aware that he was gratified to have an opportunity to unbosom himself at the brazen gates of Wall Street, and equally conscious that he was experimenting upon me with phrases that he was coining for use on the hustings. They were so used, not without effect, in the campaign of 1916—a contest whose results were well calculated to draw attention to the "Folks" as an upstanding, independent body of citizens.

Folks is recognized by the lexicographers as an American colloquialism, a variant of folk. And folk, in old times, was used to signify the commonalty, the plain people. But my friend, as he rolled "Folks" under his tongue there in the shadow of Trinity, used it in a sense that excluded the hurrying midday Broadway throng and restricted its application to an infinitely superior breed of humanity, to be found on farms, in villages and cities remote from tidewater. His passion for democracy, his devotion to the commonweal, is not wasted upon New Englanders or Middle States people. In the South there are Folks, yes; his own people had come out of North Carolina, lingered a while in Kentucky, and lodged finally in Indiana, whence, following a common law of dispersion, they sought new homes in Illinois and Kansas. Beyond the Rockies there are Folks; he meets their leaders in national conventions; but they are only second cousins of those valiant freemen who rallied to the call of Lincoln and followed Grant and Sherman into battles that shook the continent. My friend's point of view is held by great numbers of people in that region we now call the Middle West. This attitude or state of mind with regard to the East is not to be taken too seriously; it is a part of the national humor, and has been expressed with delightful vivacity and candor in Mr. William Allen White's refreshing essay, "Emporia and New York."

A definition of Folks as used all the way from Ohio to Colorado, and with particular point and pith by the haughty sons and daughters of Indiana and Kansas, may be set down thus:

FOLKS. *n.* A superior people, derived largely from the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races and domiciled in those northern States of the American Union whose waters fall into the Mississippi. Their *folksiness* (*q. v.*) is expressed in sturdy independence, hostility to capitalistic influence, and a proneness to social and political experiment. They are strong in the fundamental virtues, more or less sincerely averse to conventionality, and believe themselves possessed of a breadth of vision and a devotion to the common good at once beneficent and unique in the annals of mankind.

We of the West do not believe—not really—that we are the only true interpreters of the dream of democracy. It pleases us to swagger a little when we talk of ourselves as the Folks and hint at the dire punishments we hold in store for monopoly and privilege; but we are far less dangerous then an outsider, bewildered or annoyed by our apparent bitterness, may be led to believe. In our hearts we do not think ourselves the only good Americans. We merely feel that the East began patronizing us and that anything we may do in that line has been forced upon us by years of outrageous contumely. And when New York went to bed on the night of election day, 1916, confident that as went the Empire State so went the Union, it was only that we of the West might chortle the next morning to find that Ah Sin had forty packs concealed in his sleeve and spread them out on the Sierra Nevadas with an air that was childlike and bland.

Under all its jauntiness and cocksureness, the West is extremely sensitive to criticism. It likes admiration, and expects the Eastern visitor to be properly impressed by its achievements, its prodigious energy, its interpretations of democracy, and the earnestness with which it interests itself in the things of the spirit. Above all else it does not like to appear absurd. According to its light it intends to do the right thing, but it yields to laughter much more quickly than abuse if the means to that end are challenged.

The pioneers of the older States endured hardships quite as great as the Middle Westerners; they have contributed as generously to the national life in war and peace; the East's aid to the West,

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"Ten days of New York, and it's me for my home town."—Page 4.

in innumerable ways, is immeasurable. I am not thinking of farm mortgages but of nobler things—of men and women who carried ideals of life and conduct, of justice and law, into new territory where such matters were often lightly valued. The prowler in these Western States recognizes constantly the trail of New Englanders who founded towns, built schools, colleges, and churches, and left an ineffaceable stamp upon communities. Many of us Westerners sincerely admire the East and do reverence to Eastern gods when we can sneak unobserved into the temples. We dispose of our crops and merchandise as quickly as

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possible that we may be seen of men in New York. Western school-teachers pour into New England every summer on pious pilgrimages to Concord and Lexington. And yet we feel ourselves, the great body of us, a peculiar people. "Ten days of New York, and it's me for my home town —Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, or Colorado." This expresses a very general feeling in the provinces.

It is far from my purpose to make out a case for the West as the true home of the Folks in these newer connotations of that noun, but rather to record some of the phenomena observable in those commonwealths where we are assured the Folks maintain the only true ark of the covenant of democracy. Certain concessions may be assumed in the unconvinced spectator whose path lies in less favored portions of the nation. The West does indubitably coax an enormous treasure out of its soil to be tossed into the national hopper, and it does exert a profound influence upon the national life. Its manner of thought is different: it arrives at conclusions by processes that strike the Eastern mind as peculiar and often as absurd or dangerous. The two great mountain ranges are barriers that shut it in a good deal by itself in spite of every facility of communication; it is disposed to be scornful of the world's experience where the experience is not a part of its own history. It believes that forty years of Illinois or Wisconsin are better than a cycle of Cathay, and it is prepared to prove it.

The West's philosophy is a compound of Franklin and Emerson, with a dash of Whitman. Even Washington is a pale figure behind the Lincoln of its own prairies. Its curiosity is insatiable; its mind is speculative; it has a supreme confidence that upon an agreed state of facts the Folks, sitting as a high court, will hand down to the nation a true and just decision upon any matter in controversy. It is a patient listener. Seemingly tolerant of false prophets, it amiably gives them hearing in thousands of forums while awaiting an opportunity to smother their ambitions on election day. It will not, if it knows itself, do anything supremely foolish. Flirting with Greenbackism and Free Silver, it encourages the assiduous wooers shamelessly and then calmly sends them about their business. Maine can approach her election booths as coyly as Ohio or Nebraska, and yet the younger States rejoice in the knowledge that after all nothing is decided until they have been heard from. Politics becomes, therefore, not merely a matter for concern when some great contest is forward, but the year round it crowds business hard for first place in public affection.

II

THE people of the Valley of Democracy (I am indebted for this phrase to Dr. John H. Finley) do a great deal of thinking and talking; they brood over the world's affairs with a peculiar intensity; and beyond question they exchange opinions with a greater freedom than their fellow citizens in other parts of America. I have travelled between Boston and New York on many occasions and have covered most of New England in railway journeys without ever being addressed by a stranger; but seemingly in the West men travel merely to cultivate the art of conversation. The gentleman who borrows your newspaper returns it with a crisp comment on the day's events. He is from Beatrice, or Fort Collins, perhaps, and you quickly find that he lives next door to the only man you know in his home town. You praise Nebraska and he meets you in a generous spirit of reciprocity and compliments Iowa, Minnesota, or any other commonwealth you may honor with your citizenship.

The West is proud of its talkers, and is at pains to produce them for the edification of the visitor. In Kansas a little while ago my host summoned a friend of his from a town a hundred miles away that I might hear him talk. And it was well worth my while to hear that gentleman talk; he is the best talker I have ever heard. He described for me great numbers of politicians past and present, limning them with the merciless stroke of a skilled caricaturist, or, in a benignant mood, presented them in ineffaceable miniature. He knew Kansas as he knew his own front yard. It was a delight to listen to discourse so free, so graphic in its characterizations, so colored and flavored

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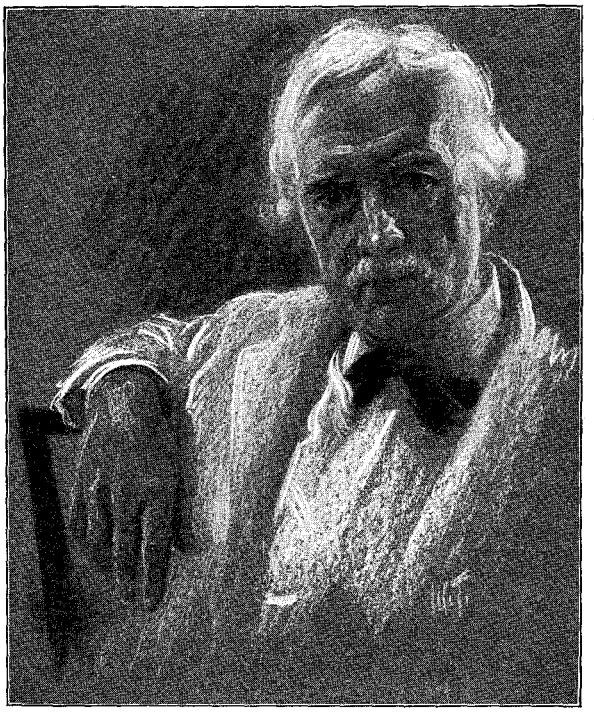
with the very soil. I know of no Western town so small that it doesn't boast at least one wit or story-teller who is produced as a special mark of honor for the entertainment of guests. As often as not these stars are women, who discuss public matters with understanding and brilliancy. The old superstition that women are deficient in humor never struck me as applicable to American women anywhere; certainly it is not true of Western women. In a region where story-telling flourishes, I can match the best male anecdotalist with a woman who can evoke mirth by neater and defter means.

The Western State is not only a political but a social unit. It is like a club, where every one is presumably acquainted with every one else. The railroads and interurbans carry an enormous number of passengers who are solely upon pleasure bent. The observer is struck by the general sociability, the astonishing amount of visiting that is in progress. In smoking compartments and in day coaches any one who is at all approachable may hear talk that is likely to prove informing and stimulating. And this cheeriness and volubility of the people one meets greatly enhances the pleasure of travel. Here one is conscious of the provincial confidence in the West's greatness and wisdom in every department of human endeavor.



He is the best talker I have ever heard.—Page 4.

One evening last January it was my privilege to sit with seven other passengers in the smoking-room of a train out of Denver for Kansas City. The conversation was opened by a vigorous elderly gentleman who had, he casually remarked crossed Kansas six times in a wagon. He was a native of Illinois, a graduate of Asbury (Depauw) College, Indiana, a Civil War veteran, and he had sat in the Missouri Legislature. He lived on a ranch in Colorado but owned a farm in Kansas and was hastening thither to test his acres for oil. The range of his adventures was amazing; his acquaintance embraced men of all sorts and conditions, including Buffalo Bill, whose funeral he had just at-

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tended in Denver. He had known General George A. Custer and gave us the true story of the massacre of that hero and his command on the Yellowstone. He described the "bad men" of the old days, many of whom had honored him with their friendship. At least three of the company had enjoyed like experiences and verified or amplified his statements. This gentleman remarked with undisguised satisfaction that he had not been east of the Mississippi for thirty years.

I fancied that he acquired merit with all the trans-Mississippians present by this declaration. However, a young commercial traveller who had allowed it to become known that he lived in New York seemed surprised, if not pained, by the revelation. As we were passing from one dry State to another we fell naturally into a discussion of prohibition as a moral and economic factor. The drummer testified to its beneficent results in arid territory with which he was familiar; one effect had been increased orders from his Colorado customers. It was apparent that his hearers listened with approval; they were citizens of dry States and it tickled their sense of their own rectitude that a pilgrim from the remote East should speak favorably of their handiwork. But the young gentleman, warmed by the atmosphere of friendliness created by his remarks, was guilty of a grave error of judgment.

"It's all right for these Western towns," he said, "but you could never put it over in New York. New York will never stand for it. London, Paris, New York—there's only one New York!"

The deep sigh with which he concluded, expressive of the most intense loyalty, the most poignant homesickness, and perhaps a thirst of long accumulation, caused six cigars, firmly set in six pairs of jaws, to point disdainfully at the ceiling. No one spoke until the offender had betaken himself humbly to bed. The silence was eloquent of pity for one so abandoned. That any one privileged to range the cities of the West should, there at the edge of the great plain, set New York apart for adoration, was too impious, too monstrous, for verbal condemnation.

Young women seem everywhere to be in motion in the West, going home from schools, colleges, or the State universities for week-ends, or attending social functions in neighboring towns. Last fall I came down from Green Bay in a train that was becalmed for several hours at Manitowoc. I left the crowded day coach to explore that pleasing haven and returning found that my seat had been preempted by a very charming young person who was reading my magazine with the greatest absorption. We agreed that the seat offered ample space for two and that there was no reason in equity or morals why she should not finish the story she had begun. This done, she commented upon it frankly and soundly and proceeded to a brisk discussion of literature in general. Her range of reading had been wide—indeed, I was embarrassed by its extent and impressed by the shrewdness of her literary appraisements. She was bound for a normal school where she was receiving instruction, not for the purpose of entering into the pedagogical life immediately, but to obtain a teacher's license against a time when it might become necessary for her to earn a livelihood. Every girl, she believed, should fit herself for some employment.

Manifestly she was not a person to ask favors of destiny: at eighteen she had already made terms with life and tossed the contract upon the knees of the gods. The normal school did not require her presence until the day after to-morrow and she was leaving the train at the end of an hour to visit a friend who had arranged a dance in her honor. If that species of entertainment interested me, she said, I might stop for the dance. Engagements farther down the line precluded the possibility of my accepting this invitation, which was extended with the utmost circumspection, as though she were offering an impersonal hospitality backed by the sovereign dignity of the commonwealth of Wisconsin. When the train slowed down at her station a commotion on the platform announced the presence of a reception committee of considerable magnitude, from which I inferred that her advent was an incident of importance to the community. As she bade me good-by she tore apart a bouquet of fall flowers she had been carrying, handed me half of them, and passed from my sight forever.

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My exalted opinion of the young women of Wisconsin was strengthened on another occasion by a chance meeting with two graduates of the State university who were my fellow voyagers on a steamer that bumped into a riotous hurricane on its way down Lake Michigan. On the slanting deck they discoursed of political economy with a zest and humor that greatly enlivened my respect for the dismal science. On the Atlantic's wide waters one does not hear Adam Smith mentioned; but around the Great Lakes one should be prepared for anything.

The listener in the West accumulates data touching the tastes and ambitions of the people of which local guide-books offer no hint. A little while ago two ladies behind me in a Minneapolis street-car discussed Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," with as much avidity as though it were the newest novel. Having found that the apostles of free verse had captured and fortified Denver and Omaha, it was a relief to encounter these Victorian pickets on the upper waters of the Mississippi.

III

One is struck by the remarkable individuality of the States, towns, and cities of the West. State boundaries are not merely a geographical expression: they mark real differences of opinion, habit, custom, and taste. This is not a sentimental idea; any one may prove it for himself by crossing from Illinois into Wisconsin, or from Iowa into Nebraska. Kansas and Nebraska, though cut out of the same piece, not only seem different but they *are* different. Interest in local differentiations, in shadings of the "color" derived from a common soil, keep the visitor alert. To be sure the Ladies of the Lakes—Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Toledo, Duluth—have physical aspects in common, but the similarity ends there. The literature of chambers of commerce as to the number of freight-cars handled or increases of population are of no assistance in a search for the causes of diversities in aim, spirit, and achievement.

The alert young cities watch each other enviously—they are enormously proud

"It's all right for these Western towns," he said, "but you could never put it over in New York. . . . There's only one New York!"—Page 6.

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and anxious not to be outbettered in the struggle for perfection. In many places one is conscious of an effective leadership, of a man or a group of men and women who plant a target and rally the citizenry to play for the bull's-eye. A conspicuous instance of successful individual leadership is offered by Kansas City, where Mr. William R. Nelson, backed by his admirable newspaper, *The Star*, fought to the end of his life to make his city a better place to live in. Mr. Nelson was a remarkably independent and vigorous spirit, his journalistic ideals were the highest, and he was deeply concerned for the public welfare, not only in the more obvious sense, but equally in bringing within the common reach those enlightening influences that are likely to be neglected in new communities. Kansas City not only profited by Mr. Nelson's wisdom and generosity in his lifetime, but the community will receive ultimately his entire fortune. I am precluded from naming in other cities men still living who are animated by a like devotion to public service, but I have chosen Mr. Nelson as an eminent example of the force that may be wielded by a single citizen.

The Western woman is animated by a divine energy.—Page 10.

Minneapolis offers a happy refutation of a well-established notion that a second generation is prone to show a weakened fibre. The sons of the men who fashioned this vigorous city have intelligently and generously supported many undertakings of highest value. The Minneapolis art museum and school and an orchestra of widening reputation present eloquent testimony to the city's attitude toward those things that are more excellent. Contrary to the usual history, these were not won as the result of laborious effort but rose spontaneously. The public library of this city not only serves the hurried business man through a branch in the business district, equipped with industrial and commercial reference-books, but keeps pace with the local development in art and music by assembling the best literature in these departments. Both Minneapolis and Kansas City are well advertised by their admirably managed, progressive libraries. More may be learned from a librarian as to the trend of thought in his community than from the secretary of a commercial body. It is significant that last year, when municipal affairs were much to the fore in Kansas City, there was a marked increase in the use of books on civic and kindred questions. The latest report of the librarian recites that "as the library more nearly meets the wants of the community, the proportion of fiction used grows less, being but 34 per cent of the whole issue for the year." Similar impulses and achievements are manifested in Cleveland, a city that has written many instructive chapters in the history of municipal government. Since her exposition of 1904 and the splendid pageant of 1914 crystallized public aspiration, St. Louis has experienced a new birth of civic pride. Throughout this region American art has found cordial support. In Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Kansas City there are noteworthy specimens of the best work of American painters. The art schools connected with the Western museums have exercised a marked influence in encouraging local talent not only in landscape and portraiture but in industrial designing.

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By friendly co-operation on the part of Chicago and St. Louis smaller cities are able to enjoy advantages that would otherwise be beyond their reach. Lectures, orchestras, and travelling art exhibits that formerly stopped at Chicago or jumped thence to California, now find a hearty welcome in Kansas City, Denver, and Omaha. Thus Indianapolis was among the few cities that shared in the comprehensive presentation of Saint-Gaudens's work. The expense of the undertaking was not inconsiderable, but merchants and manufacturers bought tickets for distribution among their employees and met the demand with a generosity that left a balance in the art association's treasury. These Western cities, with their political and social problems, their rough edges, smoke, and impudent intrusions of tracks and chimneys due to rapid development and phenomenal prosperity, present art literally as the handmaiden of industry—

"All-lovely Art, stern Labor's fair-haired child."

If any one thing is quite definitely settled throughout this territory it is that yesterday's leaves have been plucked from the calendar: this verily is the land of to-morrow. One does not stand beside the Missouri at Omaha and indulge long in meditations upon the turbulent history and waywardness of that tawny stream; the cattle receipts for the day may have broken all records, but there are schools that must be seen, a collection of pictures to visit, or lectures to attend. I unhesitatingly pronounce Omaha the lecture centre of the world—reception committees flutter at the arrival of all trains. Man does not live by bread alone—not even in the heart of the corn belt in a city that haughtily heralds itself the largest primary butter market in the world! It is the great concern of Kansas that it shall miss nothing; to cross that commonwealth is to gain the impression that politics and corn are hard pressed as its main industries by the cultural mechanisms that produce sweetness and light. Iowa goes to bed early but not before it has read an improving book!

Tore apart a bouquet of fall flowers, . . . handed me half of them, and passed from my sight forever. —Page 6.

In those Western States where women

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have assumed the burden of citizenship they seem to lose none of their zeal for art, literature, and music. Equal suffrage was established in Colorado in 1893, and the passing pilgrim cannot fail to be struck by the lack of self-consciousness with which the women of that State discuss social and political questions or the ease with which they turn to other matters. The Western woman is animated by a divine energy and she is distinguished by her willingness to render public service. What man neglects or ignores she cheerfully undertakes, and she has so cultivated the art of persuasion that the masculine check-book opens readily to her demand for assistance in her pet causes.

It must not be assumed that in this land of pancakes and panaceas interest in "culture" is new or that its manifestations are sporadic or ill-directed. The early comers brought with them sufficient cultivation to leaven the lump, and the educational forces and cultural movements now everywhere marked in Western communities are but the fruition of the labors of the pioneers who bore books of worth and a love of learning with them into the wilderness. Much sound reading was done in log cabins when the school-teacher was still a rarity, and amid the strenuous labors of the earliest days many sought self-expression in various kinds of writing. Along the Ohio there were bards in abundance, and a decade before the Civil War Cincinnati had honest claims to being a literary centre. The numerous poets of those days were chiefly distinguished by their indifference to the life that lay nearest them. Sentiment and sentimentalism flourished at a time when life was a hard business, though Edward Eggleston is entitled to consideration as an early realist, by reason of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," which, in spite of Indiana's repudiation of it as false and defamatory, really contains a true picture of conditions with which Eggleston was thoroughly familiar. There followed later E. W. Howe's "The Story of a Country Town" and Hamlin Garland's "Main Travelled Roads," which are landmarks of realism firmly planted in territory through which Romance rode later, through cheering multitudes, bearing the blithe flag of Zenda.

It is not surprising that the Mississippi valley should prove far more responsive to the chimes of romance than to the harsh clang of realism. The West in itself is a romance. Virginia's claims to recognition as the chief field of tourney for romance in America totter before the history of a vast area whose soberest chronicles are enlivened by the most enthralling adventures and a long succession of picturesque characters. The French voyageur, on his way from Canada by lake and river to clasp hands with his kinsmen of the lower Mississippi; the American pioneers, with their own heroes —George Rogers Clark, Mad Anthony Wayne, and "Tippecanoe" Harrison; the soldiers of Indian wars and their sons who fought in Mexico in the forties; the men who donned the blue in the sixties; the Knights of the Golden Circle, who kept the war governors anxious in the border States—these all unroll upon a tapestry crowded with romantic strife and stress.

The earliest pioneers, enjoying little intercourse with their fellows, had time to fashion many a tale of personal adventure against the coming of a visitor, or for recital on court days, at political meetings, or at the prolonged "camp meetings," where questions of religion were debated. They cultivated unconsciously the art of telling their stories well. The habit of story-telling grew into a social accomplishment and it was by a natural transition that here and there some one began to set down his tales on paper. Thus General Lew Wallace, who lived in the day of great story-tellers, wrote "The Fair God," a romance of the coming of Cortez to Mexico, and followed it with "Ben Hur," one of the most popular romances ever written. Crawfordsville, the Hoosier county-seat where General Wallace lived, was once invaded and its romanticism menaced by Mr. Howells, who visited it on an errand of realism, his purpose being to find local color for the court scene in "A Modern Instance," his novel of divorce. Indiana was then a place where legal separations were obtainable by convenient processes relinquished later to Nevada.

Maurice Thompson and his brother Will, who wrote "The High Tide at Gettysburg," sent out from Crawfordsville the poems and sketches that made

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

Art exhibits now find a hearty welcome.—Page 9.

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archery a popular amusement in the seventies. The Thompsons, both practising lawyers, employed their leisure in writing and in hunting with the bow and arrow. "The Witchery of Archery" and "Songs of Fair Weather" still retain their pristine charm. That two young men in an Indiana country town should deliberately elect to live in the days of the Plantagenets speaks for the romantic atmosphere of the Hoosier commonwealth. A few miles away James Whitcomb Riley had already begun to experiment with a lyre of a different sort, and quickly won for himself a place in popular affection shared only among American poets by Longfellow. Almost coincident with his passing rose Edgar Lee Masters, with the "Spoon River Anthology," and Vachel Lindsay, a poet hardly less distinguished for penetration and sincerity, to chant of Illinois in the key of realism. John G. Niehardt has answered their signals from Nebraska's corn lands. Nor should I omit from the briefest list the "Chicago Poems" of Carl Sandburg. The "wind stacker" and the tractor are dangerous engines for romance to charge: I should want Mr. Booth Tarkington to umpire so momentous a contest. Mr. Tarkington flirts shamelessly with realism and has shown in "The Turmoil" that he can slip overalls and jumper over the sword and ruffles of Beaucaire and make himself a knight of industry. Likewise, in Chicago, Mr. Henry B. Fuller has posted the Chevalier Pensieri-Vani on the steps of the board of trade, merely, we may assume, to collect material for realistic fiction. The West has proved that it is not afraid of its own shadow in the adumbrations of Mrs. Mary A. Watts, Mr. Robert Herrick, Miss Willa Sibert Cather, Mr. William Allen White, and Mr. Brand Whitlock, all novelists of insight, force, and authority; nor may we forget that impressive tale of Chicago, Frank Norris's "The Pit," a work that gains in dignity and significance with the years.

Education in all the Western States has not merely performed its traditional functions, but has become a distinct social and economic force. It is a far cry from the day of the three R's and the dictum that the State's duty to the young ends when it has eliminated them from the illiteracy columns of the census, to the State universities and agricultural colleges, with their broad curricula and extension courses, and the free kindergartens, the manual-training high schools, and other devices tending toward vocational training that are socializing and democratizing education.

IV

In every town of the great valley there are groups of people earnestly engaged in determined efforts to solve governmental problems. These efforts frequently broaden into "movements" that succeed. We witness here constant battles for reform that are often won only to be lost again. The bosses, driven out at one point, immediately rally and fortify another. Nothing, however, is pleasanter to record than the fact that the war upon vicious or stupid local government goes steadily on and that throughout the field under scrutiny there have been within a decade marked and encouraging gains. The many experiments making with administrative devices are rapidly developing a mass of valuable data. The very lack of uniformity in these movements adds to their interest; in countless communities the attention is arrested by something well done that invites emulation. Constant scandals in municipal administration, due to incompetence, waste, and graft, are slowly penetrating to the consciousness of the apathetic citizen, and sentiment favorable to the abandonment of the old system of partisan local government has grown with remarkable rapidity. The absolute divorcement of municipalities from State and national politics is essential to the conduct of city government on business principles. This statement is made with the more confidence from the fact that it is reinforced by a creditable literature on the subject, illustrated by countless surveys of boss-ridden cities, where the cry of the fit is that the unfit shall not govern. That cities shall be conducted as stock companies with reference solely to the rights and needs of the citizen, without regard to party politics, is the demand in so many quarters that the next decade is bound to witness striking transforma-

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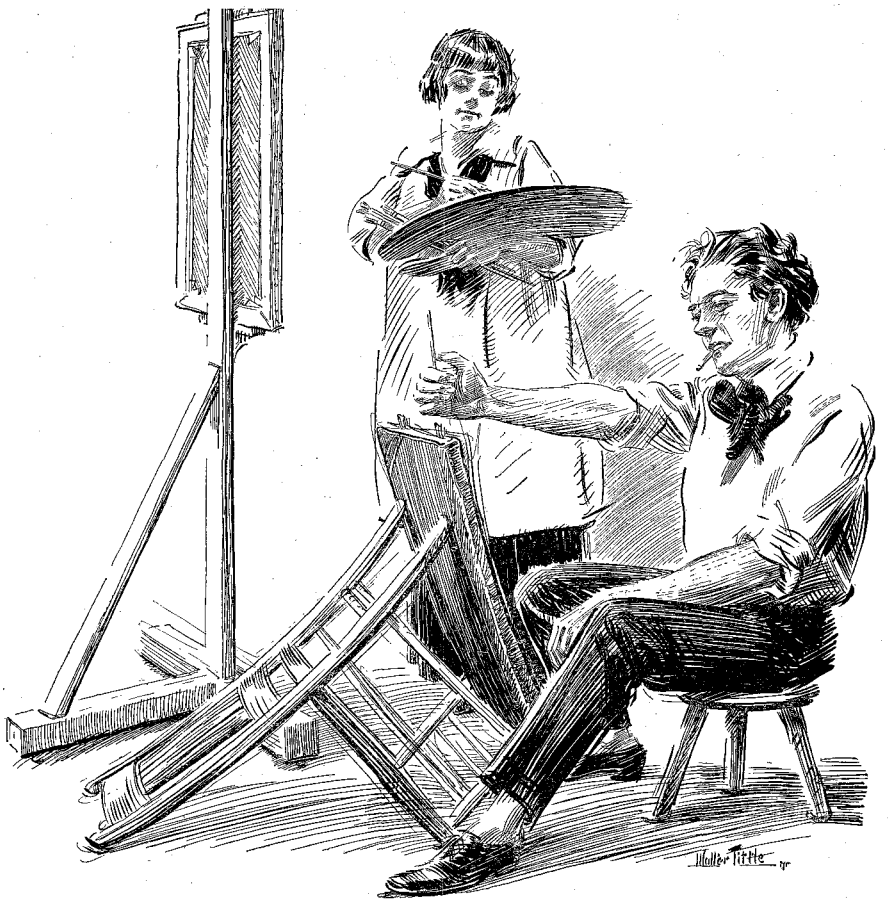
tions in this field. Last March Kansas City lost a splendidly conducted fight for a new charter that embraced the city-manager plan. Here, however, was a defeat with honor, for the results proved so



The art schools connected with the Western museums have exercised a marked influence in encouraging local talent.—Page 8.

conclusively the contention of the reformers that the bosses rule that the effort was not wasted. In Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Minneapolis the leaven is at work, and the bosses with gratifying density are aiding the cause by their hostility and their constant illustration of the evils of the antiquated system they foster.

The elimination of the saloon in States that have already adopted prohibition promises political changes of the utmost importance in municipal affairs. The saloon is the most familiar and the most mischievous of all the outposts and rallying centres of political venality. Here the political "organization" maintains its faithful sentinels throughout the year; the good citizen, intent upon his lawful business and interested in politics only when election day approaches is usually unaware that hundreds of barroom loafers are constantly plotting against him. The mounting "dry wave" is attributable quite as much to revolt against the saloon as the most formidable of political units as to a moral detestation of alcohol. Economic considerations also have entered very deeply into the movement, and the propaganda along these lines has been

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markedly intelligent and effective. But the liquor interests provoked and invited the drastic legislation that has overwhelmed their traffic and made dry territory of a large area of the West. By defying regulatory laws and maintaining lobbies in legislatures, by cracking the whip over candidates and office-holders, they made of themselves an intolerable nuisance. Indiana's adoption of prohibition last winter was very largely due to antagonism aroused by the liquor interests through their political activities covering half a century. The frantic efforts of breweries and distilleries there and in many other States to persuade saloonkeepers to obey the laws in the hope of spiking the guns of the opposition came too late. The liquor interests had counselled and encouraged lawlessness too long and found the retailer spoiled by the immunity their old political power had gained for him.

Without a sweeping federal law utterly forbidding the traffic we shall witness doubtless a long period of vacillation—plays back and forth between wet and dry forces. Territory that is only partly dry will continue its struggle for bone-dry laws, and it is on the cards that States that roped and tied John Barleycorn must resist attempts to put him on his feet again. There is, however, nothing to encourage the idea that the strongly developed sentiment against the saloon will lose its potency. Men who, in Colorado for example, were bitterly hostile to prohibition confess that the results convince them of its efficacy.

The economic shock caused by the prostration of this long-established business is absorbed much more readily than might be imagined. Compared with other forms of manufacturing, brewing and distilling have been enormously profitable, and the operators have usually taken care of themselves in advance of the destruction of their business. Last winter, when prohibition was a year old in Colorado, I passed a brewery near Denver that had turned its attention to the making of "near" beer and malted milk and employed a part of its labor otherwise in the manufacture of pottery. The presence of a herd of cows on the brewery property to supply milk, for combination with malt, marked, with what struck me as the pleasantest of ironies, a cheerful acquiescence in the new order. Denver property rented formerly as saloons I found pretty generally occupied by shops of other kinds. In one window was this alluring sign:

BUY YOUR SHOES
WHERE YOU BOUGHT YOUR BOOZE

V

THE West's general interest in affairs is not remarkable when we consider the history of this valley. The pioneers who crossed the Alleghanies with rifle and axe were peculiarly jealous of their rights and liberties. They viewed every political measure in the light of its direct, concrete bearing upon themselves. They risked much to build homes and erect States in the wilderness and they insisted, not unreasonably, that the government should not forget them in their exile. Poverty enforced a strict watch upon public expenditures and their personal security entered largely into their attitude toward the nation. Their own imperative needs, the thinly distributed population, apprehensions created by the menace of Indians, stubbornly hostile to the white man's encroachments—all contributed to a certain selfishness in the settlers' point of view, and they welcomed political leaders who advocated measures that promised relief and protection. As they listened to the pleas of candidates from the stump (a rostrum fashioned by their own axes!) they were intensely critical. Moreover the candidate himself was subjected to searching scrutiny. Government, to these men of faith and hardihood, was a very personal thing: the leaders they chose to represent them were in the strictest sense representatives and agents, whom they retired on very slight provocation.

The sharp projection of the extension of slavery as an issue served to awaken and crystallize national feeling. Schools, internal improvements to the accompaniment of wild-cat finance, reforms in State and county governments all yielded before the greater issue. The promise of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness

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were the guaranties that had led the venturous husbandmen into woods and prairies, and they viewed with abhorrence the idea that one man might own another and enjoy the fruits of his labor. Lincoln was not more the protagonist of a strength but had sent Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and many military stars of lesser magnitude flashing into the firmament. The West was thenceforth to be reckoned with in all political speculations. Lincoln was the precursor of a line of

Amid the strenuous labors of the earliest days many sought self-expression in various kinds of writing.—Page 10.

great cause than the personal spokesman of a great body of men who were attracted to his standard by the facts of his own history that so largely paralleled their own.

It is not too much to say that Lincoln and the struggle of which he was the leader roused the Middle West to its first experience of a national consciousness. The provincial spirit vanished in an hour before the beat of drums under the elms and maples of court-house yards. The successful termination of the war left the West the possessor of a new influnce in national affairs. It had not only thrown into the conflict its full share of armed Presidents all of whom were soldiers: Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley. To be sure, Indiana, always a bit wilful in her politics, gave her vote for Tilden in '76, but there was no marked disturbance in the old order until Mr. Cleveland's advent in '84—with a resulting flare of independence not wholly revealed in the elections following his three campaigns.

My concern here is not with partisan matters, not even with those internal upheavals that in the past have caused so much heartache to the shepherds of both of the major political flocks. With only the greatest delicacy may one refer to the

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Democratic schism of 1896 or to the break in the Republican party of 1912. But the purposes and aims of the Folks with respect to government are of national importance. The Folks are not at all disposed to relinquish the power in national affairs which they have wielded with growing effectiveness. No matter whether they are right or wrong in their judgments, they are far from being a negligible force, and forecasters of nominees and policies for the future do well to give heed to them.

The trend toward social democracy, with its accompanying eagerness to experiment with new devices for confiding to the people the power of initiating legislation and expelling unsatisfactory officials, paralleled by another tendency toward the short ballot and the concentration of power—these and kindred tendencies are viewed best in a non-partisan spirit in those free Western airs where the electorate is fickle, coy, and hard to please. A good deal of what was called populism twenty years ago, and associated in the minds of the contumelious with long hair and whiskers, was advocated in 1912 by gentlemen who called themselves Progressives and were on good terms with the barber. In the Progressive convention of 1916 I was struck by the great number of Phi Beta Kappa keys worn by delegates and sympathetic spectators. If they were cranks they were educated cranks, who could not be accused of ignorance of the teachings of experience in their political cogitations. They were presumably acquainted with the history of republics from the beginning of time, and the philosophy to be deduced from their disasters. It was because the Progressive party enlisted so many very capable politicians familiar with organization methods that it became a formidable rival of the old parties in 1912. In 1916 it lost most of these supporters, who saw hope of Republican success and were anxious to ride on the band-wagon. Nothing, however, could be more reassuring than the confidence in the people, *i. e.*, the Folks, manifested by men and women who know their Plato and are familiar with Isaiah's distrust of the crowd and his reliance upon the remnant.

The isolation of the independent who belongs to no organization and is unaware of the number of voters who share his sentiments, militates against his effectiveness as a protesting factor. He waits timidly in the dark for a flash that will guide him toward some more courageous brother. The American is the most self-conscious being on earth and he is loath to set himself apart to be pointed out as a crank, for in partisan camps all recalcitrants are viewed contemptuously as erratic and dangerous persons. It has been demonstrated that a comparatively small number of voters in half a dozen Western States, acting together, can throw a weight into the scale that will defeat one or the other of the chief candidates for the presidency. If they should content themselves with an organization and, without nominating candidates, menace either side that aroused their hostility, their effectiveness would be increased. But here again we encounter that peculiarity of the American that he likes a crowd. He is so used to the spectacular demonstrations of great campaigns, and so enjoys the thunder of the captains and the shouting, that he is overcome by loneliness when he finds himself at small conferences that plot the overthrow of the party of his former allegiance.

The West may be likened to a naughty boy in a hickory shirt and overalls who enjoys pulling the chair from under his knickerbockered, Eton-collared Eastern cousins. The West creates a new issue whenever it pleases, and wearying of one plaything cheerfully seeks another. It accepts the defeat of free silver and turns at once to prohibition. It flatters itself that its chief concern is with moral issues. It wants to make the world a better place to live in and it believes in abundant legislation to that end. It experiments by States, points with pride to the results, and seeks to confer the priceless boon upon the nation. Much of its lawmaking is shocking to Eastern conservatism, but no inconsiderable number of Easterners hear the window-smashing and are eager to try it at home.

To spank the West and send it supperless to bed is a very large order, but I have conversed with gentlemen on the Eastern seaboard who feel that this

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should be done. They go the length of saying that if the matter is neglected the republic will perish. Of course, the West doesn't want the republic to perish; it honestly believes itself preordained of all time to preserve the republic. It sits up o' nights to consider ways and means of insuring its preservation. It is very serious and doesn't at all like being chaffed about its hatred of Wall Street and its anxiety to pin annoying tick-tacks on the windows of ruthless corporations. It is going to get everything for the Folks that it can, and it sees nothing improper in the idea of State-owned elevators or of fixing by law the height of the heels on the slippers of its emancipated women. It is in keeping with the cheery contentment of the West that it believes that it has "at home" or can summon to its R. F. D. box everything essential to human happiness.

[Mr. Nicholson's second article, "Chicago," will appear in the February number.]

WHITE MOMENTS

By Katharine Lee Bates

THE best of life, what is it but white moments?
Those swift illuminations when we see
The flying shadows on the fragrant meadows
As God beholds them from eternity.

White moments, when the bliss of being worships,
And fear and shame are heretics that burn
In the holy fire of exquisite desire
For love's surrender and for love's return.

White moments, when a Power above the artist
Catches his plodding chisel, sets it free,
And from each urgent stroke there springs emergent
The wayward grace that laughs at industry.

White moments, when the drowsing soul, sense-muffled,
Is stung awake by some keen arrow-flight,
And rends the bestial, claiming its celestial
Succession in the lineage of light.

White moments, when the spirit, long confronted
By all the bitter formulæ of fate,
Inveterate romancer, finds its answer
In some mysterious faith inviolate.

White moments, when the silence steals on sorrow,
And in that hush the heart becomes aware
Of wings that brood it, visions that seclude it
Forevermore from folly, fear, and care.

The best of life, what is it but white moments?
Freedoms that break the chain and fling the load,
Irradiations, ardors, consecrations,
—The starry shrines along our pilgrim road.

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"CAFARD"

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE soldier Jean Liotard lay face to the earth by the bank of the River Drôme. He lay where the grass and trees ended, and between him and the shrunken greenish current was much sandy foreshore; for summer was at height, and the snows had long finished melting and passing down. The burning sun had sucked up all moisture, the earth was parched; but to-day a cool breeze blew. Willow and aspen leaves were fluttering and hissing as if millions of tiny kisses were being given up there; and a few swathes of white cloud were—it seemed—drawn, not driven, along the blue. The soldier Jean Liotard had fixed his eyes on the ground, where was nothing to see but the dried grasses. He had "*cafard*," for he was due to leave the hospital to-morrow and go up before the military authorities for "prolongation." There he would answer perfunctory questions and be told at once: "*Au dépôt*"; or have to lie naked before them that some "*major*" might prod his ribs to find out whether his heart, displaced by shell-shock, had gone back sufficiently to normal position. He had received one "prolongation," and so, wherever his heart might be now, he felt sure he would not get another. "*Au dépôt*" was the fate before him, fixed as that river flowing down to its death in the sea. He had "*cafard*"—the little black beetle in the brain which gnaws and eats and destroys all hope and heaven in a man. It had been working at him all last week, and now was at its monstrous depth of evil and despair. To begin again the cursed barrack-round, the driven life, until in a month perhaps, packed like bleating sheep in the troop-train, he made that journey once more to the fighting line.—"*A la hachette—à la hachette!*"

He had stripped off his red flannel jacket, and lay with shirt opened to the waist, to get the breeze against his heart. In his brown, good-looking face the hazel eyes, which in these three God-deserted years had acquired a sort of startled gloom, stared out like a dog's, rather prominent, seeing only the thoughts within him—thoughts and images swirling round and round in a dark whirlpool, drawing his whole being deeper and deeper. He was unconscious of the summer hum and rustle, the cooing of the dove up in that willow tree, the winged enamelled fairies floating past, the chirr of the cicadas, that little brown lizard among the pebbles, almost within reach, seeming to listen to the beating of summer's heart, so motionless it lay; unconscious, as though in verity he were again deep in some stifling trench, with German shells whining over him, and the smell of muck and death making fetid the air. He was in the mood to curse God and die; for he was devout—a Catholic, and still went to Mass. And God, it seemed, had betrayed the earth, and Jean Liotard. All the enormities he had seen in his two years at the Front—the mouthless, mangled faces, the human ribs whence rats would steal; the frenzied, tortured horses, with leg or quarter rent away, still living; the rotted farms, the dazed and hopeless peasants; his innumerable suffering comrades; the desert of no man's land; and all the thunder and moaning of war, and the reek and the freezing of war; and the driving—the callous, perpetual driving—by some great Force which shovelled warm human hearts and bodies, warm human hopes and loves by the million into the furnace; and over all, dark sky without a break, without a gleam of blue, or lift, anywhere—all this enclosed him, lying in the golden heat, so that not a glimmer of life or hope could get at him. Back into it all again! Back into it, he who had been through forty times the hell that the "*majors*" ever endured, five hundred times the hell ever glimpsed at by those journalists safe on their chairs with their ink-pots full of

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eloquence— Ah! he was sick of them! Let them allow the soldiers, whose lives were spent like water—poor devils who bled, and froze, and starved, and sweated —let them suffer those to talk for once! The black blood mounted in his brain. Ah! if only he could see the *sacré* politicians and journalists hanging in rows in every country; the mouth-fighters, the pen-fighters, the fighters with other men's blood! Those comfortable citizens would never rest till there was not a young man with whole limbs left in France! Had he not killed Boches enough, that they might leave him and his tired heart in peace? He thought of his first charge; of how queer and soft that Boche body felt when his bayonet went through; and another, and another. Ah! He had *joliment* done his duty that day! And something wrenched at his ribs. Only Boches—but their wives and children, their mothers, faces questioning, faces pleading for them—pleading with whom? Not with him! Who was he that had taken those lives, and others since, but a poor devil without a life himself, without the right to breathe or move except to the orders of a Force that had no mind, that had no heart, that had nothing but a blind will to go on. If only he survived —it was not possible—but if only he survived, and with his millions of comrades could come back and hold the reckoning? Some scare-the-crows then would waggle in the wind! The butterflies would perch on a few mouths empty at last; the flies enjoy a few silent tongues! Then slowly his maddened, unreasoning rancour vanished into a mere awful pity for himself. Was a fellow never again to look at the sky, and the good soil, the fruit, the corn, without this dreadful black cloud above him; never again make love among the trees, or saunter down a lighted boulevard, or sit before a *café?* Never again attend Mass without this black dog of disgust and dread sitting on his shoulders, riding him to death? Angels of pity! Was there never to be an end? One was going mad under it—yes, mad! And the face of his mother came before him, as he had seen her last, just three years ago, when he left his home in the now invaded country to join his regiment—his mother who, with all his family, was in the power of the Boche. He had gone gayly, and she had stood like stone, her hand held over her eyes, in the sunlight, watching him while the train ran out. Usually the thought of the cursed Boches holding in their heavy hands all that was dear to him was enough to sweep his soul to a clear and definite hate, which made all this nightmare of war seem natural, made him ready to fight again; but now it was not enough—he had "*cafard.*"

He turned on his back. The sky above the mountains might have been black for all the joy its blue gave him. The butterflies, those drifting flakes of joy, passed unseen. He was thinking. No rest, no end, except by walking over bodies—dead, mangled bodies of poor devils like himself, poor hunted devils, who wanted nothing but never to lift a hand in combat again so long as they lived, who wanted—as he wanted—nothing but laughter and love and rest! *Quelle vie!* A carnival of leaping demonry!— A dream—unutterably bad! "And when I go back to it all"—he thought—"I shall go all shaven and smart, and wave my hand once more as if I were going to a wedding, as we all do. *Vive la France!* Ah! Can't a poor devil have a dreamless sleep!" He closed his eyes, but the sun struck hot on them through the lids, and he turned over on his face again, and looked longingly at the river; they said it was deep in mid-stream, it still ran fast there! But what was that down by the water? Had he really gone mad? And he uttered a queer laugh. There was his black dog—the black dog off his shoulders, the black dog that rode him—yes, that had become his very self, just going to wade in. And he called out:

"*Hé! Le copain!*" It could not be his own pet nightmare dog, for it stopped drinking, tucked its tail in, and cowered at the sound of his voice. Then it came from the water and sat down on its base among the stones, and looked at him. A real dog! But what a guy! What a thin wretch of a little black dog! It sat and stared—a mongrel who might once have been pretty. It stared at Jean Liotard with the pathetic gaze of a dog so thin and hungry that it earnestly desires to go to men and get fed once more,

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but has been so kicked and beaten that it dare not. It seemed held in suspense by the equal overmastering impulses, fear and hunger. And Jean Liotard stared back. The lost, as it were despairing, look of the dog began to penetrate his brain. He held out his hand and said "*Viens!*" At the sound, the little dog only squirmed away a few paces, then sat down again and resumed its stare. Again Jean Liotard uttered his queer laugh. If the good God were to hold out his hand and say to him "*Viens!*" he would do exactly as that little beast; he would not come, not he! What was he, too, but a starved and beaten dog—a driven wretch, kicked to hell! And again, as if experimenting with himself, he held out his hand and said "*Viens!*" and again the beast squirmed a little further away, and again sat down and stared. Jean Liotard lost patience. His head drooped till his forehead touched the ground. He smelt the parched herbs, and a faint sensation of comfort stole through his nerves. He lay unmoving, trying to fancy himself dead and out of it all. The hum of summer, the scent of grasses, the caress of the breeze going over! He pressed the palms of his outstretched hands on the warm soil, as one might on a woman's breast. If only it were really death—how much better than life in this butcher's shop! But death—*his* death—was waiting for him away over there, under the moaning shells, under the whining bullets, at the end of a steel prong—a mangled, fetid death. Death—*his* death—had no sweet scent, and no caress—save the kisses of rats and crows. Life and Death—what were they? Nothing but the preying of creatures the one on the other—nothing but that; and Love, nothing but the blind instinct which made these birds and beasts of prey. *Bon sang, de bon sang!* The Christ hid his head finely nowadays! That cross up there on the mountain-top, with the sun gleaming on it—they had been right to put it up where no man lived, and not even a dog roamed, to be pitied! "Fairy tales, fairy tales!" he thought; "those who drive and those who are driven, those who eat and those who are eaten—we are all poor devils together. There is no pity, no God!" And the flies drummed their wings above him.

The sun, boring into his spine through his thin shirt, made him reach for his jacket. There was the little dog still sitting on its base, twenty yards away. It cowered and drooped its ears when he moved, and he thought: "Poor beast! Some one has been doing the devil's work on you, not badly!" There were some biscuits in the pocket of his jacket, and he held one out. The dog shivered, and its pink tongue lolled, panting with desire and fear. Jean Liotard tossed the biscuit gently about half-way. The dog cowered back a step or two, crept forward three, and again squatted. Then very gradually it crept up to the biscuit, bolted it, and regained its distance. The soldier took out another. This time he threw it five paces only in front of him. Again the little beast cowered, slunk forward, seized the biscuit, devoured it; but this time it only recoiled a pace or two, and seemed, with panting mouth and faint wagging of the tail, to beg for more. Jean Liotard held a third biscuit as far out in front of him as he could, and waited. The creature crept forward and squatted just out of reach. There it sat, with saliva dropping from its mouth; seemingly it could not make up its mind to that awful venture. The soldier sat motionless; his outstretched hand began to tire, but he did not budge—he meant to conquer its fear. At last it snatched the biscuit. Jean Liotard instantly held out a fourth. That too was snatched, but at the fifth he was able to touch the dog. It cowered almost into the ground at touch of his fingers, and then lay, still trembling violently, while the soldier continued to stroke its head and ears. And suddenly his heart gave a twitter; the creature had licked his hand. He took out his last biscuit, broke it up, and fed the dog slowly with the bits, talking all the time; when the last crumb was gone he continued to murmur and crumple its ears softly. He had become aware of something happening within the dog—something in the nature of conversion, as if it were saying: "Master, my new master!—I worship, I love you!" The creature came gradually closer, quite close; then put up its sharp, black nose and began to lick his face. Its little hot, rough tongue licked and licked, and with

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each lick the soldier's heart relaxed, just as if the licks were being given there and something licked away. He put his arms round the thin body and hugged it, and still the creature went on feverishly licking at his face, and neck, and chest, as if trying to creep inside him. The sun poured down, and lizards rustled and whisked among the pebbles; the kissing never ceased up there among the willows and aspen leaves; and every kind of flying thing went past drumming its wings. There was no change in the summer afternoon. And yet! God might not be there, but Pity had come back; Jean Liotard no longer had "*cafard*." He put the little dog gently off his lap, got up, and stretched himself.

"*Voyons, mon brave, faut aller voir les copains. T'es à moi.*" The little dog stood up on its hind legs, scratching with its fore paws at the soldier's thigh, as if trying to get at his face again; as if begging not to be left; and its tail waved feverishly half in petition, half in rapture. The soldier caught the paws, set them down, and turned his face for home, making the noises which a man makes to his dog; and the little dog followed, close as he could get to those moving ankles, lifting his snout, and panting with anxiety and love.

LA SCALA SANTA, ROME

By Mary Baldwin

THE Holy stairway—see, it reaches up
Its marble stretch of penitence on high.
Prone on their faces like dull browsing sheep
Creep crouching pilgrims—soft as easy sleep
The penetrating incense drifts, to lie
In clouds of sweet narcotic, like a cup
To drown the birth pains of mortality.
And yet I see again a far-gone day,
When the great Luther on this stair of fame,
The turbulent true soul of him aflame
With sudden comprehension of it all,
Rose in his waking strength, aghast! alight
With perfect vision, threw afar the pall
From off his soul. In virile sudden scorn
O'erturned the frightened pilgrims— Ah, I see
His mighty striding down the Holy Stair.
Most holy at this moment when the morn
Of God-lit comprehension had its dawn
Within the soul of him who dared to stand
Erect before his Maker, to demand
The right to lift his face, to stand alone,
To call his soul first God's—and then his own.

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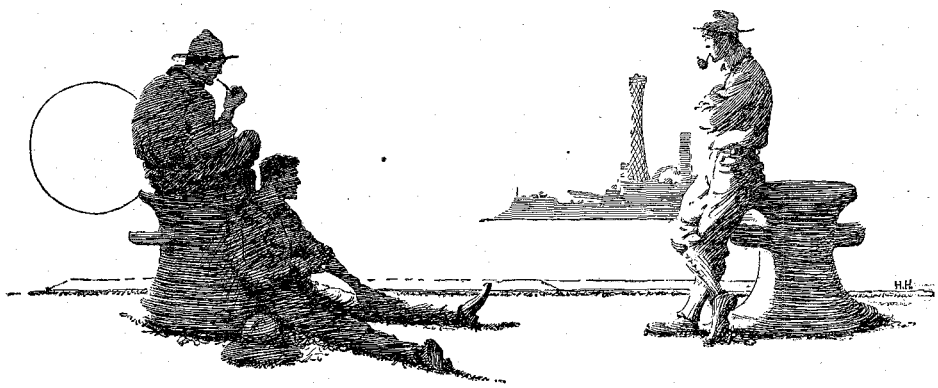

THE BOLD MARINE

By Ralph D. Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. HOWLAND

IN the cool of a summer evening, with a golden moon rolling up from the sea, Corporal Dennis O'Kane loafed on a wharf in the Sagamore Navy Yard, where two comrades of D Company presently joined him. Lean and sunburnt men they were, enjoying this respite in barracks after many months of chasing tattered rebels in San Domingo and leaving law and order in their wake. From an armored cruiser came the ragtime music of fiddle and accordion, while a lone singer aboard a destroyer informed all hands of "The Letter That Never Reached Home." These sweet sounds soothed the three marines who smoked in silence until the tide swung the anchored prison ship into view beyond a small headland of the harbor. The dismantled hulk loomed like a shadowy blotch, mournful, unpleasant, and young Corporal O'Kane observed in a judicial manner:

"I can name one guy that ought to be sleeping out yonder to-night with a sentry at the hatch. Not that I have the goods on him, but 'tis a safe bet on general principles. Get me, Jonesy?"

"Ask me a harder one, Dennis. You mean William Henry Stockton, who was highly educated at some kind of a college and enlisted to earn a commission. You're peeved because he broke into a poker game at Porto Plata and filled you full of poverty only a day after the paymaster hit the beach."

"William Henry's work was coarse," protested the corporal. "No honest man could coax the cards to run like that. I was a fool to stay in. 'Twas not the first time he had put a dent in my bundle."

The third man had been quiet, a veteran sergeant whose hard service had carried him from Peking to Vera Cruz. His rugged face expressed a mellowed tolerance as he spoke up:

"You should let the cards alone, O'Kane. You have not the temper for them. This Stockton lad may be slippery, but you can't swear to it. He is not popular with me, for I saw him in action, and there was yellow in him."

They dismissed the objectionable private as unworthy of further discussion. A ship's bell rang out the hour and a bugle trilled in the navy-yard. Sauntering from the wharf, they turned in the direction of the venerable brick building which sheltered the detachment. Lights gleamed along the broad veranda and flung a radiance on the lawn across which limped a weary figure in khaki and made

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for the nearest entrance. His aspect was so battered and dishevelled that the corporal uttered an exclamation and hastened to intercept him, the others following.

It was amazing to recognize William Henry Stockton, usually so smartly turned out, who was shorn of his swagger and likewise lacked a part of one sleeve. Sundry smears suggested that he had mopped up a freshly oiled road. One eye was discolored and a scratch ran the length of his nose. He breathed heavily, but was undoubtedly sober, and the puzzled O'Kane inquired with a grin:

"Did an automobile stub its toe over you, or was it the unfortunate habit of holdin' four kings against an ace full?"

The well-built, ruddy private of marines held a hand to his drooping eye and answered, virtuously indignant:

"I went into that dancing-pavilion down at the Point and this is what I got because I wore the uniform. The manager refused to let me on the floor, and I insisted, of course. He mustered a gang of rowdies and they threw me out. It was a lively scrap while it lasted, believe me. They picked a tough customer."

Blazing wrath possessed the impetuous corporal, and he forgot his grudge in resenting this insult to the uniform and insignia which he wore with honorable pride. It was not for sympathy with William Henry Stockton that he exclaimed:

"And you wandered in there quiet and decent, imitatin' a gentleman! And what did the manager of this dump say to you?"

"He told me it was no place for leathernecks and common sailors," answered the victim. "That's all rot, O'Kane, for any cheap civilian is welcome if he has the price. It's a public resort, don't you know."

"*Corporal* O'Kane, if you please," was the severe retort. "Well, it's another damned outrage to the flag and the service, and they surely did emphasize it, William Henry. I would advise you to beg a bottle of arnica from the hospital orderly and bid your friends a sad good night. As a picture, you should be turned toward the wall."

The deliberate sergeant, who had the superior voice in the matter, now interrupted to say:

"Make a report in writing, Stockton, and have it ready at roll-call to-morrow. This will have to be put up to the company commander for investigation."

Private Stockton agreed to this with less eagerness than might have been expected. In fact, he wavered and changed color, but the symptoms were laid to his agitated condition, and he resumed the painful journey to his quarters, the sergeant at his elbow asking questions. Dennis O'Kane lingered to confide in the ear of the remaining comrade.

"What do you say, Jonesy? Will we round up a bunch of two-fisted marines and show this dance-hall outfit where they get off? Right now, I mean. The evening is young and we can beat it back before last call. I have no love for William Henry, but he is a D Company man, and he wears Uncle Sam's clothes."

"A rough-house? It's heavy punishment if we're caught," properly reproved Jones, but the accents were wistful.

"'Tis our duty to run the risk. For shame! Are you the man that took the *machetes* off four buck niggers and marched 'em into camp? This is a moonlight diversion, my boy, and the enemy will be left too demoralized to identify any one of us."

With no more argument it was agreed that Jones should avoid the guard at the gate by climbing a wall and advance as an outpost in quest of information concerning the numbers and disposition of the opposing force, while the vengeful O'Kane should seek recruits in the dormitory and the billiard-room of the post exchange. It was a rash, quixotic enterprise and, therefore, certain to appeal to fighting men who were still boys at heart.

Half an hour later the corporal blithely led the chosen six through darkened byways of the navy-yard and, undiscovered, they tumbled into the nearest street. Their route swung toward the cape beyond which Falmouth harbor met the sea, and they tramped it at a lively gait. Ahead strode young O'Kane, lithe, alert, enough Irish in him to whistle because good fortune promised a righteous scrimmage. The squad moved more warily

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when, a little way from the surf, they descried the roof of the pavilion.

A halt was ordered, and the vigilant Jones emerged from cover to report what he had seen and heard. The marines clustered about him, but his speech seemed strangely choked with emotion. Shaking his fist, he made several false starts intermingled with the most earnest expletives before he was able to unburden himself as follows:

"Of all the unsanctified, double-shotted liars! On the level, boys, it hurts me to tell it. Old Mike Devoe, the gunnery sergeant that was retired last year, sat on the steps of his cottage as I passed by and we swapped a few remarks. One hand was wrapped in a handkerchief and I asked him why. Listen to what he said. You know that granddaughter of his—nineteen she is, and pretty as a peach. Her dad is away on a cruise in the *Wyoming*. Well, this Stockton has been hanging around, though she had no use for him, see? To-night he tried to kiss her and she slapped his face. The gunnery sergeant heard her bawl him out, and as fat as he is, say, he cleared for action and walloped this gay William Henry in perfectly elegant style."

The narrator paused for breath and his audience pressed closer, conversing in growling undertones, above which Corporal O'Kane cried sharply:

"Do you understand what it means, boys? He faked this dirty lie to hide his own disgrace, and look what it almost led us into. A chance of trouble with the Falmouth police—us non-coms reduced to the ranks, the rest of you in the guardroom, all to wipe out an insult to the service. A man that would deal his own pals a hand like that is not fit to go to hell."

An uneasy stir and another of the group exclaimed, with a laugh in which there was no mirth:

"You said it for us, Dennis. What's his medicine to be? We'll make him swallow it."

"Leave him to me. I was the goat. He fooled me with his smooth palaver. 'Twas because of his uniform they threw him out of the dance-hall, says he. Tell me, Jonesy, how could Mike Devoe make such a holy wreck of him?"

"The old man hit him a couple of times, once in the eye, and he fell in the road. Then he picked himself up and retreated double time. He must have rammed into a wire fence beyond there and tangled himself. I explained to Mike how we had sailed under false orders and he blew up again. I left him using the kind of language that used to blister paint in the old navy."

"Can you blame him?" said O'Kane. "I am some annoyed myself. Right about face and back over the wall we go. 'Tis the worst night's work that William Henry Stockton ever did for himself. When we return to barracks, boys, stand by outside for further orders."

Grimly they obeyed. The man they sought was upon his cot when the corporal entered the room and stood over him. His damaged face cleansed, he appeared no more than slightly injured. He pretended sleep, but his lips twitched and he sat bolt upright when O'Kane's heavy hand fell on him.

"Come with me, *pronto*," was the stern summons. "In your shirt and trousers, are you? Then slip on your shoes, and never a peep or I'll twist the neck off your shoulders."

The dumb compliance was an admission of guilt. The gentleman ranker had invented his tale on the spur of the moment and it had swiftly come home to roost. No need to tell him that. He read it in the other man's implacable demeanor and feared for his life, yet he could not cry out nor appeal to a sentry in passing. As though in a trance, he walked between the long rows of cots, out across the lighted veranda, and so beyond the lawn. Once in the dusky gloom of the oaks that arched the path, a file of marines fell in behind him, two and two, silently escorting him he knew not whither, while Corporal Dennis O'Kane gripped his arm.

Behind an abandoned machine-shop in a distant part of the navy-yard there was an open space used for company drill. The unclouded moon illumined it as the escort party marched its captive to this secluded spot and then fell back to let the corporal work his will. Stripping off his khaki blouse, he smiled at William Henry Stockton and scanned him from head to foot. The private was the heavier man of

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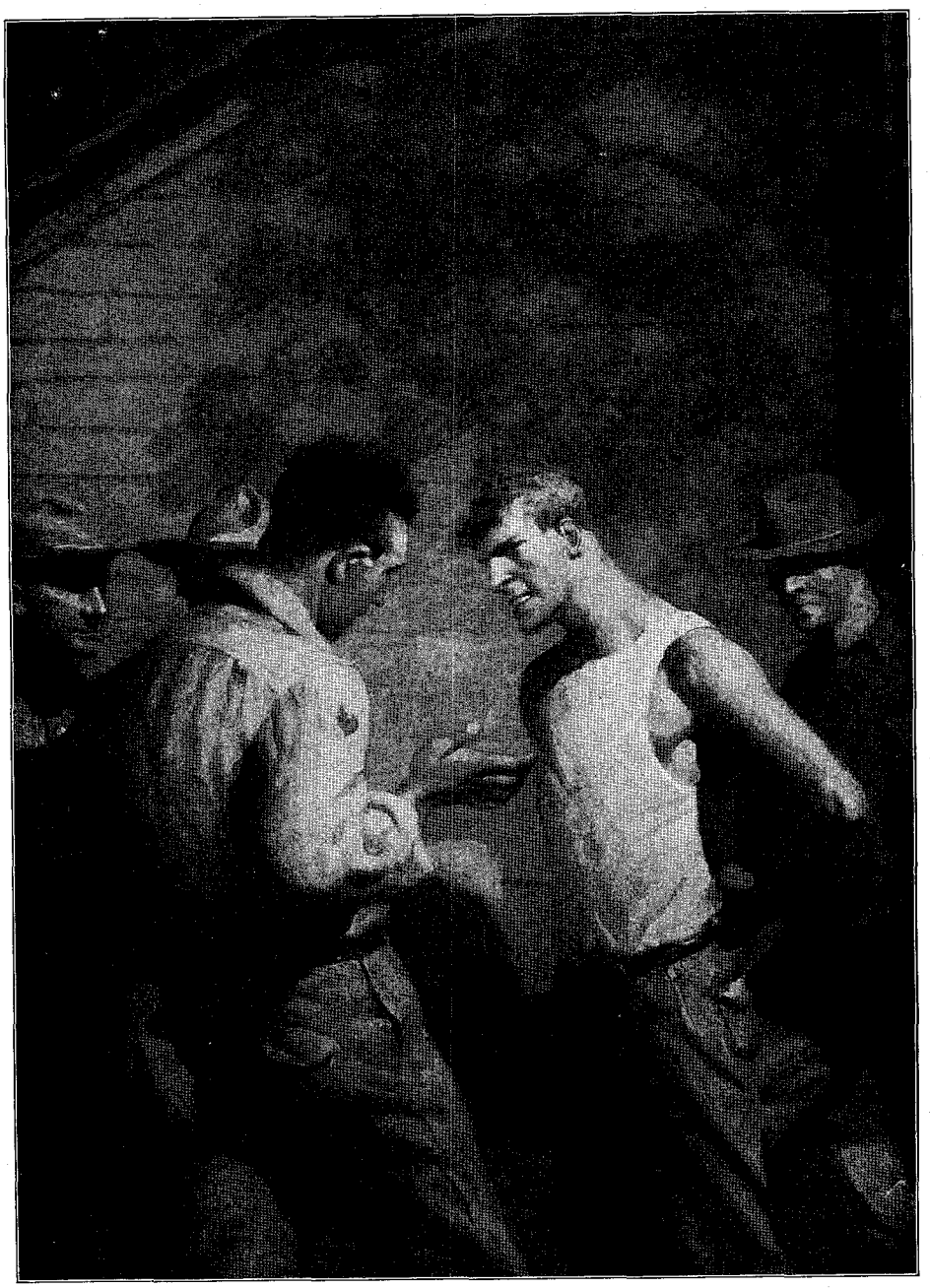

"Put up your hands, you cur that double-crossed the men of his own corps."—Page 26.

the two, deep-chested and muscular, toughly seasoned by the tropical campaign. In comparison the sinewy corporal seemed slight and boyish, but his courage had often stood the acid test. There was mocking pleasantry in his voice as he said:

"There's a small argument betwixt us, William Henry, as to who insulted the uniform to-night. 'Tis our opinion that

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you were the lad. Old Mike Devoe did his best, but you wouldn't wait, and I will finish the job. You're not disabled. Put up your hands, you cur that double-crossed the men of his own corps."

Stockton saw the others deploy to form a ring. He was utterly alone, caught in a trap so merciless that his heart thumped against his ribs. Sullenly he muttered, to gain time, and hoping for intervention of some sort:

"You are a coward to attack a man when he's unfit to fight you. Put this off a couple of days and I'll whip you to a standstill."

"And give you a chance to desert?" scoffed O'Kane. "A marine out of action because his nose was barked and one eye frescoed by a tubby relic of a gunnery sergeant? You are elected, Willie, and you will have to come through."

"It—it was a misunderstanding," faltered the private, his gaze roving in search of a sentry. "A gentleman would accept an apology——"

"We are nothing but common enlisted men!" cried O'Kane, and his open hand smacked loudly against the poltroon's cheek. Provoked to defend himself, Stockton swung both fists, and there was driving power behind them, but the corporal stepped aside, feinted, and then closed in. It was informal, ferocious, with no intervals for rest. Sheer solidity enabled the private to stand upon his feet against a succession of blows which he was unable to ward off, and a glimmer of confidence came to him. Lunging forward, his guard open, he met a crashing impact on the jaw that fairly lifted him, jarred and quivering, to fall in a senseless heap.

"A clean knock-out, Dennis," said Jones. "Fetch a pail of water, one of you, and we'll sponge him off. This concludes the evening's performance."

The corporal was on his knees, folding his blouse under Stockton's head, fanning him with a cap. A foe once beaten, an account squared, and he could be as chivalrous as any knight. The fallen private lay inert, his expression singularly calm, his breathing inaudible. One of the spectators placed a finger on his pulse and dubiously remarked:

"Maybe you broke his neck, Dennis. He certainly does look as natural as life."

"His neck? He was born to have a rope with a running bowline around it," was the cheerful reply. "He will come out of this in a few minutes with his disposition improved a whole lot."

Restorative measures were futile, however, and William Henry Stockton had apparently lost all interest in existence in the marine corps or elsewhere. Almost an hour passed in acute discomfort, and the pessimistic Jones again remarked:

"It's up to the priest or the doctor. I suspicion we are holding a wake over a late member of D Company. Can't you get a kick or a flutter out of him?"

"Divil a bit," sighed Dennis. "His works have stopped. But I couldn't have hit him as hard as that, for I have not the beef behind the punch. His troubles are over, rest his soul, and mine have just begun. 'Tis odd that I can kill a kindly, decent man in action and be praised for it, but if I have accidentally cooked the goose of this useless lump of a blackguard, a court martial will sentence me for murderin' him or something."

A hasty council of war and the majority voted that Corporal O'Kane should instantly quit the navy-yard and lose himself in the world beyond. The others would carry the body of William Henry to the barracks and tell the truth to Captain "Buck" McGrath because it was foolish to lie to him about anything. And the story would probably let them off with light punishment. It was otherwise with O'Kane, who had been seen to abduct the private from his cot, and their loyalty could not save him. He argued it hotly, objecting:

"But you lads may go clear entirely if I stick around and swear to 'Buck' McGrath that I blarneyed you into it."

"Forget us and hook it, you poor simp," stormily commanded Jones. "Here's what money we have in our clothes, and slip us the word by mail when you get out of Falmouth."

One of them rammed the wad of bills into O'Kane's hip pocket, another shot him into his blouse and clapped his cap on his head. Hustling him toward the granite wall, they gave him a leg up and he catapulted over the coping, a fugitive from justice, a deserter from his flag. Somewhat bewildered and cursing his fate, he moved rapidly on the road that led past the dancing-pavilion and the

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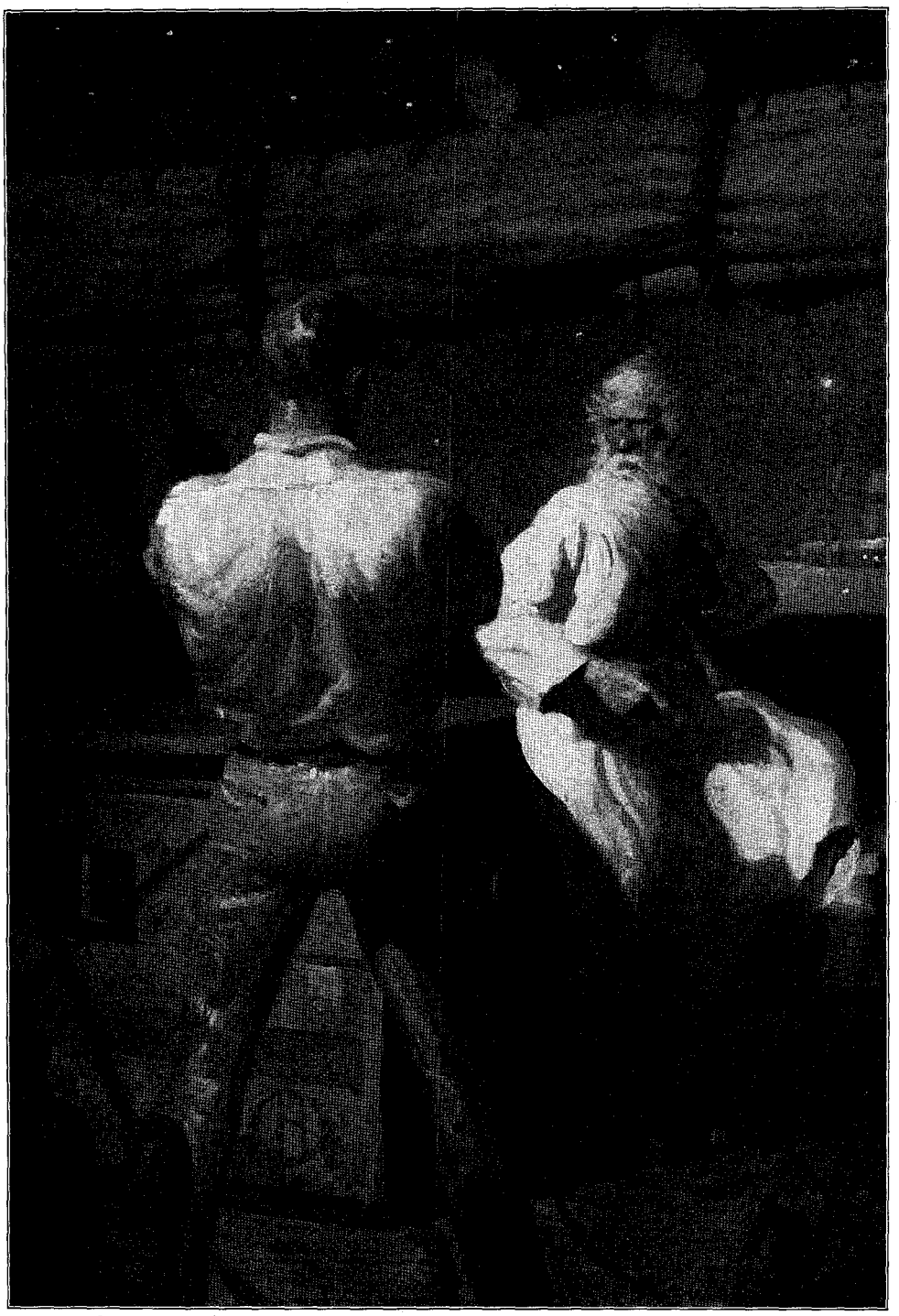

Drawn by H. Howland.

"My name is Captain E. J. Dodsworth. . . . Who in time are you?"—Page 28.

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beach in order to avoid the town and make for the open country. Soon he discerned a young man in white flannels who walked alone. The desperate stratagem was instantly planned and executed. Hiding a large stone behind him, the corporal exclaimed as they met:

"A pleasant night, this! Into the bushes, if you please, and hop out of those pants, or I'll have to tap you with a boulder. Exchange is no robbery."

The immaculate wayfarer promptly obeyed. He had a nice sense of values and preferred khaki to a broken head. The transfer completed, he was most courteously thanked, and replied with a shrug:

"I shall 'phone the navy-yard, of course, and claim a piece of the reward when they nab you. What made you fly the coop?"

" 'Twas a matter of discipline," candidly murmured O'Kane as he went his way, while the despoiled young man sat and wrestled with a pair of canvas leggings. Caution impelled the runaway to fetch a détour and follow the beach beyond the populous part of the cape. Dread of pursuit tormented him. Scrambling over the rocks, he halted a moment to gaze at the gleaming harbor and the dark bulk of the prison ship which conveyed a sinister menace. Only two hours earlier he had idly beheld it from the wharf with never a care in the world.

A small two-masted coasting schooner rode a few hundred yards from shore and the cabin windows were dark. It occurred to him that his flight could be no worse if he added piracy to manslaughter, and the sea offered more hope of escape than the land.

"If there's nobody aboard," he said to himself, with whimsical joy in the adventure, "I can work her out with an ebb-tide and a westerly breeze. And I will leave her safe somewhere. If the crew is in her, maybe three or four, 'tis out cutlasses and take her by storm."

Kicking off his shoes and doubling his money into a rubber tobacco-pouch, he waded into the gentle surf and began to swim with easy, practised strokes. Nearing the schooner, he paused to look and listen, then changed his course to drift under the bow and grasp a bobstay, by which he was able to pull himself up and so gain the deck. The forecastle was open and a man snored loudly within. Softly the pirate slid the hatch and closed the doors, dropping the brass hasps into place. Flitting aft, he came first to a small box of a house which appeared to be a temporary affair. This might complicate the programme, so he delayed to reconnoitre just as a white beard was poked into the moonlight and a rusty voice demanded:

"You ain't walkin' in your sleep again, be you, Edgar? I heard a splash like you had fell overboard."

"If it was Edgar I heard, he is busy soundin' his trumpet," answered the dripping stranger, advancing to close quarters. "Are you the skipper of this unprotected cruiser?"

"I've owned and sailed this vessel forty odd years, and my name is Captain E. J. Dodsworth," exclaimed the patriarch, stepping out of his box while the wind flapped a long nightshirt about his thin shanks. "Who in time are you?"

"My name is Captain W. Kidd, the worse that ever sailed. Sorry to disturb you, but it's up and away."

The skipper tugged at his beard and blinked in a stupefied manner. His accents were more plaintive than angry as he protested:

"This ain't a mite usual, young man. It sounds like you mean vi'lence. You see, this Professor Doremus Wyman has chartered the *Industrious* by the month, and I can't move without orders from him. I fixed up the cabin for him and his daughter an' rigged my bunk out here, separate from 'em. What would you be aimin' to do in this high-handed style?"

" 'Tis a sudden voyage for my health," replied Corporal Dennis O'Kane, rather taken aback by this placid reception. "Now we will just side-step the professor till breakfast. Your crew is locked up, so let us man the winch and hoist the mainsail, then trip the mud-hook and break out a jib. After that, you and I can discuss it all quiet and friendly. I respect your gray hairs and will shed no blood. The loan of a clay pipe would please me."

Captain E. J. Dodsworth absently reached inside and found a blackened bowl which he filled with tremulous fingers, even offering a match with it. The situation baffled his simple intellect. Resistance was so out of the question that he ambled to the pin-rail and cast off the

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coiled halyards. The creaking hoops climbed the mast and the swaying canvas rattled the sheet-blocks on deck.

No sooner was the cable hove short than the *Industrious* slowly gathered headway and laid her course by the lights which marked the outer bar. Over the stern the clustered wharfs and funnels of the navy-yard were dimly receding and the prison ship was no more than a blur. Beyond the bowsprit ran a silvered horizon that invited with the blessed prospect of freedom. The crew was too short-handed to set more sail, but the heart of Dennis O'Kane was not impatient. He had vanished, leaving no traces whatever.

The gaunt, round-shouldered skipper twiddled the spokes of the wheel as though this were a commonplace episode. It disturbed the bold marine to find him so broken-spirited, and he suggested:

"I'd like it better if you had kicked up a rumpus, Captain E. J. Dodsworth. I have the stuff to pay my passage, if that will cheer you any."

"I'm chartered, I tell ye—makes no difference to me where I go, not a mite," said the ancient seafarer. "You'll ketch all the rumpus you want when the professor comes boilin' up. He's one of these fidgety, jumpy, interferin' cusses, and his daughter—well, I'd call her an independent young female. If you could ha' stole him somehow an' eloped with her, why, I'd carry this vessel to any port that suited ye and it wouldn't cost you a penny."

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire?" laughed O'Kane, still undismayed. "What kind of a professor is he?"

"He studies the little bugs at the bottom of the sea," was the solemn information. "We trawl for 'em all day with a thingumabob of a wire mop, an' he sets and messes in the slime. His daughter gives 'em names—bugs that ain't big enough to see she gives names to that 'ud bust your jaw-tackle, young man. What you goin' to say to *him*, I want to know? There's no denyin' that you're a burglar."

At this moment a slender, extraordinarily active man popped out of the cabin companionway, his eye-glasses gleaming, his arms flying as he confronted the master of the *Industrious* and cried in a high key:

"What does this mean? Have you fuddled your wits with rum? I told you to remain at Falmouth until the end of the week, Captain Dodsworth. You are taking the schooner to sea. Turn her about instantly."

The startled Dennis O'Kane felt no apprehension because he was weaponless, for he could double this fretful scientist over his knee. The skipper had dodged like a boy in face of a scolding, so the unbidden guest took it upon himself to explain:

"I had to borrow the ship, professor, dear. If you will soothe yourself and make the best of it, conveyin' my compliments to your lovely daughter, we can study the little bugs together as we sail—though I don't know at all where I want to go."

The speech was tactful, with the proper touch of gallantry, but it seemed to infuriate the distinguished Doremus Wyman, whose nerves were ragged at all times. His fist was underneath the nose of Captain E. J. Dodsworth as he shouted:

"You senile old coward—why did you permit this outrage, with a cook, a seaman, and a boy in your forecastle? Why don't you club this scoundrel with something and imprison him in the hold?"

"Supposin' you begin," retorted the mariner with a wheezy chuckle. "He shet my men up for'ard, tighter'n a drum."

"Then I shall release them and take command myself. Are we to submit like so many sheep?"

"Please don't," blandly observed O'Kane, and he blocked the way, a restraining hand twisted in the professor's collar. The latter gurgled an appeal to "Eleanor," and she came on deck forthwith, fully dressed, a tall young woman severely handsome in the moonlight. Her very presence suggested composure in all circumstances and a certain dominating force of character. Coldly surveying the intruder, she inquired in level tones:

"Who is this person, father, and what is the disturbance? Why is the schooner not at anchor?"

"God knows," sputtered her pinioned parent. "Alarm the men and look in the captain's room for a pistol. Don't hesitate to use it."

"But you haven't told me how it happened," said she. "Really, it looks like an adventure."

"'Tis all of that, Miss Wyman," spoke the admiring corporal of marines. "I was obliged to escape from wicked enemies,

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me a man innocent of any wrong intent, and I swam aboard this schooner for refuge. You are kind as well as beautiful, no need to tell me that, and——"

"It is a chapter from a romantic novel and *such* a welcome relief from biology," was her approving comment. "It would be a shame to shoot him, father, so do sit down and calm yourself or you will have one of your frightful headaches. You have never fished up so interesting a specimen as this."

This admonition served to hold father in check. He subsided with a suddenness which made manifest the fact that Eleanor was a dictator as well as a daughter whenever she chose to exert her authority. Concluding that he might be needed rather as a chaperon than a champion, he dived below, to return, not with a pistol but with warmer coats. The breeze had died and mist obscured the moon. The air was damp with a creeping summer fog, while the *Industrious* drifted within sight of the Falmouth coast. The corporal's flight was delayed, and forebodings disquieted him. Sooner or later the crew must be set free to work the vessel, and the hostile biologist was certain to organize them against him.

The possible ally was Miss Wyman, whose serene acceptance of him as an agreeable break in the routine delighted his sense of humor. A sensible man could fall in love with this kind of girl whom nothing surprised. They presently seated themselves upon the low bulwark, while the professor stood guard in glum obedience to orders, and Captain E. J. Dodsworth nodded at the wheel. Socially the two young people were a world apart, but the extraordinary situation bridged the distance. Suavely the corporal parried her personal questions and disclosed nothing of his past or present.

"I wonder if you are in the navy," said she after a time, "but somehow I can't imagine you deserting. Your swimming off from the beach at Falmouth makes me suspect, of course——"

"I have seen service," he frankly admitted, "but desertion was the last thing I ever thought of."

"Yes, you have the reliant, disciplined air. I have never met your type of man. To think of capturing a schooner single-handed! The splendid audacity of it! The whole crew might have been on deck."

"I thought I might have to mix it up," he replied without boasting, "but you can handle considerable trouble if you have learned how."

"Your own trouble, whatever it is, mastered you!" she exclaimed, "or you would not have run away from it. I simply cannot persuade myself that you are a criminal."

" 'Twas a point of honor, Miss Wyman. I can say no more to you than that."

"A point of honor?" echoed the girl, displaying emotion which perplexed him. "That reminds me of another man. I mention him because you have been in the navy, I'm sure, and you may possibly know him. He went away from home two years ago and his friends thought he might have enlisted. He had a family and a college degree and all that sort of thing. My father expected to make inquiries at the Falmouth Navy Yard to-morrow. This man was accused of cheating at bridge in a club, an utterly impossible thing for him to do. It was one of those dreadful mistakes which may wreck a fellow's life."

"And the scandal of it drove him out of town?" asked the sympathetic Dennis. "What might his name be? If he is in the navy, maybe I have served in a ship with him."

"Mr. Winthrop Howard Sicard; but if he enlisted it was under another name, for the records have been searched."

"Can you describe the lad in a way to pick him out of a crowd? 'Tis a needle in a haystack, to be sure, but life is queer and unexpected in the matter of bumpin' against one another."

"He was athletic and rather stunning, which doesn't help you at all—a good deal of color, black hair, and, oh! I recall noticing it when he played tennis—his initials were tattooed on the right forearm between two tiny butterflies. He had spent a winter in Japan, don't you know."

"His initials would be W. H. S., then?" musingly muttered Dennis O'Kane. "And may I be bold to ask, beggin' your pardon, Miss Wyman, did you think a great deal of him?"

It was an intimate interrogation, but her fine frankness met it without flinching as she said:

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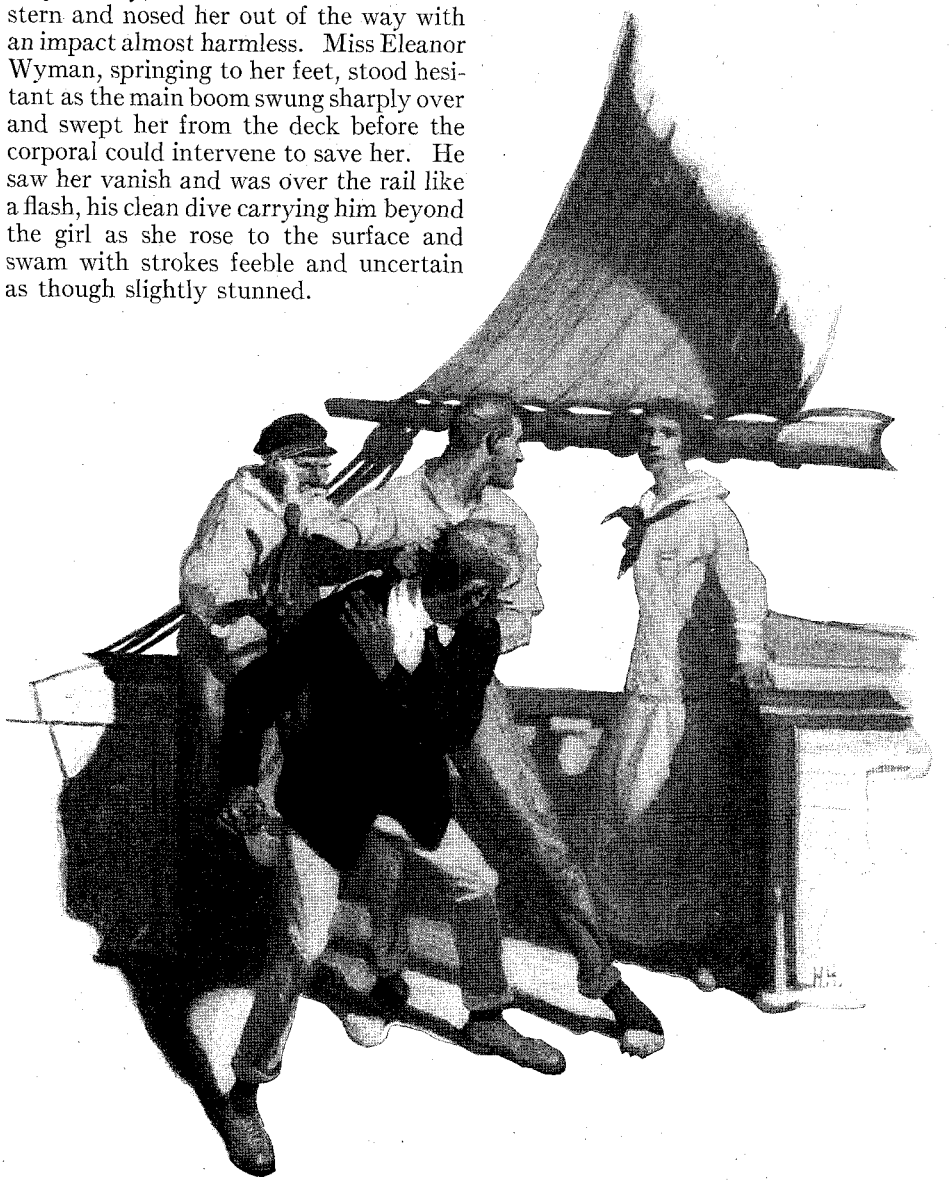
"Naturally, when the engagement had been announced——"

Captain E. J. Dodsworth yelled a quavering alarm as the prow of a steamer loomed high in the pearly vapor. Moving very slowly, it brushed the schooner's stern and nosed her out of the way with an impact almost harmless. Miss Eleanor Wyman, springing to her feet, stood hesitant as the main boom swung sharply over and swept her from the deck before the corporal could intervene to save her. He saw her vanish and was over the rail like a flash, his clean dive carrying him beyond the girl as she rose to the surface and swam with strokes feeble and uncertain as though slightly stunned.



"Who is this person, father, and what is the disturbance?"—Page 29.

The skipper had galloped forward to release his crew, while Professor Doremus Wyman rushed to and fro shouting confused suggestions. The steamer had drifted some distance and was waiting to ascertain the damage. Dennis O'Kane supported Eleanor with ease, and they floated alongside while the cook and the able seaman dropped the skiff. Hooking it to the falls, they hoisted the boat to the deck, passengers and all. The scientist's daughter, conscious and protesting that it

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was awfully silly of her, was carried into the cabin.

Captain E. J. Dodsworth, having bitterly insulted the master of the steamer at long range, and exhorting him to proceed to a tropical port not named on the charts, turned to say to the corporal:

"I've got you now, ain't I, with my men all turned loose? But mebbe I'd better wait for word from *him*, seein' as you made yourself so spry an' useful."

Professor Wyman emerged for a moment to report that his daughter was resting comfortably, and then he returned to her stateroom. Dennis O'Kane paced the deck, his teeth chattering, and became absorbed in reflections sad, sentimental, sublime. This upstanding young woman had loved the private of marines who called himself William Henry Stockton. Her last words had confessed as much. It was strange, indeed, how the pretty creatures could be fooled and bamboozled by rogues. And he, Dennis O'Kane, had, this very night, killed the man of her choice with a blow of his fist. Here she had been raking the navy-yards for her Winthrop Howard Sicard and he was no more.

Well, it was a great pity if she couldn't, at least, take one last look at him and attend the funeral. With a sigh, the brooding corporal recalled Jonesy's comment. William Henry had seemed as natural as life. It was a duty and an obligation, there was no way out, to offer the girl this small consolation. And once convinced that duty called him, the mandate was inexorable in the sight of Corporal Dennis O'Kane. The personal consequences were lightly laid aside as of no importance.

He would break it gently, delaying the revelation until the fitting moment. Having made the decision, his spirits rose and he was happier than at any other moment of the night. He was humming a song when Professor Doremus Wyman came on deck to ejaculate, in his hasty manner:

"In saving my daughter's life you have altered the relation between us. I am compelled to acknowledge the debt. She has stipulated, and I cannot oppose, that you are to be put ashore at such a place as you may designate. I shall offer no more opposition, even at risk of compounding a felony. You are a scamp, I am convinced, and should be punished for your lawless behavior, but——"

The scamp smiled and laid a friendly hand upon the professor's arm as he exclaimed:

"Forget it, my dear man. 'Twas a midnight frolic and I have changed my mind. Put the schooner about for Falmouth and go back to your studyin' of the comical little bugs at the bottom of the sea."

The startled biologist stared and rushed below to convey the news to Eleanor. Captain E. J. Dodsworth, overhearing the singular interview, wagged his hoary beard and sang out to his crew to get the foresail on her. A breeze had come ruffling out of the south and it blew the summer fog away. The *Industrious* began to reach toward the harbor lights while Dennis O'Kane sat drying himself beside the galley stove.

That capable commander of D Company, Captain "Buck" McGrath, was at breakfast in the officers' mess-room next morning and he darkly scowled at a cantaloupe. Certain events had distressed him, and he chiefly mourned the loss of a dashing young corporal whom he had expected soon to promote to a sergeantcy. From a window he caught a glimpse of O'Kane himself striding out of the barracks, again in uniform, trim, erect, soldierly to the last button.

Clattering from the table, the captain bolted outside and the corporal halted at attention. His tanned cheek paled a trifle and he gulped as he said:

"I consider myself under arrest, of course, sir, for breakin' the neck of Private William Henry Stockton. When will the funeral service be, if you please?"

The resolute visage of Captain McGrath was grave as he replied in his harshest accents:

"I am ashamed of you, O'Kane. I thought you could hit harder than that. He merely fainted—sheer funk, I imagine—frightened cold."

"'Tis a relief to know that, sir," the corporal cried with a twinkle. "I am sorry I displeased you, for I tried to knock the block off him. There is a young lady that will rejoice to find him alive. Is it too much to ask permission to notify her aboard—er, aboard her father's yacht, which is anchored near by?"

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"With several hours' start this Stockton will be hard to find," was the disappointing intelligence. "He came to himself in the hospital and crawled through the coal-chute. Nobody has laid eyes on him since. Deserted, without doubt. I am not very anxious to bring him back. You punched him clean out of the service, O'Kane, and good riddance."

"In wrong again with the young lady," lamented the corporal. "He might as well be dead as missing entirely."

Scenting a nocturnal episode beyond the ordinary, the commander queried:

"Where the deuce did you run across this lovelorn 'young lady' and her father's yacht?"

"I was absent without leave, sir, on a private matter of duty. Will I be reduced for it?"

"Not that I am aware of, O'Kane. You checked in for roll-call, didn't you? Who said you were absent from quarters?"

This message of forgiveness, as between man and man, was instantly comprehended. Captain "Buck" McGrath knew when to punish and when to temper discipline with the wisdom of extenuation. The case of Private Stockton, as affecting the honor of the service, was not to be a matter of official record. After the ceremony of "colors," Corporal O'Kane returned to the *Industrious* on an errand which filled him with conflicting emotions. Miss Eleanor Wyman, handsome, composed, greeted him politely, but her mien was distant. She had not expected to see him again, and the sight of his uniform was so puzzling that she exclaimed:

"If you *were* a deserter, why did you come back to the navy-yard?"

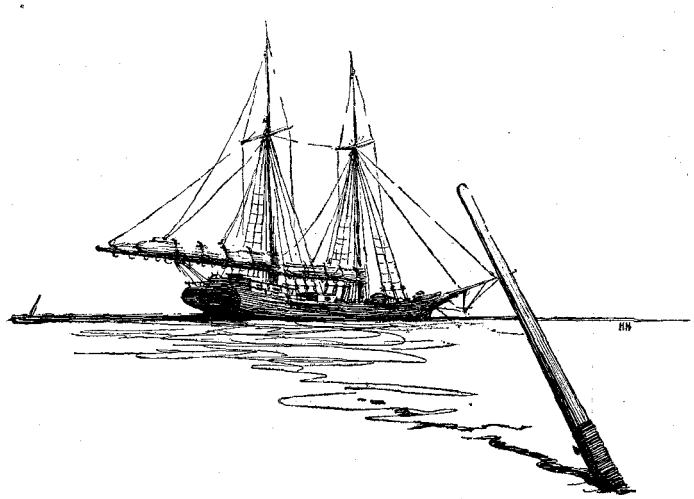
" 'Tis a riddle for you to guess," said he. "And every real riddle has a woman in it. I have investigated, Miss Wyman, and there is no man here, afloat or ashore, that resembles your Mr. Winthrop Howard Sicard. In fact, I have a hunch that he is not in the service at all."

"How kind of you to interest yourself. Your name? Thank you, Corporal O'Kane of the Marine Corps."

"And proud of it," he defiantly announced. "You were saying last night that this man was very dear to you and I set my heart on findin' him."

"You misunderstood, I am sure," and her voice coldly expressed the fact that circumstances no longer spanned the social gulf which lay between them. "When the steamer collided with us, I was merely about to say that the engagement had been announced of Mr. Sicard to my younger sister. She has since married some one else."

"Ah! 'Twas the moonlight went to my head. Good-by and fare you well," pleasantly murmured Dennis O'Kane as he bowed himself to the schooner's rail. "My regards to the professor and his little bugs. A brief voyage we had together, Miss Wyman, but I cannot forget it."



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IN A PARIS HOSPITAL

By George McLean Harper

NO one knows anything definite, and rumor creeps along the corridors like a poison gas. Some say the American Red Cross, which has assumed control, will maintain this hospital exclusively for French wounded; others that it will soon be receiving only our own soldiers. We are evacuating our convalescent French cases very rapidly, but during the past month a few damaged American aviators and ambulance-drivers, one British officer—a brave and accomplished gentleman—and one United States regular who broke his leg sliding to second in the national game are all the men of our own race and speech who have occupied any of our six hundred beds. In the early months of the war many British and some Belgian wounded were treated here, but the completion of the excellent British system of base hospitals has rendered it unnecessary to bring more of these cases to Paris. The American Ambulance Hospital has for at least two years been almost exclusively devoted to French wounded.

Before the impending change occurs, if there is indeed to be a change, it may interest American readers to learn what sort of man the *poilu* is as he lies defenseless in his bed. I may as well admit at once, after several months of intimacy with him, that he has not only conquered my affection, which any poor stricken lad might do, but has inspired in me a profound respect. I will not say that I have been surprised to find him brave and cheerful, for his patience in suffering has been not less than I expected. But perhaps no one who has never helped to nurse wounded soldiers could have anticipated that men from the humblest walks of life, the rank and file of farm laborers, factory hands, cab-drivers, butcher-boys, and the miscellaneous herd of city clerks, would, with scarcely an exception, have proved so refined, so gentle, so responsive to any overture of courtesy and any demand of generosity. France has always been a great civilizer. She has given manners to the world. Her people embraced Christianity when "our fathers worshipped stocks and stones." She was foremost among the nations to be inspired with the divine folly of chivalry. She, with America in her hand, was the first to turn at the mile-post of democracy and begin the arduous race for equal rights and mutual sacrifice in human society. After all, then, that her sons, the poorest and most ignorant of them, should be rich in grace and wise in conduct is not surprising. One little trait is significant. When gentlemen are hungry they show their breeding by restraint and consideration for others, and it is a fact worth noting that in our wards when meals are set upon the table the men eat with a decent regard for all and with singular self-respect. They divide the food among themselves justly, giving, indeed, an extra portion to the weakest; they hold their knives and forks properly; they enliven the repast with wit and humor and make of it a pleasant diversion.

The self-discipline of the wards is kindly but rigorous. In the first one in which I worked, No. 229, there were ten young men, half of them very seriously wounded. One, who was perhaps the oldest, had been in the hospital for twenty-six months. He was a big, jolly fellow and exercised a sort of supremacy over all the rest. Another, not badly wounded, was a sergeant, whose rank gave him authority. The beds stood along three walls of the room, facing toward the centre, so that there was no privacy and no possibility of escape from common censure. Any one who flinched unnecessarily when the surgeons dressed his wounds, or who refused to eat heartily of the hospital food, or complained for a trifling reason, was sure to receive a disapproving glance and a keen word from these two leaders. We had a handsome, delicately organized boy from Toulouse in

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one corner. He was pitted and scored with thirteen wounds from fragments of shell, some of them no doubt very painful, though none dangerous. These were not deemed an excuse for whimpering. In the opinion of his comrades he had been too carefully brought up. His family were rich and sent him dainties. In spite of his appealing youth and really beautiful face, he was sharply disciplined, and when I put in a plea on his behalf, the others unanimously set me right. "It will be better for him in the long run," they explained, "if we teach him how to live. He has been spoiled at home. We must make a soldier of him." Jokingly but firmly they forced him to eat everything that was set before him, the crust of his bread that he tried to conceal behind his plate, the last spoonful of porridge that, he protested, choked him. He wept a little; he laughed a good deal; he learned to eat like a soldier, and when one day, after he had departed to the bosom of his fond family, I inquired whether his reformation was complete: "Oh, yes!" they said, "'Toulouse' is a man now, and, after all, he was a good fellow, but with an incomplete education." In all this there had never been any roughness, only a quiet pressure, and "Toulouse," though tears sometimes came to his eyes, had always managed to smile.

He had a model of fortitude in the next bed. Here, slung in one of those overhead contrivances for which the ingenuity of our surgeons is much praised, lay a young Breton farmer, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, red-headed, bold of manner, and brusque of speech. A big fragment of steel from a high-explosive shell had gone through his ankle, shattering the bones and rending the flesh. The daily dressing of his wound caused him agony and required the combined attention of surgeon, nurse, and orderly. We knew it hurt, but not from any admission on his part. "All right," he would say, "go ahead!" while his lips whitened and he drew in his breath hissingly. He was comfortable as soon as the bandages were changed, and this was true of most cases. Being a Breton and having to some extent acquired French through instruction, he spoke it without provincial accent and very distinctly. His mental processes were equally clear. Everything about him betokened decision and firmness. He was by nature a fighting man who had found in the army his true vocation and would be glad to return to the trenches. The word "Boche" in his mouth was an epitome of scorn. Long after I had left his ward I met him one day, walking on crutches in another part of the hospital, and introduced him to a French lady who was visiting the place. She had lost her eldest son in another hospital, and every look of hers to these poor boys was rich in blessing. "He is the bravest of the brave," I whispered. From the crimson flush that filled his face I saw that he had overheard; and I was glad, for it was evident my words had struck the central fibre of his being.

Even the brave cannot always suffer in silence like him. Near him lay an iron-moulder from Lens, the brawniest of our men, twenty-two years old and full of vigor. His right leg had been amputated at the ankle. He was a boy who seemed to ask for a master, some one to love and obey. He was eager to please. An aptitude for personal fidelity was his predominant trait. And he was brave, too. But when he felt, as he expressed it, "drawings and the creeping of ants" in his lost foot, and his leg trembled, and he squeezed my hand in his broad palm, he sometimes cried aloud. Men are differently made. Some find relief in screaming; others, perhaps no braver, can control their nerves. I think wounds from the knee downward occasion more demonstrations of agony than any others. This boy in his tranquil hours, which were many, used to talk to me wistfully and very fast about his father and his home and childhood friends, telling, for example, how his father taught him to swim by throwing him from a slag-heap into the Scarpe.

Another of the delights in 229 was to encourage the recovery of Philippe. He was a Zouave, one of those fiery colonial light infantry who are so terrible in a charge. He bore no visible wound, but had been deafened and paralyzed by the explosion of a shell. He looked the image of a soldier, and for this reason, or some other beyond my power of divination,

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was a favorite with the ladies. Perhaps it was fortunate he could not hear their remarks on his good looks, for to me his charm lay in his unconscious dignity. Even the other men deferred to him. In a limited sphere he was a born leader, a silent, active man, self-reliant, alert, witty upon occasion, undemonstrative, breathing unostentatious valor, apparently no conscript but a warrior by profession. He had an old campaigner's care for his equipment and pride in his dress, spending the long hours brushing his clothes, folding and refolding them, packing and repacking his little properties. When fully adorned he was a martial sight in his red fez, his broad red waistband, his redundant trousers and tight-fitting embroidered jacket. The rich carnation of his face and the fiery glance of his small black eyes outshone even the splendor of his garb. It is a matter of satisfaction to me that I helped Philippe to regain the use of his legs. Beginning with a wheel-chair, promoted to crutches, learning to trust and then to forget my grip on his shirt-collar, he graduated with a cane, and if his hearing has returned as completely as his power of locomotion, he is now very likely at the front again. I can imagine nothing more terrifying than a bayonet charge by a thousand Philippes.

With so large a proportion of resourceful, high-spirited young gentlemen in our ward it was oftener a stage of gayety than a vale of tears. No sooner had the door closed upon the doctor and the dressing-cart, early in the forenoon, than the talk of the day began. Many were the topics discussed, but there was one of which they never wearied. The atrocious Boche? Not at all. On the contrary, no one took the pains to analyze German character; like Dante among the most contemptible folk in hell, my ten companions merely looked and passed by when they stumbled on this subject. Nor, on the other hand, did attention often rise to the level of generals and statesmen. We let strategy and politics alone, except for an occasional side glance at the defection of Russia and the inexplicable Irish. But if certain colonels and captains had been within hearing, ears would have tingled, for no mistake in tactics escaped criticism. "We lay here behind a little wood, and the colonel sent us out into an open field before our seventy-fives had cleaned up the enemy's machine guns. What do you think of that? Then it was that I caught mine." And thus it would go, hour after hour, and all very vivid, so that I do not require moving pictures to see a battle in detail. Every statement was confirmed or contradicted or checked by the earnest disputants. They rose on their elbows or sat up in bed. The ball of discourse was passed from hand to hand, no conclusion remaining settled except the incompetence of officers, and nothing being accepted upon authority. Altogether the exercise made the morning fly and gave appetite for dinner. A debate more free from rudeness or bad feeling one rarely hears, I imagine, in the Chamber of Deputies or in Congress. Conversation less tainted with coarse words or mean thoughts is not common, I am sure, in city clubs or among college students. This amenity must be the more admired when it is remembered that of the ten disputants seven were not debilitated by sickness, but were in the flush of bodily health, save for their wounds, and were therefore a prey to all the tedium of their condition. The British Tommies who were here in earlier days left a legend of their wild activities. The Anglo-Saxon is fuller of physical spirits and requires a more constant outlet for his muscular force than his French brother in arms. The Frenchman is calm, and time hangs less heavy on his hands. Given a friend to talk with, and he will spend the hours contentedly enough. The refinement of his conversation, its relative freedom from oaths and lowness, from grumbling and mean personal criticism, mark him as one of the chief upholders of civilized intercourse. His education has provided him with matter, and were this not the case he has enough observation to find it for himself and enough skill and social sense to make the most of it.

The French wounded man is not sentimental. He does not moralize readily upon his own misfortune or that of others. The change in his prospects, sometimes a fall from prosperity to the certainty of poverty and lifelong helplessness, does not provoke him to pessimism or, indeed, draw from him any expression whatso-

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ever. He is not given to speak about religion. I have often commiserated the fine old chaplain, a naval almoner for forty-five years and decorated with the *croix de guerre*, who saunters almost daily through the ward with a sailor's uncertain gait and shy though genial address. He appears to wish to talk with these patients about their soul's salvation, but his modesty shows him no opening. It is the man's business, but he, honest creature, only looks very kind with his sea-blue eyes, strokes his white beard, and hides his solicitude under a benign smile and commonplace remark. Yet one or two of my lads stand upon the brink of the grave, all have had a dreadful glimpse that way, and even here, in this house of mercy, relentless Death pursues the victims of his choice. Outside the door of the next ward a little boy has stood all afternoon, with scared face and drooping arms, while his mother comes and goes from the bedside of her man, who is dying there behind a screen. The good *abbé* has just issued from that room, where he administered the last rites, but he can find no words for my men, and I fully understand the difficulty. Our exhorters would make short work of it, and we should have prayers and hymns and spiritual converse. I wish either the *abbé* or I could break the ice. He celebrates mass on Sunday mornings at a very early hour in the dental ward, of which one end has been fitted up as a chapel, and a written invitation to attend is posted where we see it every day. But many of the men cannot possibly go, and a written invitation is easily disregarded. After this exhibition of reticence let no one try to persuade me that France is priest-ridden. In spite of his almost comical backwardness in presenting his cause, our *abbé* is to me, and I believe to us all, a very much respected figure, and his visits are not altogether futile. We see a real man, goodness stamped upon his wrinkled face, and we read his mind and know what he fain would say. I say it to myself and believe many of these boys hear it in their hearts: "Sons of France, you have fought a good fight. Be faithful to God as you have been true to your country. In life, rise above misfortune. In death, *fils de France, montez au ciel.*"

BEFORE THE DAWNING

By Charlotte W. Thurston

I WAKED, and in the East—the dark blue East—
The wise old moon leaned from her crescent car
(Ere yet the Dawn from Night's dark arms released);
Close at her side leaned low one splendid star.

The gleam of gold were dull beside their glow;
Beside their radiancy fire were pale;
They spoke together—strangely sweet and low;
They seemed so near, so near, the Eternal Veil.

I heard their voices, heard the rhythmic word
Freighted with music from the mystic land;
The leaves stirred softly and the grasses stirred—
But I, O God, I could not understand.

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SAFETY IN FLIGHT

THE WONDERS OF AIR MASTERY

BY CHARLES LINCOLN FREESTON
Founder Member of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY GEOFFREY WATSON

APART from the broader issues of the campaign, the interest of the whole world is concentrated on the deeds of the air-pilots on the Western Front. Thrilling aerial combats are witnessed almost daily, while even more take place at such great heights and in atmospheres so misty that the armies in the trenches know nothing of the encounter until a machine comes fluttering or crashing to the ground. There are many, indeed, who now regard aerial supremacy as no longer a side issue of the war but as the paramount factor by which the great struggle will be determined, and whatever may eventuate in this respect, according to the policy pursued, it is beyond question that a decision might long since have been arrived at if one side or the other had foreseen the wisdom of securing an overwhelming preponderance of air-machines.

In the midst of all this stern and strenuous work in the upper empyrean, when the names of gallant pilots appear in almost every casualty list, it may savor of overboldness to suggest that the war has convincingly established the conquest of the air. Such, however, is the contention which I venture to put forward after a minute analysis of all the factors in the problem. This war bristles with anomalies, and while we have seen the men in the trenches reverting to mediæval methods with grenades, mortars, and even hand-to-hand fighting, in sharp contrast with the "tanks" as an ultramodern phenomenon, aerial warfare has been one continuous development of the science of flight, and has proved to demonstration that the air as such is effectually mastered.

For our air casualties are fighting casualties, either directly or indirectly. The majority are direct; in other words, they are the result of gun-fire, whether from anti-aircraft weapons on the ground or those carried by enemy machines. Under the head of indirect fighting losses are those which are concerned with the use, in some cases, of especially light and fast machines, built with the merest margin of stability and strength; others are resultant upon the taking of extreme risks, as regards weather or any other conditions which have to be faced under the stress of military exigencies. Concurrently, none the less, with the heavy toll of the air, because the air is a battlefield for the time being, there has grown up since August, 1914, an increase so extended in our knowledge of the science of flight, and an improvement so immense in the building of machines and engines, as would make flying a commonplace if peace were declared to-morrow. In other words, the peace-time pilot would be provided with a sound and stable machine which would be equal to varying conditions of wind force, while so many things have been attempted in the air with success, from military necessity, that there is now absolutely nothing that could happen, from the flying point of view itself, that is not thoroughly understood and capable of being overcome. If we eliminate the gun-fire from below, the need for aerial combats, the use of machines so light that they could be broken in mid-air by unskilful handling, and the taking of the maximum risks as regards foggy weather, there is nothing to prevent the pilot from using the air itself as freely as he would the land and even more freely than the sea.

By the general public the act of ascending into the air by aeroplane has always been regarded, in the first place, as

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ipso facto a defiance of the law of gravity and therefore perilous. In the second place, even if it were assumed that an engine could never fail and that the principles of flight were so well understood as to make a journey in still air a matter of comparative ease, there remained the question of the wind, whether in respect of its velocity or of the fitful nature of its currents. To take the second point first, because more readily disposed of, it may be said at once that the war has once and forever disclosed the supremacy of man's power over the air. Whereas the early aviators were ever dependent upon favorable winds because they had only low-powered engines at command, the motor has now triumphed over the gale. Wind strength is no longer a deterrent, and our pilots at the front allow nothing to stop them in that respect. It is true enough that references may be seen in official despatches from time to time to air reconnoissance being interrupted by unfavorable weather conditions, but these conditions have nothing to do with high winds. Fog, heavy clouds, and thick snow are the airman's bugbears, and for obvious reasons; and when the commander-in-chief reports that his airmen could not turn out he is thinking in the main of the futility of attempts to reconnoitre when there is nothing to be seen, and in that respect it is scarcely necessary to remark that fog as an obstacle is common to nearly all methods of locomotion alike.

It is no small thing to have attained this definite point of conquering the gale, especially when we remember how mere wind velocity used to be feared, while the atmosphere was also regarded as a mass of treacherous eddies, cross currents, and "pockets" which made every journey an adventure. But just as it was the engine that made flight possible at all, so it is the engine which, by increased power and improved design, has set the tempest itself at naught, and no military pilot would ever dream of declining an ascent on the score of adverse winds, unless their force would prevent his reaching or returning from a distant objective on the capacity of his fuel-tank. The bearing of this upon the future of flying, of course, is that if it is feasible in war time for an aviator to ascend in any weather where wind velocity is concerned, flying in peace time is assured of safety in the one respect which was chiefly a source of fear, even long after the art of flight had made considerable progress.

Turning now to the question of the defiance of gravity on the aeroplane as a heavier-than-air machine, it is patent that, if the modern engine can overcome the gale itself, the other consideration is of no account, unless it can be shown that, engine power apart, there is something still lacking in the design of aeroplanes as such and their ability to triumph over the air at all points. Here again, however, the war has established the invincibility of the aeroplane in unquestionable fashion. Of varieties in design there is almost infinity, though that has come about chiefly from the desire to produce machines for special purposes, or to combine a number of special purposes in one and the same machine. An aeroplane may be built for quickness in rising, or for high top speed, or for slow landing, or for high speed at ten thousand feet as compared with ground flying, or for quick diving, or for inherent stability as the main factor, with all manner of other considerations of purely military value, such as the maximum of visibility for the pilot, the carrying of a gun or guns, bomb-dropping, scouting, reconnoissance, photographing, or long-distance journeying. But of almost every machine alike the same thing may be said beyond question—that it can be flown in safety; and for that matter there has never been much difficulty from almost the earliest days of aviation science in providing a machine that would fly in some fashion—it is the engine that has been the doubtful factor. The really remarkable feature—and this is not generally known—of Louis Blériot's historic crossing of the English Channel in 1909 was the fact that his engine had never run for as long a period over land as was necessary for the epic journey from shore to shore, and it may be added that the pilot himself was so lame at the time that he could not walk, though he was not afraid to fly! Now it would be quite easy to find men who would cross the Channel on a machine of the 1909 Blériot design, albeit reluctantly because of modern im-

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provements, but not a man would dare to risk the journey with the engine Blériot employed, even under the stimulus of a reward or for the winning of a wager.

The defiance of gravity, therefore, now only remains a risk in so far as concerns the abnormal, not the normal. If one were to imagine the practicability of the motor-vehicle as a subject for discussion, one would not speak of "breakdowns" but of the ability of the normal car to cover a long distance in a given reasonable time. The motorist may even yet find himself occasionally stranded on the road, but no one disputes the value of the automobile as a means of locomotion. The aeroplane is less commonplace, and probably to the majority of people has therefore still to justify itself even if considered in the light of normal conditions. That the war has done this, however, it is impossible to deny when all the facts are impartially reviewed, but the element of the abnormal, it may readily be conceded, appears much more important when the air is set in contrast with solid ground.

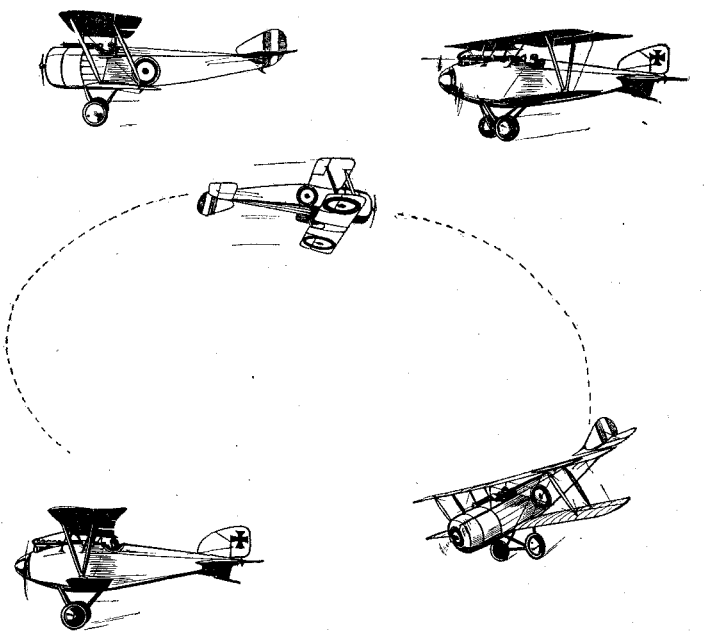

Diagram illustrating the reversal of position effected by a "loop."

Now, engine failure in mid-air, of course, at once and obviously deprives the aeroplanes of complete mastery and may be a serious matter when it occurs. Nothing is infallible that is made with human hands, and the fact cannot be ignored that an aircraft engine may fail at times. But two things stand out prominently as the result of war experience. The first is that engines have not only been increased in power but in reliability as well. When a British machine can fly from London to Constantinople and drop bombs upon the *Goeben*, when German aeroplanes can cross the North Sea, bomb London, and return over sea to their base, and when machines are flying every night at the front in pitch darkness, it cannot be denied that machines and engines alike have attained an amazing degree of efficiency, and such as entitles the item of engine failure to be classed as abnormal rather than an imminent probability. It cannot be doubted, moreover, for a moment that when peace prevails and aeroplanes are built for the purposes of safe locomotion alone, the engines with which

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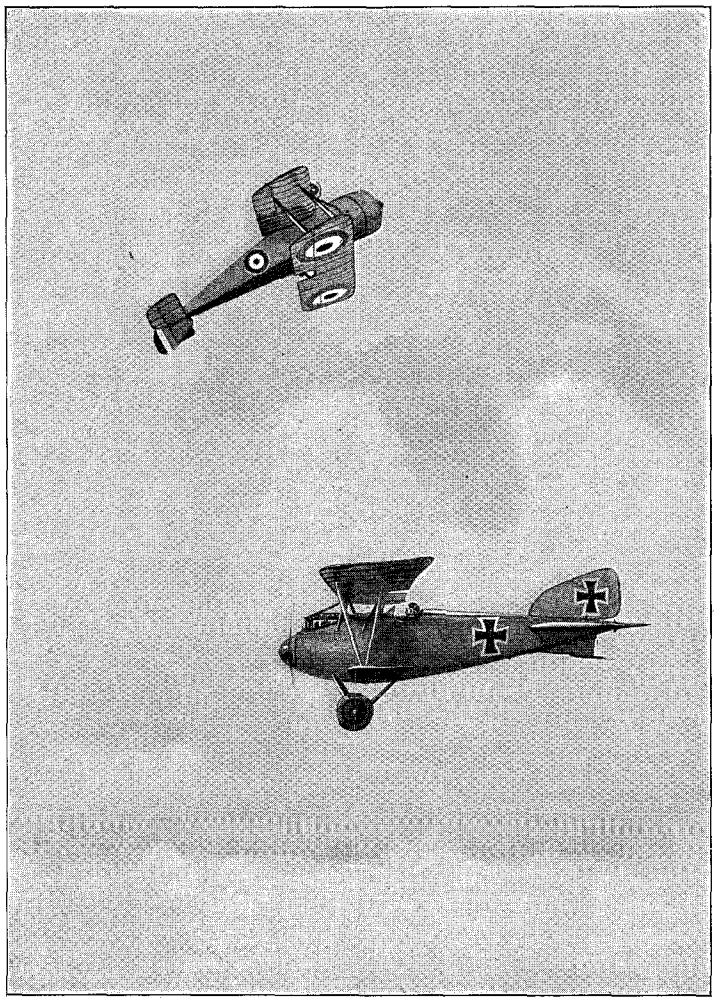
they will be equipped will be of a robuster character than those employed on war-machines. The cutting down of the factor of safety under present conditions has in no sense been confined to the structure cutting which are characteristic of fighting types.

But among the many things which the war has taught us in respect of every department of flight the outstanding factor



"Looping the loop."

As will readily be seen, the upper machine has put itself out of the line of fire from the enemy pilot's gun.

itself but is even visited on the engine, and one well-known British aircraft motor has been reduced in weight since the war began by nearly forty per cent. Lightness is priceless in every part, it is true, under any conditions, but it is perfectly feasible to produce a highly efficient machine for peace purposes without resorting to the extreme degrees of weight-

is the comparative innocuousness of even engine failure. Lest the air expert himself should momentarily recoil at this statement before it is qualified, let it be said at once that engine failure is and always will be a vitally serious matter at low altitudes; but no one ever flies from choice at a low altitude save at the beginning or ending of a flight. And what

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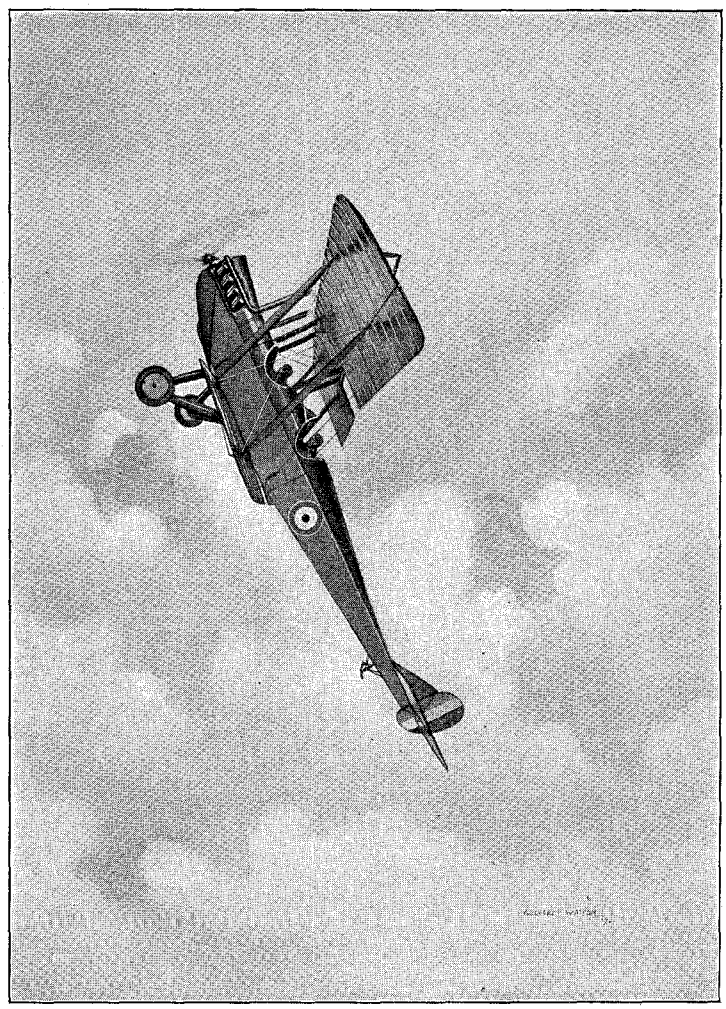

The "tail slide."

The pilot has stalled the machine, which will now settle down by the head.

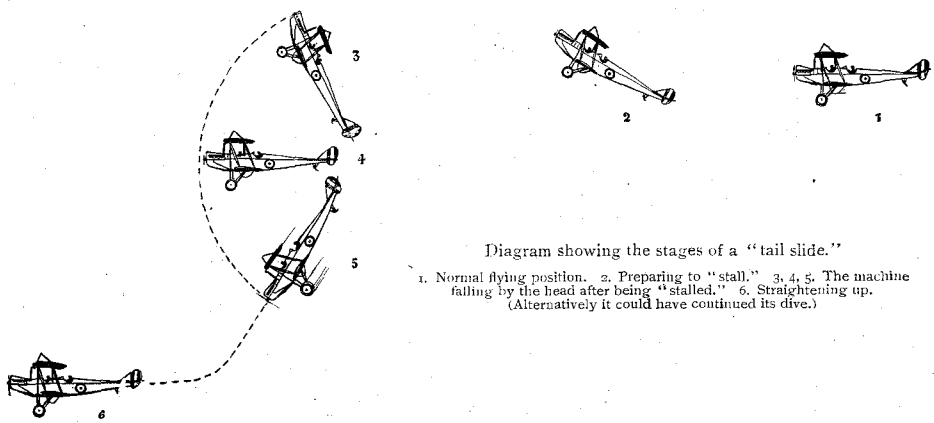

Diagram showing the stages of a "tail slide."

1. Normal flying position. 2. Preparing to "stall." 3, 4, 5. The machine falling by the head after being "stalled." 6. Straightening up. (Alternatively it could have continued its dive.)

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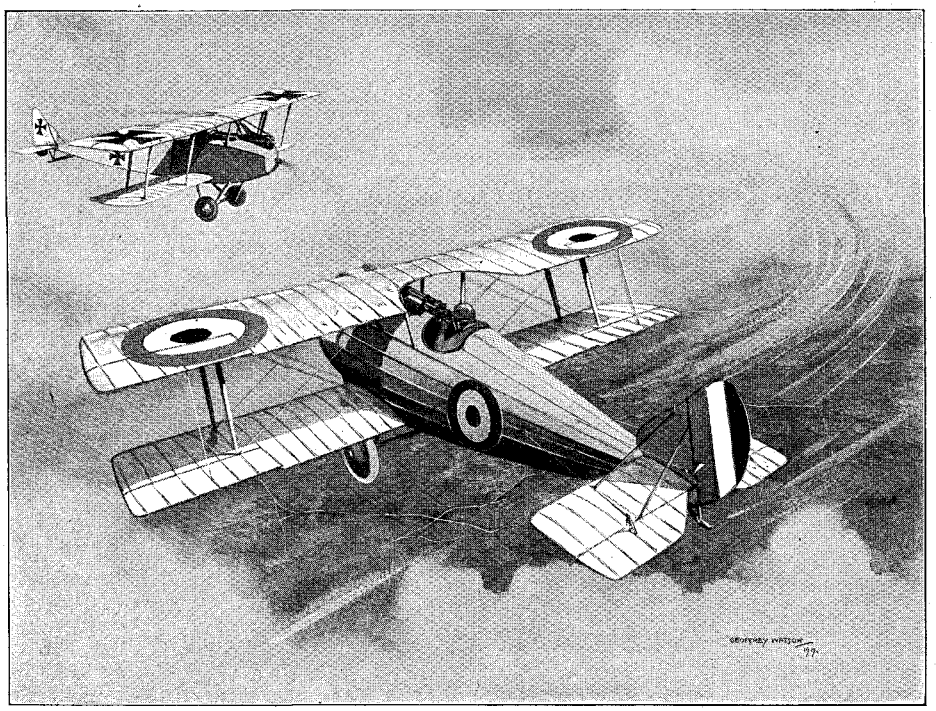

The aerial skid.

The machine in the foreground has swished round on a horizontal plane and the pilot is firing his gun before diving beneath the opposing machine.

was already discovered before the war began has since been confirmed and amplified in extraordinary measure, namely, that even with an engine out of action the pilot may still be to a large degree master of the situation. His arch-enemy itself, gravity, may be utilized as his friend. And why? The man who has given no thought to aviation science is apt to regard the air as though it were a vacuum, not a fluid of some substance, without which there would be no such thing as flight. Flight is made possible because the aviator can force himself over this fluid by the power of his engine acting through the lift of his planes, and he will not fall so long as he maintains a requisite minimum of flying speed. As a rough analogy

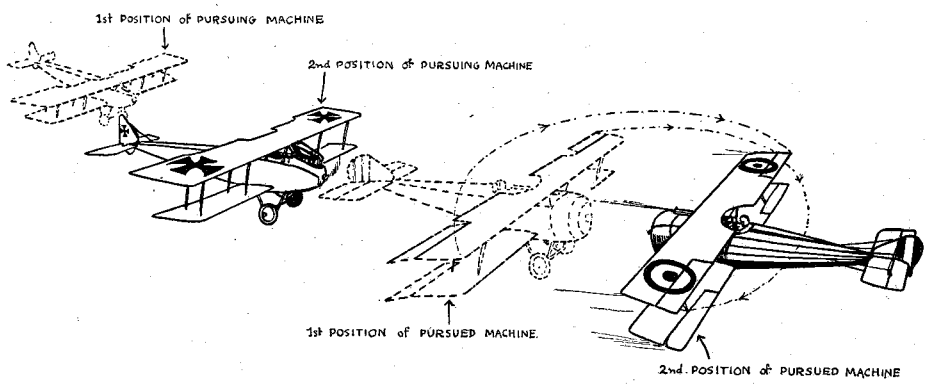
1st POSITION of PURSUING MACHINE
2nd POSITION of PURSUING MACHINE
1st POSITION of PURSUED MACHINE.
2nd. POSITION of PURSUED MACHINE

Diagram showing how an "aerial skid" is effected.

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one may take the case of the swimmer who keeps above water by the power of his muscular progression. If the aeroplane engine fails, however, the force of gravity may be used to create a flying speed, always provided the machine is high enough from the ground. In other words, if the minimum flying speed of the particular machine be forty miles an hour and the engine fails, the pilot can obtain a flying speed by gravity itself; that is to say, he allows the machine to descend at a suitable angle until it is gliding at, say, sixty miles an hour or any appreciably higher rate than the minimum flying speed. It is then under control again to the degree that it could be made to clear an obstacle, such as a belt of trees, before once more approaching its minimum of flying speed. In all probability, however, the pilot may discern an aerodrome or other suitable landing-place to which he can descend without obstruction. It is no matter if his engine gives out at ten thousand or fifteen thousand feet above the earth, he can glide downward and meanwhile travel forward at the rate of approximately a mile to every one thousand feet of fall, so that his case is far from hopeless even if he runs out of petrol behind the enemy's lines. There is nothing perhaps that needs to be impressed upon the ordinary man more forcibly than the fact that engine failure does not imply a hurtling fall to earth; if there is space to move in, the situation is saved.

When height is not available the case, of course, is otherwise, and hence we find accidents to pupils over aerodromes far more numerous than at the front—gunfire or fighting casualties excepted. If an engine gives out suddenly and the machine loses its flying speed at a low altitude, it may sideslip before it can be put into a glide, and that means a crash to earth. But even catastrophes that have ended fatally would often have had a different result if the pupil had thought only of himself and not tried to save the machine. The commonest form of mishap is brought about as follows: Starting on a flight the pilot rises perhaps only sixty feet when the engine stops. He endeavors to make a turn so as to glide down, but has insufficient flying speed, and the machine sideslips with a probably fatal result. If he had let it drop at once, instead of "banking," the machine would have crashed but would have absorbed the shock through its landing-wheels, and

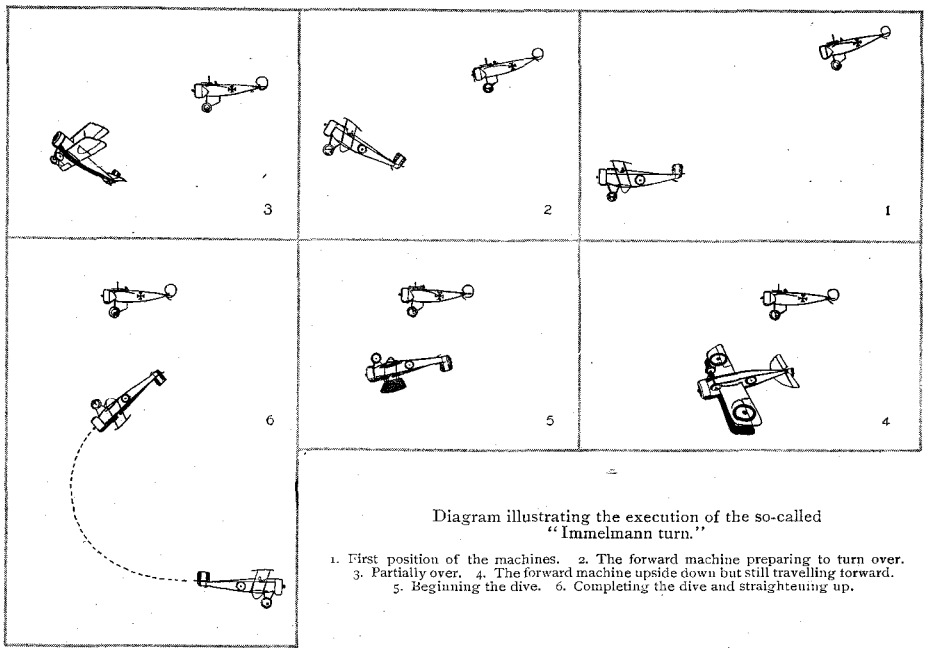

Diagram illustrating the execution of the so-called "Immelmann turn."

1. First position of the machines. 2. The forward machine preparing to turn over. 3. Partially over. 4. The forward machine upside down but still travelling forward. 5. Beginning the dive. 6. Completing the dive and straightening up.

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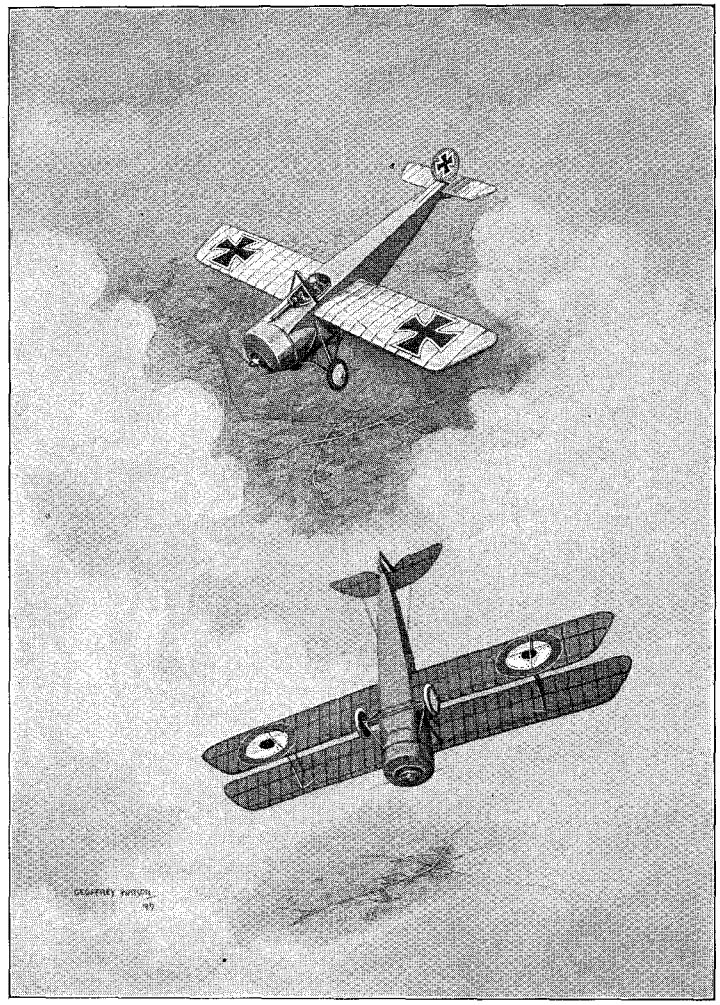

The so-called "Immelmann turn."

The lower machine is turning on its back, while travelling forward, preparatory to diving.

he himself would have escaped. As a matter of fact, one of the cleverest and most experienced pilots in the world told me only the other day that he would undertake to save himself even if he fell among the housetops of a city provided he did not concern himself about the machine. This was not said in any spirit of vainglory—the man's world-wide reputation put him beyond the necessity for boasting—but was formulated as a statement of scientific precision.

The value of the *vol plané*, or glide, was well known long before the war, and is only emphasized here anew as a cardinal factor in the art of flying. It is when we come to the marvellous developments of aerial fighting that the true conquest of the air is revealed. The war pilot metaphorically dances with death so far as his enemy's machine gun is concerned, but in respect of his own machine he is dancing to a totally different tune. In a word, there is hardly anything which cannot be done on a modern aeroplane. It can be put head downward or made to stand on its tail; it can loop the loop or do a tail glide; it can fly upside down or skid round in the air like a motor-car on a slippery pavement. And, above all, if it so happens that any one of these feats be imperfectly performed and the ma-

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chine drops, it will right itself if it has sufficient room.

All these things can be illustrated even by a model. I have seen a man fashion an aeroplane in three minutes out of a stiff piece of note-paper and then make it perform any evolution he pleased; even when launched upside down it would automatically right itself. And so with the machine itself; if it be properly designed and balanced it is as self-righting as a life-boat—nay, more so. The degree of inherent stability varies, it is true, with the type of machine employed, but purely from war-time considerations. Just before the war began the inherently stable machine had been all but perfected as such, but when the necessity arose for mid-air duels it was found that something more responsive to hand control was frequently desired, particularly as regards quick diving out of the way of an attacking machine. But most machines are more or less stable, and can be righted from any position provided they are not damaged by gun-fire or other cause, provided also the pilot is not wounded, and provided there is sufficient vertical space in which to manœuvre. If the pilot is wounded, a machine will often right itself even from a "nose dive," and it may happen that the pilot meanwhile recovers consciousness. This was exactly what occurred to a friend of my own who was doubly wounded at ten thousand feet, and swooned away, with a helpless observer on board. During the resultant dive the pilot came to himself and landed without a crash. Not infrequently, moreover, a courageous observer may save the situation, and one such was awarded the Military Cross not very long ago for a particularly daring feat. The pilot was badly wounded and lay over his controls, but while the aeroplane was actually diving, under full engine power, the observer scrambled out of his seat, hung on right outside the bottom plane, lifted the pilot up, and pulled the machine out of its headlong dive. And all this was effected while the aeroplane was descending at probably a hundred miles an hour. In another case the pilot was killed outright, but the observer contrived to sit over his dead body and assume control of the machine.

Every day at the front all manner of what in peace time would be regarded as "circus tricks" are performed as necessary measures of safety in the presence of hostile machines. With a view of illustrating their bearing upon aerial fighting methods, and alike upon the conquest of the air, I may now describe in detail the chief variations from ordinary straight-away flying. Let us first take the feat, well known on every flying exhibition ground, of "looping the loop." A Hun pilot, we will suppose, has succeeded, owing to a misty atmosphere, in dropping behind an Allied machine, and the pilot of the latter hears at close quarters the unwelcome "tack-tack-tack" of a machine gun. If he is not "winged" there are many things he may do, but we will suppose that he "loops the loop," and meanwhile the oncoming machine passes beneath him. The position of affairs is thereby reversed; the Allied machine is now "sitting on the tail" of the Hun, and may get in a vital shot. It may be, on the other hand, that the Allied pilot has engaged a Hun in a direct attack, and each may have an observer with a swivel-gun. Either pilot may elect to loop in order to pass under the enemy machine, and thus provide a fair mark for his observer from below.

A variant on the original loop is the sideway loop. In order to get out of the line of fire as speedily as possible, in the case of being attacked unawares, the pilot swings aside and loops with a rolling motion instead of in a vertical circle. This is a very useful expedient for the pilot of a single-seater who has only his wits and skill to depend upon, whether for attack or defense.

The tail slide is frequently employed for the same purpose—that of causing the enemy to overshoot the mark and so effect a reversal of the positions. The pilot elevates his machine just as if he were beginning a loop, but instead of turning over and completing the circle, he allows the machine to "stall" itself when at a steep forward angle. To be exact, it does not actually slide backward on its tail; as soon as it is "stalled" the machine is allowed to fall by the head and the pilot dives. The enemy has meanwhile passed overhead. The pilot of the

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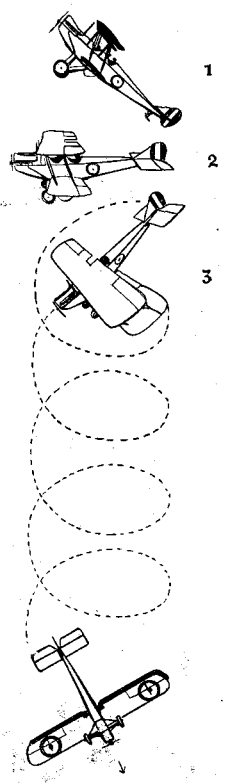
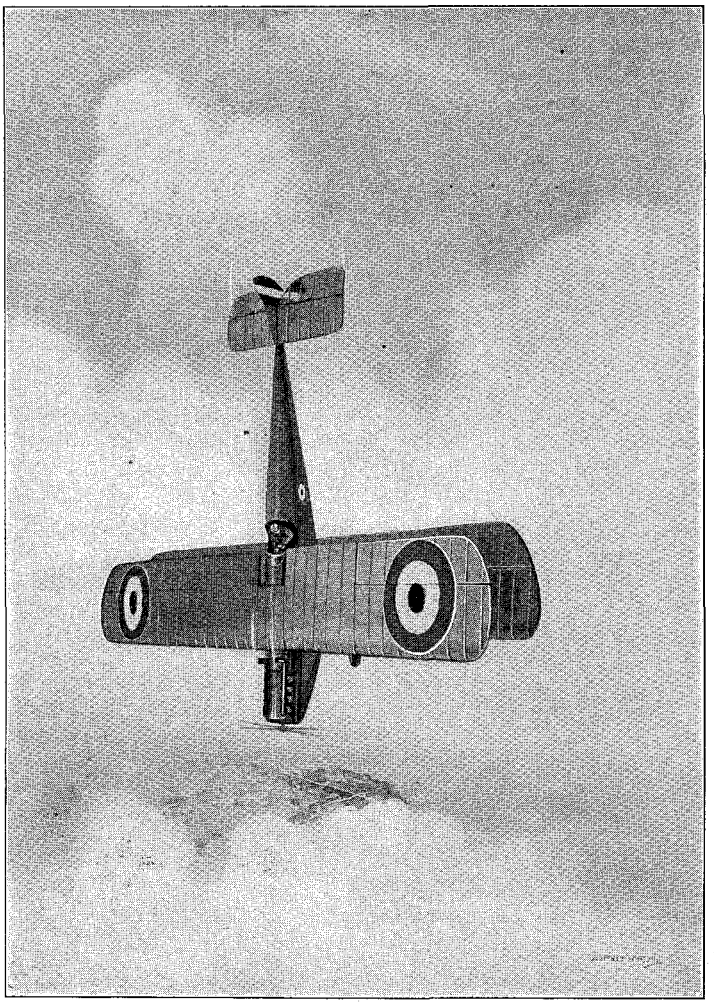


The evolution of a "spinning dive."

1. Stalling the machine. 2. The machine falling by the head. 3. Gyrations of a "spinning dive."



A "spinning dive."

This manœuvre is feasible on many machines, but is scarcely advisable for a pilot easily made giddy.

first machine is free, according to circumstances, either to continue his dive and escape to the ground, if his is the inferior in speed or power, or to straighten up and become the pursuer and attacker.

Another useful accomplishment is the "aerial skid," particularly when a duel has actually begun and the opposing pilots are manœuvring for position. The motor-car driver can produce a voluntary skid by a sudden application of his brakes; in kindred fashion the air pilot can swish his machine round by putting his rudder hard over and simultaneously actuating the opposite aileron to prevent the machine from banking. He has thus turned his machine unexpectedly round in the quickest possible fashion, and brought his gun into a more favorable position, but is still on the same horizontal plane, which may suit his purpose for the moment better than any other form of manœuvring. Of course he has lost his flying speed when he has swished round, and must be prepared to dive under the opposing machine as soon as he has fired his gun. The "aerial skid" is not feasible on every machine, it is true, as in many cases the rudder would not stand the sudden strain, and as a matter of

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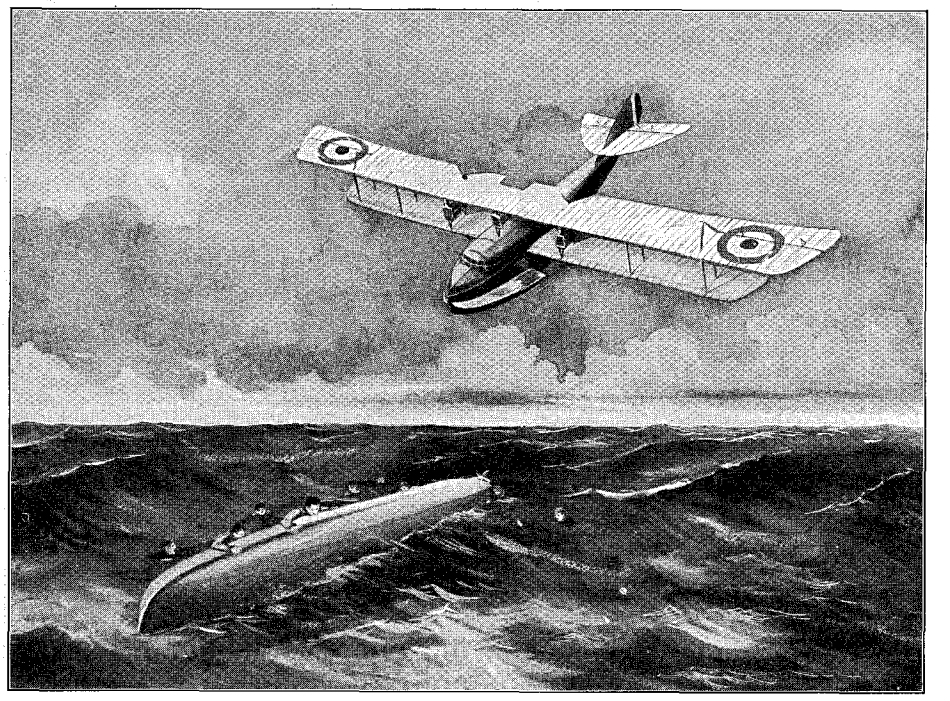
fact the manœuvre was first employed by the Germans on somewhat heavily built machines with three-ply tails.

The famous "Immelmann turn," so called, is a remarkably effective feat, and one that has often saved the situation for a pilot under desperate fighting conditions. It was not, however, in point of fact invented by the German pilot of that name but was first employed in aerial warfare by an Englishman, Major Gordon Bell, one of the most experienced and skilful of British pioneer airmen. Even in British flying circles its origin is not generally known, and to many not even its exact nature; hence I may describe both as recounted to me by Major Gordon Bell himself. In August, 1915, Germany assumed a temporary superiority in the air by the introduction of the Fokker machine, which was faster than many Allied machines of that date, and also by the new fighting methods adopted by Immelmann and his disciple Boelcke. It happened one day that Captain Bell, as he then was, suddenly realized that a Fokker was in pursuit. He started to loop the loop, but the Fokker's speed had brought it so close that he feared that it would ram him amidships while he was on the ascending half of the circle, and he therefore suddenly abandoned his original intention. This involved a somewhat complicated manœuvre. He turned his machine right over sideways, and when it was upside down, though still travelling forward, he allowed it to fall downward by the head until it was in the position of a vertical nose dive. He was then free to descend as speedily as possible to earth. When he had had time to think over this impromptu manœuvre he realized that it might be repeated on occasion by intent, and he first showed his own squadron how to do it and then passed it on to other squadrons, having bestowed upon it, in a purely sportive spirit, the name of the "Immelmann turn."



The rescuers rescued.

A seaplane coming to the aid of a motor-boat which had been ordered to shadow the air-machine. (This incident actually occurred off the English coast.)

This feat is employed when the ma-

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chines are at such close quarters that a tail glide is not sufficiently rapid, or when the pursuing pilot may be anticipating that manœuvre and needs to be outmanœuvred by one of a different kind. It is chiefly useful perhaps when he is being followed by two faster machines, the pilots of which are watching for any ordinary expedient on his part; the "Immelmann turn" would enable him to get out of the way more expeditiously than by any other means. The German pilots may have to resort to any of these devices because of Allied attacks, while, on the other hand, the British pilots always carry on their reconnoitring independently of what is in the air, and may have to adopt defensive tactics on non-fighting machines against enemy fighting planes. Moreover, a British fighting pilot will at any time go up and attack single-handed a group of enemy machines, and has to use every possible expedient until he can put his machine into a favorable position. It is in no sense to be assumed because one describes various means, mostly invented by British pilots, of extricating a machine from an unfavorable position, that German pilots are always "sitting on the tails" of British machines. The Germans prefer to avoid combat unless they happen to have the luck of the clouds, where visibility is concerned, or send out their most powerful fighters to pounce upon machines engaged in photographing or reconnoissance work.

There is yet another remarkable feat which has been evolved as a result of war-time experience, namely, the "spinning dive," and nothing perhaps could illustrate more forcibly the extent to which the skilled pilot has assumed the mastery of the air. Circumstances may render it desirable for a machine to drop as directly as possible either to avoid an attack or in order to reach a particular point below. An ordinary glide would carry it a long way past the objective, while even a plain nose dive would involve a certain amount of drift during the descent, as very few pilots care to dive in a strictly vertical line. The pilot, therefore, imparts a rotary action to the machine, and falls vertically in consequence. No absolutely uniform method of putting a machine into a spin is practised, but after discussing the subject with many fighting pilots I may state that the commonest method is as follows: The pilot first pulls his "joy-stick" right back, and then, by operating the elevator at its steepest angle, soon "stalls" the machine, *i. e.*, deprives it of its flying speed. It then automatically settles down by the head, but, instead of letting it merely "nose dive," the pilot still keeps his elevator up and at the same time operates the ailerons of the opposite wing. Some pilots would use the rudder before diving, and others would not use the ailerons at all while stalling the machine. In any case, the elevator becomes a rudder when the machine is vertical. It therefore sets up a spin, and falls in a series of gyrations that to the uninitiated would appear to represent the ultimate limit of "uncontrollability." As a matter of fact, however, the pilot has only to put his controls in the neutral position for the machine to right itself, provided he has room enough.

The amount of fall that is obligatory before the machine will automatically recover from its spin depends upon the weight and design of the particular aeroplane concerned. It may be a question of three thousand feet or as little as one hundred feet on the most suitable type; the lighter the machine the quicker will be the recovery. Only a very badly designed machine would fail to right itself. Perfect balance is essential to the manœuvre, and it is also vitally necessary that the pilot does not lose his head. If he leaves the machine to itself, it will come out of the spin, but if he gets anxious and works one control or another, he may not succeed in righting it at all. When one reads, therefore, of machines at flying schools coming down in a spinning line and crashing, it is reasonable to assume either that the dive was begun, voluntarily or involuntarily, too near the earth or that the pupil did the wrong thing instead of leaving the controls alone.

It is possible, of course, for an occasional service-pilot to do the wrong thing or find himself in an unsuitably designed machine, and an incident may be described in passing which occurred in the North Sea in the summer of 1917. A

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German aeroplane—a three-seater Gotha—dropped into a spinning dive at a height of fifteen thousand feet. This type of machine, though effective as a fighter owing to its equipment of three guns, is evidently not well balanced, for the one in question never came out of the spin and fell into the sea. It took nine minutes to descend, and meanwhile one of the observers was shot, the other was rescued, but the pilot himself was under water for four hours. Then the extraordinary fact was discovered that his lungs were full of air, and from this it was obvious that the man had not been drowned but had died of fright before he struck the sea. And the fact that he had died of fright showed clearly enough that he had realized his own helplessness through the inefficiency of his machine.

A material advantage, I may add, of this interesting manœuvre in an actual aerial combat is that a machine is very difficult to hit while spinning. Hence, a pilot fighting against odds could save himself by resorting to this expedient when nothing else would suffice. Even if he dived the enemy machines could follow suit, either by anticipation when "following him round," or even after he had caused them to overshoot their mark, for they might be mounted on machines which would dive more quickly than his own and could catch him up. If he chose to spin, however, marksmanship would be out of the question if they, too, put their machines into a spin, while they would find it difficult enough to score a shot if they merely dived in direct fashion.

The speed at which an aeroplane spins, by the way, is variable according to circumstances, and naturally appears more rapid to the pilot himself than to the spectator. One famous pilot tells me that out of curiosity he once timed himself, having previously estimated that his machine would make one complete turn in about four seconds. Actual test by the watch, however, revealed the fact that the pilot's own sensations were illusory, for the rotary movement occupied just under ten seconds. One other fact which may be mentioned in connection with the spin is that, as it is much slower, it is safer than a headlong dive, the velocity of which may on certain machines attain a speed of two hundred miles an hour, with all the greater strain accordingly upon the structure when the pilot "straightens up."

The choice of any particular expedient among those enumerated above depends upon the distance between the machines engaged in combat, their relative speeds and equipment, the strength and direction of the wind, the question of odds, and a variety of other considerations. But the outstanding feature of aerial warfare is that a combat in mid-air between gun-carrying aeroplanes is a duel *à l'outrance* by reason of the weapons employed, and that the mere fact that thrilling encounters of this kind are feasible shows that the air itself is mastered. If two destroyers meet in mid-ocean their respective captains do not concern themselves with the question of whether their ships will float; they know that the sea is navigable, and bring their guns to bear and engage in a running fight. Similarly the air-pilots know that an aeroplane will fly with proper handling, and it is the actual fighting that is the thing. As theirs is incidentally the most exciting form of combat that is known to man, what would it amount to but a sheer tempting of Providence if, added to the risks of a machine-gun encounter, the pilots were mounted on vehicles which could not be counted upon to sustain them in the air? If they are "winged" as the result of effective shooting that is another matter, just as a naval vessel may be rendered helpless or be sunk by a torpedo, but the pilot of an aeroplane may count upon the air just as surely as the captain of a vessel counts upon the sea, and, in point of fact, with a much larger field of operation in the use of the former, for he can move in three dimensions instead of only two.

If we visualize, however, the countless marvellous achievements that are daily performed by airmen at the front, and then reflect upon the huge array of abnormal factors that will be eliminated when the war is over, it is impossible to accept any other conclusion than that flying under peace conditions will not only be a safe but also a widely adopted means of locomotion. And if any one perchance may here interject the remark that the sea must needs be considered as

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well as the land, it is only necessary to say that even more wonderful developments have taken place since the war began in the production of amazingly efficient seaplanes than in respect of land-machines.

Which brings me to a story by way of a final word. At a certain British port a big seaplane turned out for trial on a particularly rough day. The waves were over six feet high, and the port commodore ordered a motor-boat to be in attendance, as he regarded a capsize for the seaplane as inevitable when she tried to "land." But while the seaplane was comfortably weathering the gale aloft, the motor-boat was rocking down below to such a tune that she eventually heeled right over. Down came the seaplane, "landed" neatly on the roaring sea, took the crew of nine from the upturned boat, and then ascended with this formidable addition to her own load of five men. Heading for the harbor, the seaplane pilot even "landed" down wind instead of up, "taxied" up to a vessel in harbor, and deposited the half-drowned men in safety with a cordial "Thank you very much for rescuing us!"

MY ENEMY

By Badger Clark

All morning through the mesa's glare
After his crouching back I clattered,
And quick shots cut the heavy air
And on the rocks the hot lead spattered.
A dollar crimped, a tongue too free—
My enemy! My enemy!

He reined beside a rattlers' den
And faced me there to fix the winning.
I wished that he would turn again,
For it was hard to kill him grinning.
His hands were empty, I could see.
My enemy! My enemy!

He pointed up; he pointed back.
I looked, and half forgot my hating.
A coyote sneaked along our track,
A buzzard hung above us, waiting.
"Are we four all akin?" said he.
My enemy! My enemy!

The coyote crossed the desert's rim,
The buzzard circled up and faded.
I halved my only smoke with him
And when dark found us limp and jaded,
He sat and kept the fire for me,
My enemy! My enemy!

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A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I

SUSAN

SOME people run away from duty, some from danger. The reader will be permitted to judge what it was that Susan Herkimer ran away from.

At the moment when her story became of positive rather than merely negative qualities she sat by a second-story window looking down upon a mean street. She was revolving in her mind a momentous conclusion. She had decided to run away.

That street which she looked down upon was sufficient to create in any mind the desire to run away. It was the sort of obscure thoroughfare which harbors light housekeepers and neglected children and the type of men who defeat the purposes of popular government.

It was quite late at night—a Saturday night. There were not a great many people visible from the window at which Susan sat. On the front steps across the street there were a few couples whose behavior was quiet and furtive in the main, though occasionally a woman's shrill laughter pierced the quietude. At intervals pedestrians appeared and disappeared along the street, walking moodily and unsteadily, but these were diminishing in number.

Yet Susan was conscious of the proximity of a multitude of persons, all living hidden and unlovely lives. Doors opened and shut in a mysterious fashion in the house in which she lived; footsteps sounded in the halls above her or beneath her or on her own floor, and paused, and resumed their progress cautiously. Across the street curtains stirred here and there and lights appeared and vanished. Now, as Susan watched, a woman just opposite her leaned out of a window and scanned the street up and down and then withdrew and pulled the blind down.

It was difficult for Susan to withdraw her gaze from the picture which was spread before her; it was still more difficult for her to withdraw her consciousness from the activities which she could not see. But she meant to escape from it all. For two years she had tested life as it was lived in Pleasant Lane, and she had found it unbearable. Now, as she waited for Herkimer to come home, she knew that at last she was to be free, and that when another Saturday night came it would not matter to her whether he came home or not.

If you had questioned Susan, employing the language of Romance, you would have received perplexing answers, no doubt. Asked if love had proved less blissful than she had dreamed it would be, she would have looked at you blankly. She would have discussed her situation from an angle of her own, using the terms of her own experience. She would have said that married life had not proved satisfactory. She would have explained that light housekeeping had not been enjoyable; that living in one room was worse than not living at all.

Herkimer? He wasn't so bad. He had married her when she was seventeen and had taken her out of the factory where she had worked from childhood, and which represented another kind of life which was unattractive. There had not been any glamour about her marriage. He had proposed that she come and live with him on the light-housekeeping plan, and she had thought it would prove more acceptable than life in the factory. That was the way other girls who worked in the factory had looked at it, too. Some had even behaved quite strangely when they had a chance to be married; and Susan

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had regarded these as excitable persons who were not to be clearly understood.

But as for herself, she was now tired of it all. Herkimer had done all that she had a right to expect, save that he stayed out late on Saturday nights, leaving her alone; but the institution itself—marriage, as she knew it—was unsatisfactory.

She was going to give it up. She was going to wander away into the country and be free.

In an adjacent street a clock in its tower struck twelve; and then, because she could not bear to look at the familiar objects in the room any longer, Susan arose with the intention of extinguishing the light. She lifted her hand heavily to the key under the gas-jet—and then she stood, suddenly arrested, with no will for the moment to carry out her purpose. She had glanced toward the bureau, with its rather large mirror; and there she saw her reflection, with the light falling full on her face.

Something in her posture, in her expression, gave her a quality of beauty which she had been unaware of. She might have been a statue of pensive womanhood reaching vainly for happiness. Her figure was softly eloquent of beauty, of sorrow. Her face, uplifted, suggested a quest of things lovely, unattainable. There was delicacy of color, and sombreness of the eyes, shaded by heavy lashes; there was a kind of soft severity in the clearly defined eyebrows; and she saw that the nose and the ear and the chin of this woman who looked back at her from the glass were of a certain kind of delicacy. More than all, the lips were startling in their revelation. The lips of the woman who looked at the arrested Susan were soft, and pleasantly full, and wistful, and of a generous length. They were slightly parted so that glints of lustrous teeth were visible, and in them was a faint cry to all the gods for kindness and beauty. There was pensive hope in them, and an undaunted quest.

Susan stood transfixed and regarded this illuminated image of a woman with an oddly impersonal delight—though certainly with a very faulty comprehension. The glass also threw back softly the dress she wore—a garment into the very fabric of which there was woven something of imperishable innocence and girlhood. It was a woollen plaid of rather large squares in which a deep red and a lighter red predominated, though there were also bars of lustreless green and deep blue. Silk cords of a harmonious red were woven into the neck and sleeves, the tasselled ends tied in little bow knots. The garment was of her own making.

With a long sigh she turned her back to the looking-glass. She took her face into her hands slowly and shook her head as if she were puzzled. Beauty *did* exist. It was hers! Surely, oh surely, beyond the life she had known in the factory and in Pleasant Lane there must be . . .

She lifted her hand again quickly and extinguished the light.

The light in the street seemed stronger now, and she took her place at the window again. It seemed good to have the room darkened. For one thing, people could not see her now from the street; and, moreover, she could no longer see all those unlovely aspects of the prison which she had inhabited for two years. It seemed to her that everything in the room had become hateful. Indeed, she felt quite sure that in after years she would think of it, and of the entire neighborhood, with a shudder. The people in the other rooms —all light housekeepers like herself and Herkimer—were not specifically objectionable, but they were parts of a hideous whole and she would be glad never to see them again.

Susan was occupying that place by the window and looking down on the street because she believed the man who provided her with bed and board might be coming home at any minute. There was never any telling at what hour he would come home on a Saturday night, but she sat and waited because waiting had become a habit. Indeed, watching for Herkimer on a Saturday night was, in a sense, one of Susan's dissipations. She could never be sure of anything touching his homecoming. He might be silent and furtive, as so many other people in Pleasant Lane were, or he might be quite exuberant and communicative. And sometimes there was a scene when he came. This was not her fault, unless it may be said that she ought to have gone to bed when bedtime came. But she could not go to sleep until he came home. The un-

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certainty as to what time he would come kept her awake. Moreover, she could not lock the door while he was out, and she was unwilling to go to bed with the door unlocked. This was due to the character of the house and of the neighborhood. Yet he sometimes rebuked her roughly for staying up. Indeed, Herkimer was still a good deal of a mystery to Susan. She knew even less about what life meant to him than she knew about what life meant to her. And undoubtedly there was a certain sinister quality in his nature and in his habits.

The clock struck one. Rather, the clocks struck. It was a warm night, though it was early in May, and many windows, up and down the street on both sides, were open. Most of the people living in the neighborhood had little nickel alarm-clocks; but a few had wall or mantel clocks which struck hoarsely or in which musical gongs sounded. And then there were the city clocks. It had grown very still.

Down in the street men passed at longer intervals. There were no longer women, or only a few. The men who passed were generally alone. Some walked with a kind of dull, automatic forcefulness, with a tendency to run into the wall or to overstep the sidewalk. Occasionally one talked to himself morosely or sang fitfully. A near-by corner, where cheerful lights proclaimed the presence of a dramshop, was as a perch where stragglers paused to get their bearings, as pigeons will interrupt their flight. Here men were going in or coming out. Some were still energetic and cheerful. They had not yet suffered the running down of the machinery which makes for sullenness or a desire for slumber.

But across the street from Susan the windows of the uniform four-story building were now all darkened. The light housekeepers over there had retired for the night; so, too, had those young people who were not yet definitely mated and who were known in the language of the neighborhood as lovers. In Pleasant Lane the word lovers would have been defined as applying to two young people not yet living together openly or regularly.

"I ought to go to bed," Susan mused drearily; and then she was startled by a knock at her door.

It would be one of the other roomers, certainly. Herkimer never knocked.

"Come in!" called Susan, not quite cordially.

The door opened and closed. "Alone?" The voice was meddlesome rather than sympathetic, and Susan did not respond. Why answer a question so superfluous? Besides, it was only Mrs. Baker, a widow who occupied a near-by room and whose presence was simply exasperating.

The intruder came close to the window and took a seat unbidden.

"I knew your husband wasn't here," she said, as if in justification of her question, "though I thought maybe somebody else had run in to sit awhile."

"How did you know?" asked Susan without turning her head.

"Because it was so quiet. You can usually hear Herkimer."

"I guess he's no worse than the rest of the men." Susan was not lacking in pride. Besides, she did not like Mrs. Baker.

"Oh, I know that. They're all alike in their bad ways, with here and there one who has, maybe, good spots."

Susan made no response to this.

"Still, a man's a man, and a woman better be with one than without. They're like overshoes: you may be sure they're ugly, but when you want them you want them bad."

Susan looked out of the window, up and down the street.

The other woman continued: "There's many a time I think about Baker and feel surprised that I didn't make more over him when I had him. I envy women that have husbands. It's often I sit alone at night and listen to footsteps on the street —and think of Baker in his grave, and grieve because he can't never come back no more."

Susan drew back from the window and faced her visitor. In the dim light her attitude was eloquent. Unconsciously she employed words which were almost poetic. "It's listening for feet that might come and don't that eats your heart out," she said. She relaxed in her chair and rocked softly.

Mrs. Baker felt uncomfortable in the

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presence of the more earnest woman. After an interval of silence she arose and went away.

Hours passed. The street became quite silent and deserted. The lamps, burning with a depressing placidity, revealed not so much as a chance straggler. And then at last there was the echo of a footfall. Along the pavement it came with thrilling distinctness. Two men appeared and stopped at the door of Herkimer's house. There were voices pitched in a low key.

Susan knew that Herkimer would not have lowered his voice out of consideration for those who were asleep near by; he would have done so only because he wished no one to overhear the thing he had to say; and again she was painfully oppressed with the sense of things furtive and sinister in the life in Pleasant Lane.

Then there was the stealthy sound of Herkimer's key in the lock. The man who had been his companion tramped on.

Susan arose and lighted the gas. Then she took her place at the window again. Herkimer's step fell rather guardedly in the hall. He opened the door.

He was not a bad-looking man. Reticence and brute strength were the qualities you thought of first upon regarding him. He was of medium size, yet uncommonly muscular. He was older than Susan by perhaps a score of years. The surface of his skin had much the appearance of sandstone in its natural state; and there was a pronounced scar across one jaw and down to the soft flesh of his throat. When he flung his hat from him you saw that he had a shock of dull black hair. He was nervously alert in his movements and his eyes were almost harshly penetrating.

"Why didn't you go to bed?" he asked, as he always did on Saturday nights. He glanced at the light as if he had a mind to extinguish it.

"I couldn't go to sleep," replied Susan. Her own words fell upon her ears with the monotony of a knell. She had spoken them so often before. She turned to Herkimer a profile which was eloquent of discontent. She did not try either to accentuate or to conceal her mood, as the average woman might have done. She was too discouraged and hopeless to care about effects.

Herkimer sat down and regarded her in silence. He had not the slightest idea how deeply resentment and discontentment had been burned into her heart and mind. He thought only that she looked less attractive than usual, and wondered why. He had come to believe that she had not changed at all during the two years they had lived together. As a factory girl she had been conspicuously pretty, and with a quietude and listlessness which had placed her apart from the other girls. Now he had the thought, not at all clearly defined, that, if she had remained the same on the surface, there was still some change going forward in ways which were invisible. It occurred to him now, however, that any other woman in her position would have upbraided him shrewishly. It was nearly four o'clock.

He was touched by her self-repression. "Let's go to bed," he said almost humbly.

Without replying she arose and passed him and began releasing her hair.

"You ought not to sit up," he said. He approached her and put his arm around her waist.

She was startled by this. He had ceased to be demonstrative long ago. At first he had put his arm around her occasionally; not impulsively, but as if it were expected of him. But he had dropped the practice when he discovered that it tended to confuse rather than to gratify her.

She realized, however, that he was trying to be agreeable. "You know I can't go to sleep," she said. "It's not just stubbornness. I can't sleep a wink. The longer I try the wider awake I get."

He yawned and wound his watch, which needed a good deal of winding. He was wondering if he could think of something to say to her by way of conciliation or atonement. He wished her to believe that he was not deliberately unmindful of her. There were things which he could not explain to her; but at least, he thought, it ought to be possible to leave her in no doubt as to his good-will toward her.

However, he had a vague fear that if he ventured to talk she might become angry after all. He did not understand her

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moods. She might be angry now, for all he knew. He concluded to let well enough alone.

II

GOOD-BY TO PLEASANT LANE

It was not Susan's intention to run away that night. She had not waited hours for Herkimer's return home merely in order to desert him. It was her intention to leave the next Monday morning, after he went to work. A plan which she had been considering for a year was not to be spoiled now by unpreparedness.

The idea of running away had first occurred to her on a spring day, a year after she and Herkimer had cast their lots together. She had grown desperately weary of Pleasant Lane and of the manner of life there. She and Herkimer were no worse off than scores of other couples near by. It was the color of life, rather than any specific rough place, that had discouraged her.

She might have urged a removal into some other part of the city; but she knew that people like her and Herkimer could not escape from a certain dismal, never-varying order of things. She felt sure that there wasn't enough money to enable them to live in a really nice way. She thought perhaps Herkimer made enough at times, but it was her belief that he spent a good deal when he went out on Saturday nights. It was likely, she thought, that he gambled, or got into gay company. She had heard of other men doing such things. She did not know how much he earned. She did not even know where he worked. He had told her that such things did not concern women.

There had been a time when he worked at a certain boiler-factory. She had discovered this through an accident which had occurred to him. He was then earning twenty-one dollars a week. This she had learned from the factory foreman who had called, apparently to make sure that Herkimer did not intend to bring suit against the factory people. Then there had been a strike and Herkimer had been out of work so long that his hands became quite soft and white and he hadn't a cent. Later he had assured her that everything was all right again, and he had resumed the practice of leaving the room regularly in the morning, clad in his working clothes. His hands remained soft and white; and once when she spoke of this he explained by saying that he had been given a kind of under foremanship. His work, he told her, was not so hard as it had formerly been. But conditions hadn't been improved at all. There was the same feeling of being cramped, of never getting anywhere, of having no definite aims or purposes—a feeling of deadly monotony. And then came the day when she decided that it might be possible to run away.

On that day she had had a kind of vision. She had looked into the future and had seen the long procession of days with Herkimer in one room. She had pictured the approach of old age, of death. She had realized how other men and women, living as she and Herkimer lived, would assist at her funeral, and how she would pass from the earth like a fly that has fallen and is swept into the dust-pan. People would look from their windows as she was carried out of the door; and then they would immediately forget. They would begin to talk about what was to be got for supper, or where they could spend an evening in a gay and careless fashion.

About the time she had the vision, which affected her strangely because she was unused to having visions, she happened to see a picture. It was quite a remarkable picture, which came with the Sunday newspaper. It was a landscape —though Susan was unfamiliar with that word—showing gigantic forest trees in the foreground and a running stream winding through a vast field, velvety and lawn-like. In the distance there were cows. The only depressing thing in the picture was a church steeple dimly seen in the background. Susan felt that this should have been put into a different picture. Church steeples, it seemed to her, belonged to the city, where there was weariness and indifference, and where people lived on the light-housekeeping plan. The church had a purely physical aspect in Susan's mind. It was a kind of hollow monument which people could go into when they cared to—which they seldom did.

Nevertheless, that scene remained with her, and to her it represented the country,

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which she had never seen. She was of that unschooled type of persons who look at a picture without noting that the leaves are too green, or the sky too blue, or the field too prettily smooth, or that various objects bear no significant relationship to one another. The freshness and brightness of the woods and fields enraptured her; the sense of unlimited, airy space touched her imagination. She had meant to frame the picture, but for some reason she had never done so. Still, she thought often of the fields and woods, and in the course of time she began to realize fully the difference between the country and Pleasant Lane. And it was then that she resolved to run away.

This resolution was not to be carried out, however, until she had solved certain problems in her mind. She meant to go to the country, of course; but what could she do when she got there? Well (she found an answer to this question), she could walk until she came to a house, and offer to scrub the steps and help with the housework in return for a meal and a place to sleep. During much of the day she would sit beneath a tree or walk in a field beside a stream. Once she thought of the cows in the picture which had inspired her with the idea of running away, and for a number of days thereafter she was vaguely troubled. She could not quite solve the problem of the cows in the country; but, like other persons with optimistic aims, she simply banished the thought of the thing which would have deterred her from doing as she pleased.

She had no doubt that she should be a pioneer in this chosen adventure of hers. She had never heard of any other woman running away to the country, though she had heard of countrywomen running away to the city—the silly things. She had heard of plenty of city men, and women too, who had run away with other men and women; but they merely went to some other part of the city, or to some other city.

Her case was to be entirely different. There was to be nothing scandalous or improper in what she meant to do. She was merely going on and on, always with her back to the city. She would inquire occasionally to be sure that she was not approaching some other city. And being the only woman who ever ran away in just the manner which she meant to adopt, she would surely be welcome anywhere. Women who had whole houses to themselves always needed help; and even in the city, where there were so many people, many of whom were out of work much of the time and needy, it was sometimes difficult to obtain help.

In the country, therefore, there would be no limit to her opportunities. She was even afraid that she might have more work than she should care to do. She meant to insist upon spending most of her time in the open. No one should dissuade her from this course under any circumstances.

There was the thought of rainy days to act as a slight deterrent; but this did not seem to Susan a very serious matter. When the weather threatened she could stop in whatever house she happened to be working in—that was all. And when walking was bad (she felt sure there would not be sidewalks all the way) she could simply adopt the same course.

Finally, however, came the disturbing thought that winter would be a part of the year in the country just as it was in the city; and this obstacle to a perfectly free life seemed for a time quite insurmountable. It seemed to her that snow and ice and bitter winds were enough to banish even the charm of the country. But after meditating many hours on this difficulty, the right thought came to her mind with perfect clearness. She should have to regard the winter just as she did rainy days—simply as so much time lost. She would have to stop wherever she chanced to be until the skies were fair and the winds were warm again.

There remained only one more difficulty: the need of a little ready money. And this problem, too, she had solved. Soon after she had decided to run away she had gone shopping with Mrs. Baker. Mrs. Baker had desired to purchase a certain bit of jewelry, and she had piloted Susan into a sky-scraping office-building where, in an isolated suite of rooms, many evil-visaged men and women were bending over trays and show-cases filled with glittering wares. Here the most astounding bargains were obtainable. What appeared to be gold rings set with diamonds

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or other gems could be had for ten cents each. Plain gold rings by the trayful were offered at five cents. For ten cents you could get a great variety of breast-pins and scarf-pins: butterflies incrusted with jewels; diamond or ivory crescents; owls' heads with twinkling brilliants for eyes—a hundred patterns and designs.

Men who looked quite incapable of appreciating pretty things were buying these articles—plain gold rings, principally—and Susan asked Mrs. Baker to explain the strange situation.

"They are hoboes, innocent. They have a scheme. First they beg a dime to get a bed. Then they come here and buy a ring. Then they sell the ring to some easy one on the street. They say they have had better days and that the ring is all they have left. They get fifty cents for it; and then they go where they can buy drinks."

Susan opened her eyes wide. Of the world's squalor she knew much; but of its petty strategies she knew almost nothing.

"You don't want to try it yourself, do you?" taunted Mrs. Baker.

Susan blushed. "I should say not!" she responded.

Nevertheless, an idea came to her. If she could only buy a quantity of this jewelry she need never want for a cordial welcome in the country, where she felt sure the people would be simply charmed by such things, even if she told them they were worth very little.

So it happened that when she had removed all the major obstacles in the way of her contemplated flight, she had also removed the minor obstacle of how to pay her way when there was no work to be had. She had a store of glittering trinkets.

. . . And now that we have come to the end of Susan's preparations, and to the end of her Saturday-night vigil, we may get on to an account of her last day at home.

Herkimer did not stir until noon. Then he awakened Susan and asked her to bring him a glass of water. She did so, after which he turned over and went to sleep again, while she dressed and began preparations for breakfast.

She lighted the gas-stove, jerking her hand back from the inevitable *puff*, and put water on for the coffee. She took eggs and bacon from the refrigerator and broke the eggs and sliced the bacon and got the frying-pans ready. Then she informed Herkimer that it was time for him to get up. She did not put the eggs and bacon on the fire until she ascertained that he had really got his sleep out. It was not unusual for him on Sunday mornings to turn over and go to sleep again repeatedly.

This morning, however, he sat up on the edge of the bed and scratched his head and yawned noisily. Whereupon Susan put the eggs and bacon in the pans and put the pans on the fire.

When, a little later, he sat down at the table, she had the odd sensation of really seeing him for the first time. There was a slight irregularity in the set of his nose—the result of a fracture. She had never noticed that before. Nor had she ever observed before how the corners of his mouth were tucked in, as if he wished to smile at something but had decided not to.

She had a sudden disconcerting realization that he was not merely Herkimer but that he was a *man*, and that, since they had lived together some two years, they belonged together in an irrevocable manner. While he sat eating, industriously rather than heartily, she looked at him curiously. It came to her very dimly that when you have lived with a man two years you cannot go away from him without taking something of him with you—without leaving something of yourself with him. But this was the vaguest fancy imaginable. She could not grasp it clearly at all. And, at any rate, she wasn't going to stop at home now. Her plans were all completed.

She began to hope that he would behave rather badly that day—the last day they were to be together. Her impression was that he was in the habit of giving her very little of his time on Sundays. He had what he called his best suit, and he usually made himself quite presentable in the afternoon. So arrayed, it was his practice to stand out on the sidewalk, in front of the corner saloon, and talk to others of his kind who congregated there. Sometimes he disappeared and was not to be seen for hours, while Susan remained in her room and tried to content herself.

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Herkimer had an idea that the women in the house ought to keep one another company on such occasions. Perhaps it did not occur to him that the women saw far too much of one another on week-days.

To-day, however, when neglect would have been welcome, he appeared to have no desire to go out. After breakfast he slipped warily to the window and looked out—and withdrew into the room quickly.

"What's the matter?" asked Susan. She went to the window. She could see nobody but a pair of policemen walking on the other side of the street.

"Oh, nothing," replied Herkimer. He drew a rocking-chair away from the window and sat down. He began to look through the Sunday paper. After a time he began to make comments on items on the sport page, but Susan knew he did this wholly for his own gratification. She knew nothing about sports. But later he read aloud other items: anecdotes and local paragraphs touching people and neighborhoods known to them, at least by hearsay. She had to admit that his motive in doing this was purely unselfish. He went on through page after page, section after section. Both of them enjoyed all references to leading personages in the city—politicians, financiers, men in society, and their wives. It was their way to believe that all these people, men and women alike, were great shams. They were agreed that the women who got their names in the paper, even in connection with great social affairs, were very far from being what they ought to be, and that their husbands were oppressive men and not honest at all. Sometimes Herkimer applied the most shocking epithets to these people. That Susan had derived her conceptions in such cases from Herkimer's views and assertions may be forgiven her to some extent.

Later in the afternoon Herkimer lay on the bed and slept soundly; and while he slept Susan sat at the window and looked with faint interest at the children who played in the street or at the people who appeared in windows and doorways across the way. The warmth of spring was bringing evidences of life to the ancient, grimy buildings, just as it does to beehives and ant-hills.

She took a forlorn view of all the street's aspects finally; for after to-morrow she would look upon them no more. Once she regarded Herkimer, deeply slumbering. He had gotten himself into an almost comically boyish attitude, and his expression seemed hopeless and pathetic rather than stolid and guarded, as it was when he was awake. She felt a faint yearning toward him. After all, she reflected, his lot was rather hard, too. It was really extraordinary how reliable he was where his work was concerned. He was never too indifferent to go to work and he never complained. He accepted his cross much after the manner of an old beast of burden.

She was almost tempted to wait until he awakened and then to confide in him her plan of running away and invite him to go with her. She had an idea that if he had planned to run away he would almost certainly have asked her to gō too.

Still, it would not seem quite like running away if she asked him to go, and she was really anxious to run away. Besides, it was more than likely that he would disapprove of the plan, and then she would have to remain at home. Moreover, it was doubtful if he would care for the country as she meant to care for it, even if she could persuade him to accompany her. He would be quite sure to complain the first time it rained, if they had to walk a little farther than usual to get supper. It would be too much trouble to make him see this sort of handicap as she saw it.

Then she thought again of the long Saturday nights when she had waited for him, and the moment of compassion passed. Their lives need not have been all that they had been if Herkimer had been willing to manage differently. Therefore, let him stay in the city! She would go to the country alone. She alone would be free.

When she began frying a chicken for supper Herkimer awoke. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"How do?" he asked hoarsely. The greeting was humorous in its intention, as Susan knew from long familiarity with her husband's ways. He was disposed to be friendly.

"Better stir yourself," said Susan. "I'll be ready in a minute."

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Herkimer yawned prodigiously. "Oh—piffle!" he exclaimed. This was an acknowledgment that the light-housekeeping way of living was not really a gay matter, even to him.

From the same receptacle from which Susan had taken the chicken Herkimer now produced a bottle of beer, beautifully beaded. "Have one?" he asked.

"I don't care for a whole bottle," Susan answered. "If there's any left I'll take a sip of yours."

This question and answer were always exchanged between them on Sunday afternoons, at almost precisely the same hour. A mated existence really does become somewhat monotonous.

Soon they sat down to supper.

Afterward Herkimer went out and stood on the corner while Susan put the supper things away. He came back almost immediately, somewhat to Susan's chagrin. He had been behaving admirably all day, and now he would be almost sure never to reproach himself when he thought of his lost wife. Susan was almost afraid she might have to postpone her departure another week. However, she felt that his good conduct was in some degree accidental, and she refused to be moved by it.

At ten o'clock the light was out and they were both fast asleep.

. . . In the morning not a dozen words passed between them. Susan prepared Herkimer's breakfast for him and told him good-by quite indifferently when he went away. She would have been glad to pay some tribute to the solemnity of the occasion, but she would not betray herself by an unusual word or deed. A moody silence was their invariable rule on Monday mornings.

Then Susan set the room in order with scrupulous care. He should have no cause to reproach her when he returned in the evening. He should, on the contrary, have cause to reflect that his room had always been kept decently in order—far more so than other rooms in which people lived on the light-housekeeping plan.

It was nearly noon when she stood at the door which opened into the hall. She was dressed for the street. That was all that could have been apparent to the people in the house if any should notice her. She had put on a white waist with a cloth skirt. The woollen plaid had been folded and put away. It was too nice for the country, she believed. She couldn't think what would become of it.

She looked back searchingly, to be sure that she had left nothing undone that ought to have been done before she set out upon the great adventure.

Then she closed the door softly and went down the stairway.

III

SUSAN SINGS

If the Ten Commandments had been written in our own time there would have been eleven of them. The eleventh: Thou shalt turn thine eyes away from those whose humiliation thou canst not prevent.

Of course Susan Herkimer was destined to be humiliated. It could not have been otherwise. So we shall draw a veil over a period of some two weeks, during which she was toiling sad-heartedly toward the land of her dreams and becoming more forlorn and bewildered every day. Let us overtake her on the eve of her first hopeful adventure.

Susan sat on a warm boulder beside a country road. It was a day in May, a lyric day of azure and green, and the sun was low. She was weeping quietly and looking furtively up and down the road to be sure that no one was in sight. She was wholly discouraged. In a measure she was terrified, because there seemed nothing whatever ahead for her—and, as for backward glances, these revealed not a single ray of light.

She was quite unquestionably out in the country now; but what had she gained? There was a difference, of course, between the people whom she now encountered and the people of the city. She was not unconsciously ignored. The people were not oblivious to her existence. She felt at times that it would be a relief to have them so. They stared at her and described unfriendly arcs when they passed her on the road. Those who spoke to her frowned as if they were

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thinking: "You're a perfect stranger to *us!*"

In truth she was dressed far too neatly and was much too comely to succeed in her strange new purpose. She carried a light bundle of linen so that she might always appear fresh and sweet; and her pretty white waist, and the trim, tailored skirt of cloth, and the simple straw hat with its silk pansies did not suggest poverty. Her hands were soft and delicate compared with the hands of the new race of women among whom she had come.

The hidden store of jewelry had not been serviceable as yet. The trading instinct must be acquired, if indeed it must not be inborn; and the idea of offering the twinkling trinkets in return for accommodations seemed as yet quite preposterous. She would have given of her store in return for kindnesses already received, but she could not have bargained beforehand.

The little supply of money with which she had armed herself had lasted quite remarkably. She was amazed to find how little she was charged for the things she needed. When once she succeeded in getting her nose inside a door, so to speak, she manifested much cleverness in getting on, or rather, without studiousness, she manifested a very winning manner. She turned her hand to little tasks which appeared uppermost and performed them deftly. Actuated by a really honest purpose—or by a purpose at least not dishonest—she impressed most strangers with a sense of her rectitude. Being faint of heart, after a time, she won instinctive sympathy now and again. Believing that people must be kind to her, she found not a few who could not repulse her. And she talked entertainingly—at least "differently." Most of the country people believed that she was quite learned. The vocabulary of the city-bred is, perforce, greater than that of people who have always lived in the country.

When asked, on one occasion, what mission it was that had brought her among strangers, she had an inspiration. She gave a most plausible answer. She was about to take up the work of an agent, she said, and she was not yet in the territory which had been assigned to her. Susan had been too familiar with agents in the city not to know their language.

Wherever she stopped she asked leave to wash and iron a few pieces of linen; and this work not infrequently led to the suggestion that she might do similar work for the household. Sometimes she found a house in which she was permitted to remain several days; occasionally she was given small sums of money in return for her services.

Still, she had caught no glimpse of the country of her dreams. She had as yet found no fields in which she could walk beside a stream and beneath a tree. Nearly everything had been disappointing; and, as she sat on the warm boulder beside the road, weeping softly, she was confessing to herself that she seemed to have made a terrible, an irreparable mistake.

She was aroused by a realization that there had come a slight change in the temperature; and this meant, as she had learned, that the sun was getting low.

The several houses she had passed during the afternoon had not seemed at all inviting; but now she realized that she must put out an anchor—that she must take what offered and make the best of it.

The dust lay thick in the road, and she made no noise when she arose and proceeded on her way. The world was oppressively still, and she became conscious of a yearning for that eternally sustained note of the city life—not for separate, jarring sounds, perhaps, but for that strangely harmonious tone which rises and falls where many noises are.

Then, after half an hour's stolid plodding, the silence was broken in an unexpected way. Her feet were striking a different substance—a road of hard-packed sand upon a foundation of rock.

She did not know that she had passed into a region of foot-hills and that she was close to a point in the highway where she could discern distant mountains. Nor did she know that the real story of her life was about to begin, that the incidents of her adventurous journey were about to assume coherent form, thereafter to be blended in a significant whole.

She reached the top of a considerable

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eminence which lay in the way of her road and paused with something like apprehension to view the scene beyond. The sun was setting and it was of the utmost importance that she should find a safe harbor for the night.

In the little valley ahead one homestead arose—a homely old house standing beneath immense trees and touched by an atmosphere of contentment. An ancient rail fence separated the demain from the road, and over the fence tangled blackberry vines grew. The road described a rather generous curve as it passed the gate, and between the road and the gate an ancient chopping-block, worn almost through in the middle and surrounded by decaying chips and soft loam, offered testimony to the fact that here the woodpile had been. A board walk extended from the gate to the front door, and along the walk flowers bloomed—roses, verbena, portulaca, violets.

These details Susan took in only after she had drawn near, and she saw them with only half an eye then, because an enormous yellow hound appeared from the rear of the house, trotting with a loose, sidewise movement, but with a purpose which was nevertheless quite direct. As Susan paused at the gate the animal lifted his head high and emitted a sound between a bark and a howl, and which was of such vigor that his feet were somewhat jarred from their position.

It would have seemed that the beast's noise was more by way of summons than threat, for a figure immediately appeared in the doorway.

"He won't bite!" were the reassuring words which reached Susan, and when she withdrew her glance from the dog and turned it upon the doorway she beheld a wholly benign-appearing little old woman, who was smiling with friendliness and apology.

The dog's duty done, he trotted careeningly out of sight; and Susan, looking into the alert yet kindly eyes before her, felt that flaming swords were being removed from her path.

"I'm looking for shelter for the night," said Susan, and she marvelled to find that the tears which had been in her eyes a little while ago had gotten, unbidden, into her voice.

"Oh! And didn't—didn't my sister send you?" was the response.

Susan looked wonderingly into the friendly eyes, which now expressed frank surprise. "No," she replied, "nobody sent me."

"I thought maybe . . . You see, my sister promised to come over and help me this afternoon, but she had an accident and couldn't come. She promised to send somebody if she could."

"Do let me help, then!" cried Susan with sudden beseechment.

"Why—if you're a stranger . . ."

"But I—I'd be so grateful if you'd let me help!"

"You see, we're having our golden-wedding party to-night, my husband and I. It will be just neighbors . . ." She seemed reluctant to reject the proffered service.

"I'm sure I could help—cooking or waiting on the table!"

"You might come in," conceded the old lady doubtfully; and as she led the way into the sitting-room she remarked, not too pointedly as to tone: "We don't see a great many strangers along this road."

And Susan resorted to what seemed to her an innocent fiction. "I'm working as an agent," she said. "I'm representing a firm that makes artificial jewels. Something new. They're really quite cheap, and ever so pretty. The firm hopes to introduce them direct to the people before the dealers get them."

She felt that this statement sounded absurd beyond measure—hopelessly out of place. Yet she was fearfully in earnest about wanting to be taken in. By way of giving plausibility to what she had said she produced a package containing her wares and placed it, open, on a table.

"Oh, they *are* pretty!" exclaimed the work-worn old lady. She inspected a butterfly with diamonds on its wings. Her eyes were bright with pleasure. "But you see," she said, "I'm too old for things like these. I've never had them. It would seem foolish-like to want them now."

Susan was touched by the simple, unaffected pathos of the words. She put the trinkets away as if she were ashamed of them—of herself. "If you'd only let

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me help," she said, "I'd not get in the way at all. I could sit out under a tree while the party was going on, you know. I don't mean for pay. Just for something to eat and a place to sleep. I'd try not to be any trouble at all."

"I don't like to be unfriendly; but—well, you don't look as if you were used to doing much kitchen work and the like, and your being a stranger . . ." She turned her head in response to a noise in the kitchen. "Oh!" she cried, and was gone.

Susan ventured to follow her. A vessel on the stove was boiling over. The woman made a hurried effort to remove it, but the escaping steam reached her hand and she let go. The vessel descended a few inches and the impact sent a jet of boiling liquid into the air. Like a lash it fell across the work-stained hand.

It did not seem a serious matter, yet Susan's face went pale from sympathy. She hurried forward, seizing a cloth from a table as she advanced, and removed the vessel. Quickly she turned to the woman, who was holding one hand tightly in the other. "Tell me where to find the soda," she said. She took hold of the situation quite as a matter of course. Soon she had the injured hand soothed and dressed. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but I'm afraid that means you'll have to let me stay and help you, after all."

"Well, yes, I think you may," said the other. She added, after a further scrutiny of the younger woman, "I shouldn't have believed you could be so handy, Miss ——— There, I don't know your name. Mine is Stover."

"Herkimer," said Susan. "Mrs. Herkimer. Yes, I've had to learn how to be handy."

So it was that destiny intervened in Susan's favor.

There were no more words. Under the guidance of Mrs. Stover Susan assumed the relationship of cheerful guest and willing servant. All the heavier work had been done—the baking, the scrubbing, the assembling of extra dishes and linen. But many of the final details of preparation had yet to be attended to; and the older woman was first obviously surprised, and then beamingly confident, as Susan moved from kitchen to dining-room and from dining-room to kitchen, bearing burdens in hands which did not tremble and depositing them in their places deftly and unerringly.

Once as she passed a window she looked out and saw, far off, the figure of a man who had released his team from the plough and was leisurely bearing toward the house. The big hound, also seeing, set out at a careening trot to serve as escort. The last direct rays of the sun touched the field and the spirit of repose was hovering over the world.

The celebration proved to be a great success. There were fifty guests at least, Susan thought. She wouldn't have believed there were so many people within a score of miles of the isolated farmhouse. They came in wagons and buggies which drew up in a long row along the rail fence in front. The commodious old house was thronged, up-stairs and down.

It seemed to Susan that the joy of these people was far more spontaneous than that of any gathering she had ever seen in the city. Perhaps because they met less frequently their greetings were like those of brothers and sisters. Their voices rose to a chorus of happiness, while out in the dusk and in the night the neighing of horses and the contentions of dogs were heard.

Susan had noticed that many of the visitors deposited mysterious parcels on the centre-table in the front room upon their arrival, and, surmising what this meant, she found occasion to slip into the room unobserved and add to the pile of packages a very tiny one of her own.

As if in compliance with custom the guests pretended to remember these packages later in the evening—after the feast had been spread. There was a general exodus to the sitting-room; a tide of expectancy mounted steadily—a spirit of childlike joyousness took possession of aged men and women who forgot to be weary. And so the testimonials were revealed.

Mr. Stover was required to preside during this ceremony. He was a big man who appeared to have trouble in getting his breath; but he was buoyantly powerful of voice and there were always traces of humor about his eyes.

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Susan had been swept into the room with the others, but she shrank back as if with a feeling of guilt when her own offering was brought to light: a breast-pin—a butterfly with diamonds on its wings—for Mrs. Stover and a scarf-pin—a tiny crescent of ivory set alternately with diamonds and rubies—for the master of the house.

There were many cries of delight when these were brought to view, and Susan, whose eyes had been hungrily taking in her humble share of joy, turned in embarrassment and withdrew still farther from those friendly people.

But Mrs. Stover had seen her, and had noted the pathetic yearning for joy and the shrinking, almost painful modesty, and all that was motherly in the old lady's being asserted itself. "The strange, dear creature!" she mused.

Then one of the little universal dramas of the domestic existence came to pass. The master of the house almost let fall one of the larger gifts—an ornate vase. He succeeded in saving it, but not until his wife's voice had reached him sharply, even harshly—"Stover!"

The tone clearly implied the accusation: "You're a clumsy, careless fellow."

The old man's face flushed; he glanced at his wife with eyes which were gently admonishing, pleading, pained. The look said plainly: "You would not upbraid me now, before all our friends!"

And his wife hastened to say: "If it had been me I'd have been sure to drop it, Stover!" She spoke graciously, humorously. The tiny cloud had been dispelled. And Susan, from her place in the background, felt her pulses quicken, as if she had been sitting in a rather homely theatre and had seen the curtain lift upon a lovely picture. This was what real married life meant: a thoughtless rebuke, perhaps, but the prompt and earnest bearing and forbearing, the mutual effort toward a pleasant readjustment. Doubtless she had grasped this thought but vaguely, but nevertheless it had found a harbor in her mind.

. . . Later, when Mrs. Stover and Susan were alone in the kitchen for a moment the older woman put her hands on her guest's shoulders and kissed her on either cheek. "You shouldn't have done it," she said; and there was a soft note in her voice—a note to which Susan had been a stranger all her life. "You know, Stover and I ain't poor. He owns his farm. It's not as if we couldn't buy things if we wanted them bad enough."

"Oh," responded Susan, really mortified, "you make too much of them. They're just cheap things—I'm bound to tell you that. I couldn't bear to have you think some time that I was willing to deceive you."

Susan was really amazed by her own frankness; but forces beyond her comprehension had exerted an uplifting effect upon her.

They rejoined the company then. Some one had suggested a song. Men and women with perfectly shocking voices sang, their songs being of a type which Susan had never heard before. One was about a hotel fire; one was about the James boys; others were about *Nellie Gray* and *Marguerite* and *Juanita*. Susan felt sure they wouldn't have been at all acceptable in the city. Yet the guests were all so happy that she looked from face to face sympathetically, smiling as if she found the comical songs entirely droll, and seeming quite pensive when the selection happened to be a sad one.

Then, during a lull, after everybody had made a somewhat nervous demonstration over a young woman whose song, according to general agreement, would have been lovely if she had not forgotten and broken down after she had sung the first line or two, Mrs. Stover's motherly voice was heard:

"You sing something for us, Mrs. Herkimer."

"Yes, do!" These words came in a chorus.

"Oh, I'm sure I couldn't!" faltered Susan; but her eyes betrayed the fact that she wished earnestly that she might enter fully into the pleasure of these happy people. She thought it extraordinary that any one should sing without any instrumental accompaniment. The company were seated, mostly on straight-backed chairs, around the four walls of the room, looking at one another. She thought it would be simply terrifying, trying to sing under such circumstances. Yet the indecision remained in her eyes.

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Drawn by George Wright.

She might be angry now, for all he knew. He concluded to let well enough alone.—Page 56.

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"I think she'll oblige us!" This was from Mrs. Stover.

Susan had never thought she could sing. It seemed to her that she had never had any occasion to sing. Still, she did know a stanza or two of a few of the latest popular songs which she had heard the children of Pleasant Lane sing.

"Yes, please do!" This was from the chorus again. Every eye in the room was searching her face.

She decided to try. She felt as if she were about to enter upon some scandalous enterprise.

Her efforts were the crowning event of the evening. "The Message of the Violet" (one stanza and the refrain) was heartily applauded. The refrain had to be repeated. While she sang the silence was so profound that she could hear the stamping of horses out in front. Then she sang a comic song called "Experience." When she reached the end of it she was almost entirely out of breath. She tried to conceal this condition, and when she sang the words, "For I've had experience," she closed one eye and shook her head with an effect of roguishness. Her cheeks were red from excitement and exertion, and this heightened the effect of her song.

A few of the women looked a little doubtful of the propriety of singing a song about "experience," but on the whole Susan was the success of the evening. After the singing was finished and a game was being played several of the young men kept repeating the line, "For I've had experience!" and smiling and looking at her shyly.

It was really a wonderful event for Susan; a proper prologue to the strange drama in which she was destined to play one of the two leading rôles.

(To be continued.)

GOD

By E. H. Sothern

FASHIONED from out the thunder and the storm,
From darkness and the terror of the flood,
With trembling hands he moulded him a form,
And offered up a sacrifice of blood.
So worshipping the graven thing,
Before his God a suppliant he stood.

When Famine gnawed his entrails, and his flock
Plague-stricken perished, or the lust to kill,
As fire consumed him, or the molten rock
Poured from the flaming mountain, "'Tis God's will,"
He cried, "whose wrath no pity hath!"
So prayed he then—the man—so prays he still.

The Sun, the Wind, the Tempest, day by day,
Shatter the idol through the conquering years;
The man-made *God of Hatred* falls away.
Lo! at its base a tarn of human tears!
From Man's despair see mirrored there
Born of his Pain—the *God of Love* appears;

Whose presence dims the sunlight, and the stars—
Vast, still, eternal, pitiful, serene.
Vanish as mist the questions and the wars;
The lying prophets and the gods unclean;
As broken reeds, the savage creeds;
The shrouding desert where their shrines have been.

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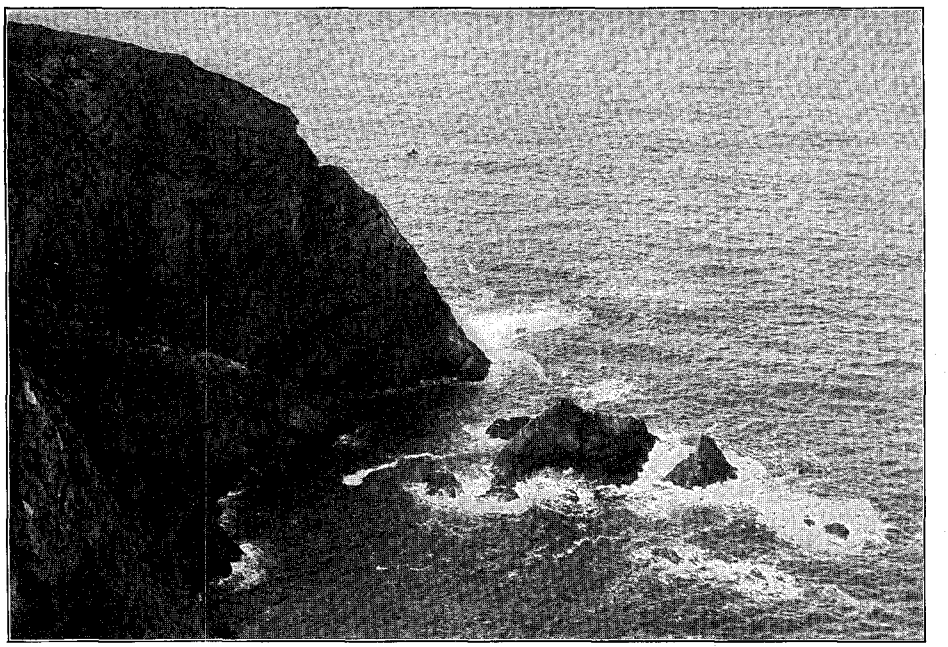

Roshine Point and the rock of our salvation.

VICTIMS OF A SUBMARINE

By Robert D. Garwood
Able seaman on the late S.S. *Verdi*

"WHAT a fine mark for a submarine she will make," observed my good pal, Dick Mayo, as from the deck of a tug we got our first glimpse of the ship which promised to be our home for weeks to come. And a fine mark she truly looked to be as she lay anchored off the Statue of Liberty, her midships decks towering high above most of the craft that plied the channel. Out over the ship's side a line was thrown to us, the tug made fast, and a moment later we had climbed up onto the deck. The ship had only been waiting to complete her complement of sailors, so as soon as we had gone through the formality of signing the articles the anchor-winches began their monotonous droning, the shores seemed to move as we gathered headway. Our voyage had commenced!

It was a late Sunday afternoon in August when we sailed out of the peaceful harbor. As soon as Dick and I had deposited our dunnage in the forecastle we came back up onto deck to look around the ship and to get a last glimpse of America. The ship steamed leisurely out through the Narrows and came to a stop off the last lightship, to let the pilot debark in a rowboat, while a submarine-chaser circled about us as a sort of farewell. Gradually the ship picked up her former speed and America faded slowly behind. I went aft and hung over the taffrail for a long time. The Jersey hills were visible for about three-quarters of an hour; then only an occasional glimpse of the shore of Long Island was to be had. The last rays of the sun gave the horizon a beautiful golden tint; the land to the west and the north had faded from view. "Good-by, America," I said and felt.

Since it was Sunday we were not put on watch until the following morning, and so had an opportunity to survey our surroundings in advance. The forecastle,

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which was reached by a narrow companionway in the fore part, offered a striking contrast to the neat exterior of the ship. My first impression of it was that of a little composite of disarranged bunks, seamen telling stories, and tobacco smoke. Two small lights burning dimly revealed a double row of iron bunks ranged along the side of a low and narrow compartment, which I knew to be located almost in the peak of the ship just above the water-line.

Life upon such a ship I knew to be hard, but as the early days of the voyage passed I realized better what it meant to eat, sleep, work, and live under such conditions. The toilet facilities for the seamen on this boat will not bear description. There were no lavatories for us, so that the only way we could wash was to take a bucket back amidships, draw cold water, and wash on deck. Later, when the seas began to break over the forecastle deck, we were almost compelled to go for days without washing, a thing which did not trouble in the least most of the sailors. The work was heavy and hard, but had it been accompanied by good food there would have been no complaint. But when one is compelled to satisfy a strong appetite with salt pork, hard-boiled beans, dry bread, or stewed meat for nine meals out of ten he soon loses his eagerness to labor. The food, such as it was, was brought into the forecastle in buckets, and each man with his own or some one else's eating gear was obliged to scramble for what he got. The crew numbered at least fourteen different nationalities.

The early days of the voyage passed quickly and uneventfully except for an occasional fight, which broke the monotony of the work-eat-and-sleep routine. Except for a fog, which hampered us the second day, we encountered excellent weather during the first week. The air was comfortably warm and the sea was comparatively smooth. We did encounter a small blow on the fifth day, which was sufficient to demonstrate that the deadlights in the forecastle, though battened shut, were leaky, for sea after sea threw water into our little bunk-room and made our watches below extremely disagreeable. That blow, however, was of short duration, and on Sunday we were ploughing along steadily again in a clear but a colder sea.

On Monday, the ninth day, we worked all afternoon in a cold, driving rain. Before night the wind had grown into a howling gale, which was kicking up tremendous seas. I stood for a few minutes that night in the shelter of a forward deck-house, fascinated by the wildness of the waves. The vessel was running without lights, so that on deck it was pitch dark, cold, and mighty wet—a terrific night on which to get torpedoed. The wind howled through the rigging all night as the vessel dipped her nose in the seas. We were then within reach of the submarines and the vessel was staggering along making little progress against the heavy head wind. The following noon the weather began to moderate and the seas subsided quite rapidly. This day all of the fourteen sailors were relieved from further work and placed in various stations about the boat to keep a lookout for submarines, a procedure which is always followed in passing through the submarine zone. I was assigned to a station on the top deck just abaft the engine-room skylights and near my own life-boat, No. 5.

The weather was still moderating when I came on watch at four in the morning. The wind had died down, but a very heavy swell was running. The boat was zigzagging rapidly when I went below at eight o'clock to catch a little sleep, but when I came on watch again at noon I noticed directly that the vessel was running a straight course. Following the usual routine, I lent a hand in hauling in the log-line and then went directly to my lookout station on the top deck.

By common agreement I had arranged to relieve the lookout man on the bridge at 12.45, but my dinner of salt pork had left me thirsty, so I determined to get a drink before relieving him. Laying my coat on the engine-room skylights to dry, I started for the pantry on the starboard side of the ship, abeam the engine-room and exactly on the water-level. To get there I was obliged to descend to the third deck below, go to the forward end of the ship, and then descend one deck farther. From the foot of this last com-

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panionway a low and narrow alley, running half the length of the ship, led to the pantry.

I was within probably thirty feet of the pantry when, with a tremendous crash, the whole side of the ship directly in front of me seemed to be blown inward. I was dazed for a second, but suddenly I smelled the poisonous smoke and heard the rush of water in the darkness. The lights had been extinguished almost simultaneously with the explosion; the shock had thrown me down, but I hastily picked myself up and, holding my breath for fear of suffocation, started to work my way forward through the belittered alleyway, struggling to get to the narrow companionway which led up to the fore-deck. I thought I should burst from holding my breath before I saw the gleam of light from the companionway penetrate the darkness of the alley. It was a matter of seconds which seemed like hours before I reached the open deck and paused for breath.

The engines had stopped and the ship had practically come to a standstill, heeled up on her side with a starboard list of over thirty degrees, the water lapping her fore-deck on the starboard side. Like a wounded and frightened deer she seemed as she lay there still shivering from the impact and rolling in the seas. I was a little shocked to note the rate at which she had begun to sink, for I realized that if such a downward rate continued we should have no time to launch life-boats. Fortunately, however, she soon began to right herself and then went down more slowly.

The forward deck appeared deserted when I first reached it, but in a moment I saw my pal, who came out of the forecastle with his hands in his pockets, having first taken time to put on his best clothes. I was obliged to laugh at his indifferent air and his observation that "the damn Fritzies have got us good this time." The realization of this plainly expressed fact is a most peculiar sensation when one has been expecting it for so long.

Together Dick and I climbed to the next deck and started aft, he going to the poop while I went to my boat station on the top deck, stopping on the way to get a life-belt. On the promenade-deck I encountered a confused and excited crowd of stewards and firemen all rushing to procure life-belts and get into the boats. When I reached the falls of my own boat, No. 5, where I had been standing but a moment before the explosion, I found that the boat, which was suspended forty-five feet above the water-line, had been blown into a thousand pieces by the explosion of the torpedo and only the forward end was left dangling from the fall. Only the officers and a few of the fourteen sailors were at their stations on the top deck.

The dense brown smoke from the torpedo was still pouring up through the gratings and the ventilators which led from the engine-room, and with it came the most heartrending screams and cries for help. Most of the fourteen men below had been killed outright by the explosion or scalded to death by escaping steam; but some were evidently caught below unhurt, yet doomed to die like rats in a trap as the boat gradually sank and the water rose in their prison cell.

But there was work to be done. My boat being gone, I started to give them a hand in launching No. 3, the one ahead. This boat, like the others, had been lowered away to the deck below and lashed in, and by this time it had been crowded with stewards and firemen to the number of thirty or forty, who had given us no time to cut the lashings. They were so badly confused that they paid no heed to our repeated warnings that the lashings must be cut. Realizing the necessity of acting quickly, one seaman grabbed a hatchet and with but two strokes slashed the fall lashings. Due to the sharp list in the ship, the boat swung quickly outward, catapulting down between the boat and the ship two men who had been standing on the thwarts. They fell like shots to the water below and reappeared again, bobbing up and down in the swells astern, one of them having apparently broken his back, for in a moment he slipped out of his belt and disappeared.

The whole incident, which was over in a few seconds, did not even interrupt the work of launching No. 3. "Lower away!" came the order from the chief officer; the crowded boat slipped down

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gradually and in a moment was being thrown violently up and down in the swells. The only seaman in the boat could not get at the blocks to release the boat, so the chief officer slashed the falls and the boatload of human cargo went rapidly adrift.

After No. 3 had been cast off I lingered for a time with a few others on the top deck, endeavoring to find some means of releasing the imprisoned men, who were still screaming. But it was beyond human power to aid them. I was reluctant, too, to go away without my coat, which some one had evidently picked up in the scramble, for it contained my passports, so I stayed looking for it until, glancing up, I realized that the boat-deck was deserted. This was plainly no place to linger, so I hurried down to the main deck aft, where I saw at a glance that all the boats except one were already in the water. That was the little jolly-boat in which the seamen are supposed to make their escape after all the other boats have been launched. I saw at a glance that it was crowded to the gunwales with stragglers, so I quickly decided that the jolly-boat likewise was no place for me. I ran quickly back to the stern, which by this time was only a few feet above the heaving surface of the water, and there I saw the boatswain's boat, which had just cast off but a few feet from the ship's stern. It was no time to deliberate, so, jumping upon the railing, I made a wild leap, grabbing a dangling boat-fall as I fell. Very fortunately a heavy swell threw the boat toward the ship just far enough so that the boatswain, a powerful Russian, reached out and drew me into the boat.

Even then there was little time to do aught but fight the water; for the boat, which had been launched without a plug, was rapidly filling, and with a smashed rudder could hardly be kept headed into the seas. One sailor had found a stick and was trying to whittle a plug. I hastily grabbed off my hat and handed it to him to fill the hole until the plug should be recovered. But our brief labors were in vain, for in a moment the boat, whirling around into the trough of the sea, was almost completely swamped. Fortunately for us, two boats commanded by the captain and the chief officer were close by and they were successful in taking all of us in.

Once safe in a boat which bore some prospect of riding the heavy seas we had time to survey such a spectacle as few men are privileged to see. The seven boats which had been successfully gotten away from the ship had all been blown about a ship's length astern and were now somewhat scattered. When our boat came to the crest of a wave we could see the others dotted around, some of the crews struggling desperately to keep their boats' bows into the waves and to get farther from the ship, while others were struggling as desperately to pick up occasional stragglers from the water. Ahead of us lay the ship like a wounded animal. Her engines had been wrecked with the first explosion, so she had travelled scarcely a length. There she lay, rolling heavily, her stern down badly, her decks deserted. The only evidences of the late mad scramble for the boats were the long boat-falls strung out from the davits, now slapping idly against her sides with the swish of the seas. If ever an inanimate thing seemed blessed with a soul it was this *Verdi*. Fatally wounded though she was, she seemed to resent the manner in which we had deserted her by giving her up wholly to the seas which she had fought so nobly since her birth.

We were now chiefly concerned with getting farther from the ship, partly to avoid any possible suction caused by her sinking, but more to get out of reach of Fritzie's shells, which we expected at any moment to see popping around us, so we raised the two masts with which each of our boats was equipped.

Until this time we had observed no evidences of the presence of a submarine except the actual explosion of the torpedo. But while we were raising the masts some one shouted "Periscope!" and surely enough there it was, looking for all the world like a funnel on a broom-handle cutting the water very rapidly and coming apparently straight for us. The periscope was turned to look us over as it passed by within a distance of probably twenty feet, and then was manœuvred very deftly in and out, examining the other boats, presumably to see if any of them mounted a machine gun.

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Then the periscope, which is telescopic, was raised six or eight feet above the water, and the submarine, still submerged, passed close around the stern of the ship, so close in fact that I feared or rather hoped that it would foul the ship's propellers. Apparently satisfied that the ship's gun on the stern was dismantled, the submarine disappeared around the port side of the ship and was not observed until several minutes later, when it rose to the surface about two miles off to the southeast.

We had succeeded by this time in raising our two sails, but unfortunately this boat also had a broken rudder, so we could only follow the wind, which took us back directly across the stern of the ship. The submarine was now on the surface, and had it opened fire, as we momentarily expected, we should have been directly in its range. The captain's boat, too, had succeeded in raising sail, so together we sailed past the now helpless ship, carried against the seas in a northeasterly direction. The other three boats which contained a human cargo (two had been swamped and abandoned) appeared to be poorly handled, for they remained practically stationary astern of the ship.

We had already sailed several hundred yards past the *Verdi*, having been quite occupied all the time in trimming our boat to sail, when some one said: "Here comes Johnny Sub!" The "damn tinfish," as it is commonly characterized, had taken a wide circle to the eastward, and was now coming up to the ship from the northward in such a way as to bring it close to our boat. I had read and heard so much of these marauders of the sea that, never having seen one, my curiosity overcame my timidity. I stood up on a seat and clung to the foremast in order not to miss a single detail of the German operations. And a beautiful sight it was to watch that submarine so gracefully cut the seas as it glided along silently, swiftly, and easily toward the prey that was now so completely within its grasp.

The men in our boat variously estimated its length at from three to four hundred feet. The only feature of its construction which I had not expected from the pictures I had seen was a cable passing over the conning-tower from the bow to the stern, evidently to brace its enormous length against the seas. The single periscope which it had exposed was now telescoped into the conning-tower with the emergency one. On the fore-deck was raised a very businesslike-looking gun of perhaps four-inch calibre. It came to a stop close enough to us so that we could see distinctly the movements of the twenty-two Fritzies who swarmed out of the tower onto the deck to watch the completion of the "job." Most of them were smoking; some of them scrutinized us with the aid of glasses; but all were perfectly disciplined and spoke no word which was audible to us. Neither did we call to them, for most of us were still rather apprehensive lest we be "spurlos versenkt."

The submarine, still heading toward the ship, came to a stop at a range of probably five hundred yards and almost at the same moment its deck gun spoke. The first shell, falling short, threw up an immense waterspout close to the ship. The second time that the German gun spit flame there was a tremendous explosion aboard the *Verdi* in the region of her port boilers. Shell after shell they hurled into her, and each time the deck gun belched flame and barked its nasty roar there ensued a modified volcanic eruption from some spot on the ship. The explosion of the seventh shell was so loud that many contended the ship had received a second torpedo, but I had seen clearly the flame from the German gun. The unusually loud report was undoubtedly due to the shell having struck the ammunition piled on deck for use in our own gun, for this, though weighing several tons, was hurled into the air like a splinter. The Germans continued their now deadly accurate fire at irregular intervals, hurling in all sixteen shells into the ship which had begun with the first to settle rather rapidly by the stern.

From the vantage-point of our little boat tossed about in the heavy seas we now witnessed a spectacle so enormous that it will never be blotted from the minds of those who saw it. Settling as she was by the stern, the bow of that great ship came gradually up out of the water. Slowly but steadily she began to

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stand on end. In what seemed but a few moments she was inclined at an angle of about sixty degrees, the waves lapping at her stack as though eager to devour her, while her bow, pointed skyward, was reared high out of the water. The place we had called home, the very bunks we had so lately left, the little world where we had worked and laughed together so carelessly was gradually slipping down into the deep and was carrying with her, we all knew, some of the best of us. Tears came to the eyes of some, while most of us watched eagerly but silently. Once the boat had reached a vertical position she seemed to slip down more easily. The foremast went down horizontal. The waves licked higher. In a moment the bow slipped quietly underneath the waves. The submarine, which by this time had been made ready for its dive, submerged quickly as though following its prey to the bottom to haunt her even in death.

An indescribable feeling of loneliness came over me when I found time to realize our situation. The ocean looked empty except when occasionally, on the top of a wave, we caught sight of the other boats, now far astern, bobbing up and down in the wild waves. In reply to the question as to where we were the chief officer had already told us that we were somewhat over one hundred and sixty miles from the nearest land and we knew well that no wireless message had been sent, for the dynamos, situated in the engine-room, had been wrecked by the first explosion.

We had little time, however, either to mourn our lost friends or worry over our own predicament, for there was work to be done, and done quickly, if we were ever to see land again. The boat was leaking badly, so men were at once detailed to bail the water out while our lamp-trimmer set to work without hammer or nail to mend our broken rudder. This he did so effectively that it later proved to be our salvation. The boat was made as generally shipshape as possible, and most of the men were crowded into the stern to prevent the boat from dipping her nose into the swells. That done we gradually settled down to the prospect of a long ride. Two hours had elapsed since the torpedo struck the ship, but so steadily had we all worked that it had seemed scarcely half an hour. Now all were calm and quiet as our little boat sailed or rather staggered along under the constant slap of the waves.

The afternoon wore away uneventfully. We were gradually carried far away from the other boats, so that before the chief officer ordered "refreshments" at four bells of the dog-watch we were all alone on the seemingly unbounded sea. Few were hungry for the first meal, though many were thirsty. Our allotment for this meal, as for all later ones, consisted of two hardtack and two small swallows of water. We had had twelve tins of corned beef in our boat, but half of it we shared with the captain's boat crew, while we ate but little of the remainder, for it only aggravated our thirst. We had two tins of the sea-biscuits and a very small cask of water to last our eighteen men we knew not how many days.

The sun which had shone quite brightly during the day had made the cold tolerable, but as soon as its rays had ceased to warm us we began to suffer. Most of us were scantily clad, some wet through, and there was no shelter in the boat except the canvas boat-cover, which we cut in half and tried to utilize to keep out the cold wind and the frequent downpours of rain. Fortunately for us, the ship's doctor was in our boat, and he had been thoughtful enough to bring his valise with plenty of quinine, of which he gave us four grains twice nightly. This made the cold more nearly endurable and kept down the fever which would have made our thirst unbearable.

The prospect was none too cheerful when it began to grow dark. The men were all huddled in the bottom or on the thwarts, scarcely in a mood to converse, when some one sang out: "There comes a boat!" The rest of us jumped up, eager to get a look at what we hoped might prove to be our salvation. It was dusk, and in the fast-fading light we could just make out her gray form some miles to the northward but proceeding in such a direction that she must pass quite close to us. Her low lines led us at first to hope that she was a cruiser, but we soon saw clearly from her silhouette against the sky

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that she was one of the American Line steamers inward bound. It was doubtful whether she could see us in the dim light, so we hastily burned a blue fire and a moment later we saw the distress signals of two more of our boats. The ship ploughed steadily onward, but I thought I saw for an instant the flash of a light from her bridge, which might have been a recognition of our signals. When it became apparent from her position that she would not pick us up, just one little gleam of hope was extinguished, but we were yet far from downhearted. We knew that for her to have picked us up would have been contrary to admiralty orders and extremely dangerous for her. Better, we all agreed, that we few should perish than that the lives of the hundreds on the steamer should be put in jeopardy. Somehow heroism, if such you might call this generosity, comes easy under those circumstances. The steamer gradually faded from sight, the distress signals of the other boats burned out, and once more we were alone with the waves in the darkness.

Our first night in the boat was not uneventful. During the first three hours of darkness the only wick for our lantern was entirely consumed. Without light for the compass we were hopelessly adrift, for we could catch only momentary glimpses of the stars, but again the lamp-trimmer came to the rescue by making wicks out of gauze bandages from the doctor's valise. We rowed for several hours during the early part of the night, but shortly after midnight all hands, except the officer in the stern with the man at the tiller, huddled down in the boat. It was about 2.30 A. M. when the electrician, who with another was bailing faithfully, suddenly noticed that the water was streaming into the boat much faster than he could bail it out. He realized in a moment that he had accidentally knocked the plug out of the bottom. Feverishly he hunted for it among the other gear in the bottom of the boat, but not finding it directly he thrust his four fingers into the hole and held out the ocean until the plug was recovered. "I guess that kid who held the dike in Holland hasn't a thing on me," was his only comment.

Several times through the night we were drenched by rains, but the second morning broke clear and fair. The slight wind which had been none too favorable shifted around into the southwest and blew briskly enough so that we slipped along easily up and down over the swells. The morning sun in a comparatively clear sky warmed us and dried some of our soaked clothing. The doctor reached down in his valise, our Aladdin's lamp, and pulled out several cigars. We smoked and joked as we glided over the clear blue seas, and for a few hours it promised to be, as the fourth officer expressed it, "a bit of a picnic." But one slight accident marred the serenity of the day. Our mainsail, upon which so much depended, started to tear, but the lamp-trimmer straightway produced a necktie and with it mended the sail so effectively that it held through the awful stress of the hours that were still to come.

"If we sail two hundred miles to land in this thirty-foot tub, we shall make Columbus look like thirty cents," one observed.

Late in the afternoon of this second day the weather began to get threatening. Heavy storm-clouds were gathering, and intermittent squalls which drenched us all presaged serious weather. When darkness did come it was like a pall that hid all from us. The wind was rising in the northwest, and from the antics of our little boat we could tell that a heavy sea was making. The long hours of the early night wore on slowly as we listened to the howling of the wind, which was rapidly growing into a gale. The chief officer in the stern with the seaman at the tiller kept a constant vigilance, for we were still driving with full sail before the wind in an effort to make shore before it should be too late. At about 2.30 A. M. the wind, the seas, and the darkness all warned the chief officer that to run with full sail was taking too desperate a chance, for we were straining our little boat to pieces and we had already begun to ship the seas. A curt order from the officer, "Down mains'l, down fores'l!" and all hands turned to with a will. With only the jib left flying our boat rode easier in the swells.

In my hours off the tiller I huddled in

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the bottom of the boat, drenched with the cold rains above, soaked with the water which swished about in our boat below, and shivering from the cold which seemed unbearable. At times I dozed for minutes which seemed like hours and always I wandered in the green fields at home, where clear, cold streams of water ran and where I could drink and drink and drink, yet always was I thirsty. Sleep was impossible in those interminable hours.

For two hours our boat wallowed in that sea, carrying only a jib-sail to make steering possible. When the first light of morning began to penetrate the darkness things were growing worse instead of better. The wind, which had settled in the northwest, was getting stronger and the seas were growing more mountainous. It was evident that a long blow had set in, so, as we could not possibly hope to outride it, the chief officer wisely ordered the foresail hoisted in a determination to run before the gale. Directly the boat took on new life and we ran like a racing-yacht.

The hours of the forenoon wore on, strenuously for the man at the tiller yet monotonously for all. When noon of the third day passed and one o'clock passed, and still there was no indication of the proximity of the land which we had expected to see, all hands settled down in grim silence, for we all knew that unless we saw land soon we should be unable to reach it before dark and our little boat, racked to pieces as it was by being driven before the wind and leaking badly, bore small prospect of riding the storm through a third night.

Scarcely a word had been spoken for an hour, when at 1.20 P. M. came the cry of "Land!" from one of the officers in the bow. We all jumped up, eager to assure ourselves that it had been no mirage which had occasioned the cry. When our boat reached the crest of the next wave others were able to make it out, just a dark line through the mist far ahead of us. But several minutes elapsed before we were positive that what we had seen were the rugged mountains of northwestern Ireland. Then a heavier squall hid them from view, but not until we had been filled with a joy that is indescribable, for we felt that at last safety was within reach.

Scarcely had we ceased to congratulate each other upon the prospect of safety when our joy was turned to dismay. The boat gave a violent lurch, then "swish!" came a flood of cold salt water over the side, drenching us all and half-filling the boat. Men sprang to their feet, some with a cry of terror, and started feverishly to fight the water. We immediately cast overboard all the gear which was not absolutely indispensable and strove hard to bail out the water with our two small buckets. The few who possessed hats passed them to the bailers and even these were used in the desperate fight. But the boat was water-logged and almost beyond control. Hope began to rise again as we gained on the water and the boat once more answered the tiller, when with a "swish!" we were engulfed in a second great green sea. It seemed for a moment that our fight had been in vain. The battle was too unequal and death seemed near but not horrible. Undaunted, though, the men still fought. This time the oil-can was passed forward and the oil, poured out astern, kept the succeeding waves from breaking long enough to enable us to get the water nearly bailed out. The man at the tiller worked heroically, so that with the aid of the oil the boat was soon under control.

But the danger was no less imminent, for the mountainous seas abated not a bit, and as we got nearer shore they were doubly treacherous, for they came from two directions. The four hours which elapsed before we reached the land were such as would shake the nerves of the most stolid. Mountains of water, green near the top and curling over, seemed to advance upon us in quick succession. As long as our gallon of oil lasted it kept them from breaking, but as soon as it was exhausted we began once more to ship water. The sailor at the tiller, however, was most deft and we did not again lose control of the boat.

Then a greater danger became apparent to all of us. The boat, driven hard before the gale, was fast coming to pieces; the buoyant tanks were rattling about, the angle-irons on the thwarts were shaken loose, and she was leaking badly.

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Still we drove her in the effort to make shore before darkness. And a most forbidding shore it was which loomed up before us. The mountains which we first sighted ran straight down to the sea, ending in inaccessible cliffs, low and jagged in places but generally of great height. As we were driven steadily closer we could hear distinctly the thunderous booming of the mighty surf on the rocky shore and see the spray thrown high up against the face of the cliffs. To the northward, though, the shore appeared to slope down slightly to a point behind which we hoped to find smoother water. Soon through the storm we could make out another point of land still farther to the northward.

To sail straight on with the seas was suicide, and an attempt to edge around the point was extremely dangerous, for it would bring us partially into the trough of the seas. The officers chose to attempt the latter. So gradually our boat was worked around the point into the mouth of a little rock-bound bay, probably a mile in width, into whose entrance the seas ran directly. We had hoped to sail straight into the bay, but we soon saw that sure death would attend that course, for a sand-bar, over which a tremendous surf was breaking, blocked the way. So we tried to search out a landing-place among the cliffs on the southern shore. But the rocks here were too jagged and filled with crevices, which appeared to create a powerful suction. The huge seas made it certain that but few of us would gain shore, so after getting at one time within fifty feet of a most dangerous spot we abandoned the attempt to land. The frantic motions of a man on the other side of the bay led us to think that there might be haven there. So we turned the boat around and started to row across. Recklessly as drunken pirates we pulled full in the trough of the sea. The fury of the seas had slightly abated here; still each wave, throwing water into our boat, threatened to swamp us. It was rapidly getting dark, so we undertook this manœuvre only as a last resort, and we rowed with every ounce of energy which we could command for the spurt.

As we neared the other shore the officers were able to see more clearly the signals of the man on shore, who was trying to guide us to a small slip between two promontories of intermittently submerged rocks which jutted far out into the water. The seas, coming in almost parallel to the shore of the bay, were breaking high over these rocks, but between them was smoother water. Onward we pulled in a desperate effort to navigate our boat between them. We might have succeeded had not the port oarsmen at the crucial moment failed to pull strongly enough. We were being carried toward the threatening rocks in spite of our excited efforts to keep off. Suddenly we were lifted high up by an unusually large swell, and the next moment the receding wave let us down violently upon the pointed rocks where the bottom of our boat was ground into splinters. Some jumped immediately she struck; others were thrown violently out into the water where the boat threatened to overturn and trap them; a few of us managed to hang to the gunwale of the boat until a second swell threw her farther over upon the sharp rocks and completed her demolition.

Then commenced the mad scramble to get ashore. In the ebb of the swells we would be climbing over the rocks, only to be lifted high above them the next moment by the succeeding waves. Within a few minutes, miraculously enough, every man had climbed up onto the higher rocks out of reach of the waves. Some were badly cut up, others had to be assisted by those who first reached safety; but the fact remained that all got ashore.

For my own part I threw myself down upon the wet ground almost exhausted, yet overwhelmed with the realization that we were once more on *terra firma* and grateful to God for our deliverance. It had been a terrific fight, but we had won. To our partially dazed minds one fact was clear—we were on *land*.

And it was a wonderful land to which we had come, one where hospitality is absolutely unbounded. Good fortune had cast us ashore on Loughros Point, in County Donegal, Ireland. Several native Irishmen had gathered on shore to watch what they thought was our hopeless battle against the seas. They had helped a few of our stragglers to gain the shore

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and, as soon as our wet and exhausted little crew were gathered together and counted, they conducted us to the nearest cottage, which was half a mile distant. The news of our coming had preceded us, so that as soon as we entered we were handed great bowls of buttermilk with which we quenched our burning thirst.

The cottage and the people to whom we had so unexpectedly come were all picturesquely and typically Irish. The cottage was a three-room stone building with thatched roof and stone floor. In either end burned a smoky peat fire before which we warmed and dried ourselves. The family brought out all their spare clothing and even took off much that they were wearing to put on us, while they sat up all night to dry our own clothing before the fireplaces. The tea and corn-bread which they hastily made we consumed with delight. We had been there but a short time when the constable, the doctor, and the priest came to us from the town, five miles distant, bringing us a hearty welcome, plenty of cigarettes, and some other stimulants. It was a happy but excited little group of shipwrecked sailors who that night threw themselves down upon the straw-covered floor to sleep the sleep of exhaustion.

Next day we had time to tell our story to the curious ones and to look over the country to which we had come. We were indeed glad when the chief officer assured us that we should rest up in Ireland a few days before undertaking the tiresome trip to Liverpool. All of us would have been happy to stay for a month in that "little bit of heaven," where only the smallest echo of that all-pervading war penetrates. Our coming was an event in the history of the little town of Ardara, to which most of us were the second day transferred, and we enjoyed for a time the novelty of being curiosities in the eyes of the country people and welcome guests to the many very cultured and hospitable people of the village. We roamed the hills happy but for a single thought—what had been the fate of our friends in the other boats?

We felt that, with the exception of the captain's, none of the other boats was sufficiently well handled to have weathered the gale. For two days we felt almost sure that we were eighteen survivors out of one hundred and thirteen. Our fears were partially confirmed the day after the landing, when Irishmen brought us the word that another boat had been washed ashore a little farther north, upturned and empty. I was haunted with the thought of my pal and the others being washed up on the rocks as corpses. For four days we were kept in suspense, having all kinds of rumors, but upon the last evening of our stay in Ardara the local chief of the Royal Irish Constabulary handed us the laconic message from the Admiralty: "All boats picked up." Then was our joy complete.

Now as I look back over our experience on the ship, and especially in the boat, it seems as though innumerable things happened, any one of which happening differently would have spelled death for us. Plainly, in the minds of the sailors, our time had not yet come, for they are fatalists every one, who will argue interminably with you and profusely illustrate with anecdotes the argument that "When our time comes we go, but not until." Each sailor hopes that he was not born to die at sea; yet if his death be so foreordained he feels that, strive as he may, he could not possibly avoid it. "Our lives, like great buildings," they say, "are built upon plans, and the plans are always finished before the buildings are commenced. So why worry over a fate that is inexorable?"

To the now famous dictum that "Heaven is as near by sea as by land," most sailors will cheerfully append that "Hell is a whole lot nearer by the water route these days." Be that as it may, the deviltry which can drive our sailors from the seas has not yet been invented. That fact was very plainly driven home to me on the night of our rescue while the nightmare of those days in the boat was still upon me. I had come to look upon the ocean, which I had formerly loved, as a treacherous enemy whom I should never care to see again. I asked one of the sailors then what he expected to do when he got back to New York. His answer reveals the whole philosophy of the sailor: "Hunt another boat, I s'pose."

They are fearless—these men of the deep sea.

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THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND THE GREAT WAR

By Robert Lincoln Kelly

Executive Secretary, Council of Church Boards of Education in the United States

MOST interesting phase of the present social revolution is the transformation that has come over the American college. There is no parallel to it in the history of education. In a word, it may be said that the stone which the builders rejected is about to become the head of the corner.

Of course, it is in order to inquire when and by whom the college had been rejected. That there have been for years intermittent outbreaks against the American college is well known. A decade and more ago it was quite fashionable to lambast the college and its product on all proper and improper occasions. It was subject to savage attack from the muckraker, the disgruntled professor, the impolite high-school principal, the student of social order, the business man. No phase of the work of the college escaped destructive and bitter criticism. The government, the administration, the teaching, the financial conduct, the ideals of social life, the elective system—everything was under fire, even the right of the college to life and the pursuit of happiness. The college engaged in a disgraceful scramble for numbers and money, it was said; it was dominated by athletics; it was expensive, undemocratic, irreligious. College men were impudent, ill-trained, knew nothing well, were not fond of work, had no definite end in view; they could not even spell or add a column of figures. The institution was a parasite, sucking out red blood from the body politic. Most colleges even were referred to as "small"!

The college was never lacking in defenders. They pointed with pride to the steady evolution of the American college without violent shock or radical change for two and one-half centuries. They asserted that the college had been fairly successful in its effort to develop intellectual power and social force as evidenced by its proven ability to furnish the most of the leaders of our national life. They insisted that the colleges are the sources of American idealism and the country could better afford to lose some of its territory than its ideals. They pointed out that the college conserved and perpetuated the spirit of the Puritan as no other institution did, and that that spirit was an important safeguard of the state. They exhorted the public to remain loyal to its traditions of culture, fellowship, and service.

Perhaps no criticism of the college attracted so much attention or seemed likely to be so damaging as that of the business man. Mr. Carnegie stood at the head of the list of those who rejected the college as a means of getting along in the world. He was convinced by the incontrovertible logic of facts that the college graduate had not the slightest chance in business. It was immediately pointed out by other successful business men that the critics were dead wrong, both as to facts and theory. Subsequent investigations brought forth an array of evidences in behalf of the college that convinced Mr. Carnegie and resulted in a reversal of policy on his part. It was demonstrated that most of the present financial leaders of the country and, indeed, a majority of the very wealthy men, in so far as their educational career was known, had received college training. It was proven that every year spent in college increases a man's earning power many per cent. In fact, a college student draws a twenty-five-hundred-dollar salary, exclusive of expenses, for each year in college, payment on which is, of course, deferred. The public in general has concluded that the criticism of the college for not turning out successful business men was largely unjust, and that the college has a much broader function besides.

But the attacks upon the college had a

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notable effect upon the colleges themselves. They had grown up as units in the world of education, and these structures were without windows. They were bound together only by a common parentage in the church and in the institutions of the East. They were now driven by a common danger to develop interrelations; they began to see the necessity and the value of mass formation. This development came first almost without observation. It expressed itself functionally—in the common solution of college problems. Most of the colleges followed President Eliot in adopting the elective system. They nearly all became coeducational institutions. Ten or fifteen years ago they adopted systematic advertising. The National Education Association organized a college section. The United States Bureau of Education began the classification of colleges. The Phi Beta Kappa, Delta Sigma Rho, fraternities, and athletics operated to promote group consciousness. The interchange of teachers became the rule rather than the exception and exchange professors became common among the institutions of this country and between the United States and Europe.

Then came the period of official *co-ordination*. The United States Bureau of Education issued the now celebrated Babcock report, which undertook to standardize the exchange of credits as between the college and the graduate school. The Association of American Universities, the Association of State Universities, and the Association of American Colleges were formed in rapid succession. Various sections and States had organized local associations previous to this. The Association of American University Professors was formed to consider academic freedom and tenure by the case method. The North Central Association, the Association of the South, the General Education Board, the Carnegie Foundation, and some of the denominational boards, each in its own way—to cite specific instances representing a larger tendency—pushed the work of definition and standardization to such a degree as to force many institutions into a life-and-death struggle. Some foundations have been abandoned. In other cases helpful combinations have been made.

Finally, the Council of Church Boards of Education has begun the promotion of *co-operation* of a positive sort through investigation to avoid unnecessary duplication and competition, through co-operative advertising, co-operative purchasing, both of materials and instruction, and such other types of mutual helpfulness as can be made practicable.

It was into the midst of these mobilization activities of the American colleges for an aggressive campaign by the team method against ignorance, superstition, prejudice, fear, that America's declaration of war was dropped like a bomb. The effect was startling, but there were no fatalities. The results soon became dramatic. The colleges were preparing to save themselves; they immediately enlisted to save others. The average man could not have predicted that what happened would happen. If the philosopher and seer were gifted with such insight, they kept their knowledge to themselves. The manners and methods of war are so far removed from the manners and methods of the college! Here were these centres of wisdom and power filled with the picked youth of the nation under the guidance of men devoted to the sciences and humanities inculcating the spirit of altruism and good-will, and of all else that begets the abundant life. The colleges were set apart. The teacher and the student were protected from the storms of "the outside world." With the confidence of optimists undaunted they were making elaborate preparations for the world's best days just ahead.

That the college man is a dreamer there is no denying. He had painted full and fair the picture of a new world-order. The colleges very generally were centres of pacifism. Why should science and art seek war? Civilization goes forward, not backward. University and college presidents and professors in large numbers had allied themselves with the expanding peace propaganda. Military training was unknown in most of our higher institutions of learning. Even in the land-grant colleges, where such training was maintained by the government, the work was carried on more or less perfunctorily. In no instance was the military course a "popular" course. The relative number of students enrolled in such courses was

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small and had been for years. In 1914, out of a total attendance of 115,054 in 69 institutions, there were only 22,036 registrations in military drill. In 1916, after Europe's two most tragic years, the relative number remained virtually the same, 33,263 registrations from a total enrolment of 132,048 in 91 institutions, including now State universities and State colleges. The proportion had been the same in 1909, 22,093 students in 68 institutions. The colleges, apparently, were unaffected by the European war. They were pursuing their tasks in blissful isolation.

The actual fact of an American war made an immediate appeal. It shook the colleges to their foundations. How highly sensitive and how thoroughly responsive college men were was demonstrated in most startling fashion. The fact that the commander-in-chief of the army and navy was a college man of itself was interesting. That he set forth a great humanizing task was significant and irresistible. They too had a great hope; they shared his expectancy. The fight was a fight for world-wide democracy. It was to be the most idealistic war in human history. Wilson also was a dreamer. Other dreamers must help him lead the war. This battle, more than past battles even, was to be "fought by the schoolmasters." It was a contest between the American schoolmaster and his ideals and the German schoolmaster and his ideals. It was a supreme challenge. These men did not suddenly decide that what yesterday was wrong was to-day right. They did not forsake their convictions. They did not become militarists overnight. They still hated war and all its brood of brutalities that blight the bodies and souls of men and women and children. But they felt that the most cherished aspirations of the race, the results of centuries of human struggle, were about to be swept away in a torrent of hate. The elemental impulses of savages must be stayed. The flow of the blood of Europe must be stanched. The time had come to enforce peace. The insistent call came to the paper league outlined for this purpose to convert their specifications into deeds. Theory must be transformed into practice.

But even more striking than this apparent reversal of the college man was the immediate appeal to the colleges for leadership from officers of government, civil and military. In every section of the country representatives of the military, the Red Cross, the Department of Agriculture, called into conference college executives and laid before them the dependence of the government in the emergency upon her best-equipped sons. College men had the training of body and mind and conscience. Without such leadership as college men could give the cause was lost. The leaders required must be men of personality, of character, of comprehension. The government instinctively turned to the colleges in their search for the elemental qualities which guarantee man-power. Technical training in military matters the college men did not have; they did have somewhat in food production and conservation. But they had the capacity to learn and to learn quickly. The government would build her fighting machine for every trench from the first line to the farm on the essentials of manhood. These she found in process of development in the American colleges. It was an official vote of confidence in the institutions whose product was called the day before impractical and visionary.

And what of the response? It was so phenomenal as to arouse the fear that the colleges would be depopulated. Even early in the spring students were equipping ambulances and organizing units, many of which saw service in France. They were raising funds for prison-camps, and taking an increasing interest in the progress of the war. When their own country entered the struggle college students were so stirred that, as some frankly expressed the situation, "No studying was being done." Many college presidents urged students to enlist and they responded with alacrity. Seven hundred students left the University of Michigan before the close of the school year; 800 left Yale for military service. The same tidal wave was sweeping over the schools of the entire country. Scarcely less stirred were faculties and officials. Credit for the remainder of the year was pretty generally extended to students entering the military or agricultural service of the country. Colleges and universities has-

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tened to place their laboratories at the complete disposal of the government. A university president telegraphed President Wilson: "Shall we nail up the doors of the university?" That was the spirit of patriotism in the schools. The final Godspeed to students leaving their Alma Mater—as at Clark University—was an occasion not to be forgotten. It called to mind the spirit of the Civil War.

Universities followed their students into the training-camps. The universities of Wisconsin, Michigan, and others awarded many of their degrees at special commencement exercises in the camps themselves. Efforts were made to provide for the training of officers as a part of the college work for the coming year, but for the most part equipment and instructors were lacking. Nevertheless, the larger institutions found a way to make such provision. Yale offered a full course in artillery work; California, Washington, and Illinois a department of aeronautics; Bradley Polytechnic an eight-hour course through the year in the automobile. The campus of the University of Chicago was fairly alive with students drilling, and in the evening the search-lights over the athletic field played on a military scene entirely new in the annals of the gridiron. All of these evidences of enthusiasm, from the board of trustees to the lowest subfreshman, were but the beginning of a readjustment unparalleled in the schools of our generation.

The colleges began to get their second wind. They paused to examine the new situation and count the cost. Many an institution faced a dangerous situation. Men with the prophetic impulse proclaimed dire calamities for higher education in America. There was for a time a loss of the sense of proportion. Men were not clear as to the direction in which true patriotism led. Financial campaigns were under way. They were for the most part dropped. The steady rise in cost of supplies had increased deficits and far exceeded many budgets. The heavy loss in students foreshadowed for the coming year meant proportionate loss in revenue, for one-third of the income of the colleges comes from the students. With increasing costs and decreasing revenue every instinct of self-preservation should have prompted the colleges to fight for the retention of their students and begrudge them to the nation. To their credit be it said that they took the very opposite course. Conferences were held with government officials to determine the legitimate scope of their appeal for students. It is significant that these military and government officials accorded the most striking tribute ever paid in any country to the work of higher education. They made it clear that the supply of college-trained men must be continuous. We were probably facing a long war. We were certainly facing a scientific war. The needs of the day after to-morrow would be as insistent as those of to-morrow. All agreed with President Wilson in his emphatic statement that the colleges must be kept open and new students secured. And so there was set up a nation-wide campaign for college and university enrolment. The watchword of it was that the goose that lays the golden egg must not be destroyed. The country was flooded with advertising citing the experience of foreign countries and the authority of our government as a warrant for urging new students under draft age to enter college, but no effort was made to hold back old students from service in the war. Some institutions, including the University of Minnesota, did not consider it proper to make an effort of any sort to get students. That the colleges paid the full price of patriotism is amply evidenced from the situation which has resulted this fall.

How many young men and women who last year were popularly supposed to be engaged in the art of not letting studies interfere with their college life put aside their parties and amusements, closed their books, and plunged into the serious business of war? Nobody knows the exact figure from all the 567 colleges in the country, but a fairly accurate estimate is possible. One hundred and fifty of those institutions reported officially that 13,520 students left to enter military service and 1,650 others went into non-military activities, such as the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. Yale sent 832, Wisconsin 790, and others in proportion. What a wonderful contribution of the flower of our young manhood cheerfully yielded to the cause of liberty! For you must remember that this should be multiplied by three adequately to represent

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all the colleges in the country. That total would be more than 45,000. There can be little question about this; possibly the figure is too low. All types of institutions and all parts of the country are here represented, and this is the loss from the college section alone. Graduates and professional students would greatly increase the quota.

That this tremendous exodus has occurred without keen sacrifice on the part of the colleges is unthinkable. The loss was primarily in men on whom institutions have relied for the virile quality of their training. The decrease in registrations of male students this fall corresponded almost exactly with the estimated total loss, some 13,600. There was a slight increase in the enrolment of women.

The following illustration may be cited as typical: Harvard's total attendance dropped from 4,707 in 1916 to 2,833 in 1917; University of Wisconsin from 3,414 to 2,436; University of California from 5,975 to 5,394; Yale from 3,302 to 2,000; Northwestern from 1,506 to 1,331; University of Virginia from 1,039 to 725; University of Chicago from 3,651 to 3,187; Purdue from 2,115 to 1,538; Oberlin from 1,038 to 901; Princeton from 1,550 to 900 plus; Dartmouth from 1,501 to 1,112.

A more intimate view of the situation is afforded in a comparison of the men only of the freshman and senior classes of last year and this. For instance, Purdue's decrease of freshmen is from 716 to 595, seniors 385 to 243; Harvard's freshmen from 694 to 550, seniors from 404 to 207; California's freshmen from 854 to 741, seniors from 691 to 396; Wisconsin's freshmen from 948 to 757, seniors 615 to 363; Oberlin's freshmen from 158 to 109, seniors 83 to 39; Dartmouth's freshmen from 459 to 408, seniors 262 to 126.

The loss was the more keen because for the most part it took the pick of students from the upper classes. You must know that after carefully weeding out the undesirables and cultivating the good a college is as tender of its small group of upper classmen as a gardener of his choicest flowers. This was precisely the group drawn in by the war. Normally only a third of the college enrolment are in the junior and senior classes, but from those limited ranks came the greater proportion of enlistments. In the face of this fundamental loss in man-power one hesitates to mention a mere financial consideration. Yet the difference in tuition receipts due to the absence of 40,000 students will deduct the neat sum of about two million dollars from college incomes for the year. To the smaller institutions, which still maintain the pioneer traditions of sacrifice, this means more than words can express. Money takes on something of a human quality when a salary already below normal living expenses is still further reduced. The hope that incoming freshmen classes would counteract this loss in resources and students was only partially realized, as the figures above show. One hundred and ninety institutions reported an aggregate decrease in the beginning class of about 2,850 students. Altogether the colleges have laid up a rich treasure in patriotism and sacrifice, but they will have a hard year ahead.

In spite of their economies, most of the colleges are facing distressing deficits. Dartmouth estimates her deficit this year at $60,000 and Yale at $100,000. Wisconsin is a striking exception to the rule in having had a cash balance on June, 1917, of $566,491.

Now comes the surprising element in the situation—faculty enlistment. Somehow the spectacled, bewhiskered type of old college professor who stumbles about, smelling smoke and acting as a butt of student jokes, fails to materialize. In his place we find the keen, alert young man with high ability and technical training, quite as eager as the students to do his bit for the country. Princeton sent 40 of its faculty into war service; 50 went from the University of Chicago; from Northwestern 50. Colorado furnished 54; the University of Louisville 50; Yale 40, and the University of Wisconsin 74. This is but the beginning of a long list of institutions which cheerfully released their best professors and reorganized departments wholesale. The smaller colleges were not behind in supplying an equal proportion of their faculties to an extent which in the aggregate would be astonishing. There still seems to be plenty of red blood in the typical college faculty.

Adequate figures for the proportion of college alumni in war work are indeed

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hard to secure. At least it is certain that the average graduate was not stricken with cowardice immediately on leaving his Alma Mater. Harvard alone reports 5,000 of its sons in the war work. Yale has numbered 4,500, California 1,470. Seventy-five of the smaller institutions had already listed 15,000, and the number is increasing day by day.

With the stirring activity of faculty, alumni, and fellow students constantly before them one can readily imagine the pulsing patriotism of the students now in school. This is felt to the full only as you look into their faces and hear them speak. Certain external evidences, however, are to be found in the selection of courses, especially in the language departments. Out of 45 institutions 2 only indicated that there had been any increase in the number of students taking German, and 9 reported the department normal. In all others the classes in German—especially beginning classes—felt strongly the effect of the war. Some schools had no beginning students, and at least 2 of the 45 found themselves entirely without a German department. It is again significant that the French classes showed a marked increase, frequently 100 to 300 per cent, corresponding to the loss in German, and that some of the language interest was also transferred to Spanish. Student attention also turned in a marked degree toward studies which relate to the war. This impetus is felt especially by departments in chemistry and history. In short the students now in school, to an unprecedented degree, are there for business and especially for that which relates to the business of war, so that we need have little fear that the quality of our future leadership is as yet seriously impaired.

Certainly this is not the time, while we are in the midst of a life-and-death struggle, to press the claim of any one part of the body politic for recognition of its service. Individuals and even institutions are swallowed up in a great cause, and the local or narrow point of view would be impertinent. Nevertheless, elements are to be found in the college situation to-day which may well be a cause of rejoicing to all true friends of education, and food for serious thought to the general public. Once again have the colleges in an hour of trial demonstrated beyond the possibility of question that they are entitled to respect and veneration. The professor can no longer be regarded as a species of harmless animal life. The gulf between the theoretical and the practical has been effectively bridged by the fact that the government turns to school laboratories and technic in its hour of need.

There is no way of determining the number of men who are now engaged in research work for the government. In the university laboratories and shops, and at Washington, hundreds of our most gifted specialists are working day and night on problems connected with the submarine, aeroplane, artillery, gas-masks, tests of quality and strength of materials, food, garbage, the production of potash, the fixation of nitrogen, the providing of substitutes for platinum. College men are prominently connected with every new governmental organ formed to deal with the present emergency. Much of this work is being carried on in co-operation: the membership of the American Chemical Society now exceeds the 10,000 mark. Much of it is of a secret and confidential nature, but the technical journals are announcing important discoveries with every issue. Many additional laurels will be placed on the brows of American experts before the war ends.

Probably the most hazardous type of work taken up by college men is in the schools of military aeronautics. Eight ground schools are maintained, all affiliated with educational institutions. On August 1 there were about 800 students at these schools. The school at Illinois alone, however, is to be enlarged to accommodate 500 men. Before being put into active flying service these men take advanced work in the flying fields. Because of the unusual standard of requirement for this work in nerve, poise, and brains, college men constitute the greater proportion of the men accepted.

Voluntary summer vacation schools, for the training of young men in military science and tactics, were established at the suggestion of General Wood in 1913 and were continued through 1914, 1915, and 1916. In these schools over 20,000 men, 65 per cent of whom were college men, were trained and made ready for national service as officers. In the spring of 1917 the training-camp work was taken

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over by the War Department, 16 camps were organized, and 40,000 men were placed in training. Of this number 85 per cent were college men. These men have picked up the technical training with great rapidity. That the university courses in military training are meeting governmental standards is shown by the official announcement now made that graduates and undergraduates of colleges to the number of 2,500 will be admitted, from 93 designated institutions, to the third officers' training-camps which start on January 5, 1918.

There had been much speculation on the part of fraternity men as to the effect of the war on their chapters. Their experiences in the Canadian colleges and the remarkable exodus of fraternity men during the spring augured a serious condition in fraternity activities this fall. The Betas reported that from 65 of their chapters, with a membership of 1,901, 685 men had enlisted in military service. Fraternity journals predicted the abandonment of many chapters and urged the combination of houses and tables with the opening of the new year. A feeling at once developed, however, among fraternity men that no chapter must "give up the ship." A few chapters have been abandoned, a few combinations of houses and tables have been made, and the membership of chapters almost without exception is materially reduced. The spirit of the fraternity men is illustrated, however, in the action of a group of Beta members in this country in subscribing $3,000 for the maintenance of the chapter in Toronto for the next two years and the despatching of $100 for the Columbia Chapter of the Sigma by ten of their members who are soldiers in the Tenth Artillery.

The work being done by the Quakers is unique in the annals of warfare. This sect, although unalterably opposed to war, could not be satisfied to assume a negative attitude in this world cataclysm. At their own expense of scores of thousands of dollars they are equipping and training college men and women and sending them to France for various types of reconstruction work. They take with them machinery, tools, seed, clothing, material for houses, and they are rebuilding the lands and homes devastated by war and re-establishing French families with what success they can in their former domestic relations. This work is recognized and approved by the government as a department of the civil branch of the Red Cross.

That mental discipline is not synonymous with delicate physique and sheltered environment but forms the basis for a wonderful transformation from the peaceful student to the effective officer must be set down to the credit of the school. Outstanding beyond all other facts is the conviction which must be forced home to every true American that moral education, whatever estimate Germany may place upon it, is not a myth. Excesses such as have characterized German officers are unthinkable from the standpoint of the college man in our training-camps.

That moral education with us achieves practical results is illustrated in the action of 850 enlisted men in the University of Minnesota who unanimously adopted resolutions pledging themselves to clean lives in the camps and to the establishment of the American uniform as a symbol and guarantee of real manhood. What was even more impressive, the Minnesota medical group urged the placing of alcoholic beverages under strict control, that moral zones be created around American camps, and appealed to the President and Congress to establish entire prohibition as a war measure. The methods of our scientific men are a tribute to the moral element in American education. They are working with their consciences as well as with their intellects. They are not seeking to devise diabolical methods of heightening suffering or causing unnecessary death. They would win the war with the least possible infliction of pain and loss of blood.

If this is a war between the German schoolmaster and the American schoolmaster, as has been said, we are indeed willing to commit with confidence the leadership of our cause to those who have had the training afforded by that most unique institution, the American college, and to pay again a tribute of respect to that pervading influence of higher education which for two and one-half centuries has quietly but persistently leavened our population with the very essence of Americanism in ideal and training.

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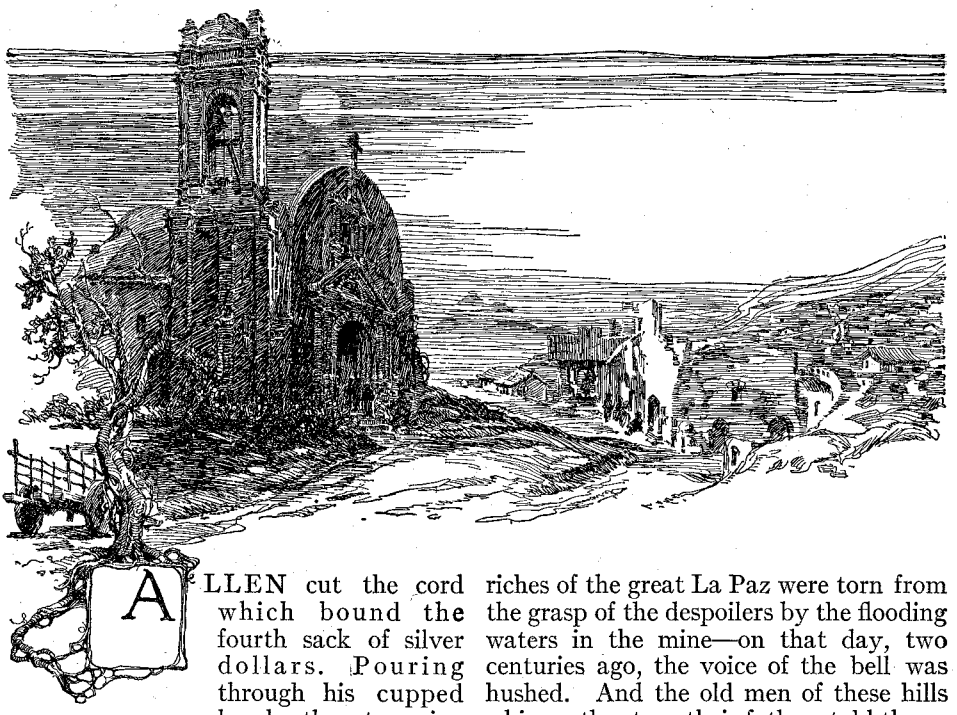
THE MELTING POINT

By Hugh Wiley

Illustrations by Stuart Morris



ALLEN cut the cord which bound the fourth sack of silver dollars. Pouring through his cupped hands, the streaming disks gleamed in the yellow light like liquid gold. Some of the pieces were counterfeit. These baser coins, ringing false upon the heavy top of the long table, were flicked to the tiles of the office floor by the alert Don Vicente.

The bells in the tower of the church across the little plaza interrupted the inspection of the pay-roll money. Don Vicente rested his wrinkled brown hands upon the table. "My old ears become confused, señor," he said, "with the golden notes of the ringing bells and the clink of the jingling coins."

With the resonant harmony of the carillon there mingled the harsh clank of the largest bell. "The great one, then, is counterfeit?" questioned Allen.

"Señor, no! But a great fissure in the mellow metal has stilled its song for these two hundred years. On the day that the riches of the great La Paz were torn from the grasp of the despoilers by the flooding waters in the mine—on that day, two centuries ago, the voice of the bell was hushed. And the old men of these hills whisper the story their fathers told them: that when the lips of the great bell sing again, then shall the treasures of the mother vein flow from the depths of the lost La Paz."

"You believe this pretty tradition?" Allen smiled.

The engineer and his superintendent resumed their work. "What my father has told me, that I believe," answered the old man. He turned his eyes for an instant upon the flowing coins. "Señor," he said, "thus poured the metal from the mother vein into the hands of our fathers." The sack was emptied. "And thus abruptly did it cease, two hundred years ago."

Allen opened the fifth sack of coins. "And thus must our piercing tunnel again release the riches of the mine," he said, as the flow of the silver resumed.

The eyes of the old man narrowed.

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"Ai! Who shall know? Thousands and thousands of your foreign gold have been wasted in many vain attacks. When the day shall come, it shall come. Until that day these burrowings of blindness serve well enough to feed our people of the hills. The gods of gold will hold their power." He swung the conversation away from the subject of the great mine. "Thy journey to the capitol, señor, it was enjoyed?"

"For many reasons, yes," Allen replied. "I was permitted to be of service to the President in the matter of the mining code, and in return for this he promised me that a school shall be established for the children of your people. Then, too, I found a book which will afford Father Francis some pleasure, and for my selfish purposes I purchased and devoured six large beefsteaks at the American Club before Don Porfirio summoned me to Chapultepec. But best of all, my friend, was my conversation with Julian Gray, the surgeon of New York. From my description of the malady which has afflicted thy son, Gray said that a cure——"

"Señor! Life for Don José!" The hands of the old man lay quivering upon the cone of silver coins. His eyes brightened with an ardent fire.

Allen hesitated. "Don Vicente," he said, "until his recovery is accomplished, it is wrong for me to excite your hopes. But Julian Gray told me he could cure your son, and Gray is not—an enthusiast. Don José must journey to New York and must remain within the surgeon's care at least six months. And health will come."

"But the cost!" the old man exclaimed. "This is impossible." He laid his head dejectedly upon his folded arms. Allen reached across the table and laid his hand upon Don Vicente's shoulder. "It happens that I have some hundreds in the bank which can be used for this good purpose. It is enough. You will prepare Don José for the journey. He will need a companion. Get one. The money is yours."

The priest turned toward the broken bell. "This glorious metal, growling while the others sing! It is because of this great wound."—Page 87.

The old man raised his head. His eyes were blind with the difficult tears of gratitude. "Ai! señor!" he whispered. His outstretched hand conveyed the message which his trembling lips could not articulate.

Allen understood. "Perhaps you would better go to your house at once," he said. "Don José will be happier if you tell him what the coming weeks will mean. This stuff can wait until to-morrow." He indicated the piles of silver coins. Don Vicente arose and turned toward the heavy door that opened upon the street. He lifted the oak bar from its iron clamps. As he did this, a knock from the darkness, gentle and hesitant, sounded upon a panel of the door. Don Vicente dropped the bar into its fastenings and turned a questioning glance toward Allen.

"Remove the bar," Allen directed. "Open the door. Thieves of the night

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come in silence. I think it is Father Francis." Don Vicente opened the door and into the room there came the cloaked figure of the priest. Don Vicente greeted him in passing and walked into the night, intent upon his happy mission.

The priest came into the circle of yellow light. "Señor Allen," he said, "I felicitate thee upon thy safe return to us. Thy journey to the great city?"

"Was profitable because it has ended with my return to my friends," replied Allen. "And thou art well, Father Francis, and happy?"

"Quite well, my son. But I have come to tell you that for my dinner this night there is a fowl of gratifying fatness and a hare presented by the herder of the Las Palmas flocks. Thou wilt dine with me?"

"Hungrily, my friend," accepted Allen. "I will dismiss my servants that they may enjoy the evening without further labor." Allen ascended the stone staircase at the end of the office and made his way to the group of chattering women who were busy with the work of preparing his dinner. He addressed the eldest of the group. "Teresa, for the evening I shall be with Father Francis. It is my wish that you and your assistants enjoy the food you have prepared for me.

The priest handled the volume with elaborate care.—Page 88.

And with this"—he handed the old woman some silver coins—"procure for the young children some rich milk and for the older ones some sweetmeats." He walked to his apartment followed by a cackling chorus of admiring gratitude. In his room he picked up the book which he had brought as a gift for the priest. He joined Father Francis in the office below, and together they walked across the plaza to the gate of the churchyard. Above them the heavy towers of the church, white where they lay in the moonlight, gray where the shadows obscured, seemed to inspire the silence enfolding the dormant domain.

Through a passageway of stone, built three centuries before, the priest led the way into his rooms. Presently dinner was served to them by a shuffling old servant whose gnarled conscience seemed to permit his sampling of the various wines in the security of the darker passages leading from his pantry to the room in which sat Allen and the priest.

Midnight found them lingering at the table, both reluctant to terminate the interchange of words and silences which they mutually enjoyed. The signal of a clock striking twelve interrupted their discourse. Inviting his guest to accom-

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pany him, the priest arose and walked to a room beneath the bell-tower of the church. Through the ceiling of this room came the rawhide ropes that led to the bells above. In their varying successions the priest grasped these ropes, and upon the midnight stillness, sounding clear except for the clang of the broken bell, there floated the notes of the Completorium.

"A pity that the great one is not whole!" The voice of the priest conveyed the regret that inspired his words. "A pity that the harshness of its tone should have corrupted the sweetness of the others for these many years."

The service was completed. Allen turned to the priest. "Father Francis, the hills to-night will make a picture worth our while, drenched as they are in the flooding moonlight. Shall we climb to the tower?" The priest assented, and together they climbed the stout ladders until they gained the high platform under the silent bells. The priest turned toward the broken bell. "This glorious metal, growling while the others sing! It is because of this great wound. Feel." He reached for Allen's hand and directed it toward the fissured metal of the bell. "Not for lack of rugged strength, this broken one," said the priest, "because with

In the fading moonlight he made his way to the doors of the church.—Page 90

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the copper of Sonora's hills was cast the heavy tin of Spain. And to the substance of that alloy was added the silver of the great mine lying beneath these hills and gold from the mother vein. The silver for its sweetness and the gold for its richness of tone. But on the hour that saw the flooding of the great mine, the voice of the bell—the heart of the bell, perhaps—broke in its sorrow. There is a legend, told by our people of the hills: the voice of the bell, they say, ringing clear once more, will mark the release of the treasures that lie in the depths of the lost La Paz."

"And this legend, Father Francis—do you believe it?" questioned Allen.

"The records of the church show that the flooding of the mine and the silence of the bell were coincident," replied the priest. "But for the future, who shall question the work of God with the whisperings of children?"

While the priest was speaking, and upon mention of the precious metals in the alloy of the bell, Allen had opened his knife and with it cut from the bell a sliver of the metal. This fragment he had dropped into an envelope in the pocket of his coat. He stepped to the edge of the platform beneath the arch in which the bell was hung. A hundred feet below him lay the huddled houses of the town. A mile to the west, against the darker hills, the walls of the mine of La Paz were outlined against a hill of refuse ore which whitened like drifted snow. To the north, threatening black in the placid sky, the peak of *Gigante*, sentinel giant of the range, lifted its forbidding form. For a moment the magic of the midnight moon held sway and then the mystic charm was broken by the distant rumble of a muffled explosion. Allen reached for his watch and turned its face to the moonlight. "The third shift in the tunnel is shooting early to-night—the heading must be in softer rock," he said.

The priest turned toward him. "And the progress of the work—are you nearer the final reward, my son?"

"It is a question which disturbs me," Allen replied. "We have struck no sign of the old workings of the La Paz. It may be that the direction of the tunnel is in error. If we strike some part of the early excavations we will be successful. But if we miss, if your great bell should maintain its silence, then, like the bell, I will be broken. And failure—is failure."

The priest shook his head in sympathetic understanding. "Let us descend to the warmth of our rooms," he said, "and finish our wine. I pray that you may have the faith and the fortune to continue your work, and that you may win success. But I am not happy in thinking of the day that shall take you away from here, because in your companionship I live a little of my life beyond the circle of these barren hills. I have been here for fifty years, and so, in spite of all your heretic beliefs, you are a welcome confidant."

They descended the ladders. When they were again seated at the table Allen unwrapped the volume he had brought for the priest and handed it to him. "Here is a first edition," he said, "of your friend of the excited imagination—the Don Quixote. I brought it from the city for you. It is of the Villalpando printing and bears the date of 1605. It is yours in appreciation of this enjoyable dinner."

The priest handled the volume with elaborate care. Under the light of the candles he inspected the title-page. After many minutes he closed the book. "My son," he said, "with this gift you have afforded me great happiness." He lifted his hand above Allen's head for an instant. "And your having remembered me is a compliment which I appreciate. You have given me much pleasure."

"For that I am glad," smiled Allen. "And now—good night. The hour is late." Allen arose from the table. The priest accompanied him to the gate that opened upon the street. "Good night, my son," he said. "God keep thee."

Allen walked along the deserted plaza to the door of his house. He entered the office and lighted the lamp. On the great table lay the silver coins. He took a handful of these coins and went into the laboratory adjoining the office. From the envelope in his pocket he produced the sliver of metal which he had cut from the broken bell. He cast this fragment into a clean glass test-tube, in which there presently hissed a protesting confusion of acids and cyanides. From the completed assay there resulted a percentage memorandum of the alloy of the bell. Then he lighted the oil flames beneath a brick re-

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tort, and, after weighing two of the silver dollars on delicate balances, he threw them into a graphite crucible. From a belt around his waist he produced a gold coin. This, with several carefully weighed fragments of gold, he added to the contents of the crucible. Then followed several copper coins and slugs of tin. He packed the crucible and placed it in the centre of the flames in the retort.

He turned to a cupboard built against the wall, and from a shelf he lifted a small cylindrical tank of steel from the valve in the end of which ran a rubber tube, terminating in an oxyacetylene blow-pipe. A grotesque mask fitted with heavy glass goggles completed the welding outfit.

The crucible in the roaring retort by this time held a mass of liquid metal. In the firm clay of the laboratory floor Allen

In a voice subdued by his surroundings Don Vicente addressed his companions.—Page 90.

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drew a deep groove with the edge of the sole of his boot. He shut off the flow of oil under the flames of the retort, and seized the glowing crucible with a pair of slender tongs. Into the groove in the clay floor he poured the melted metal of the alloy. Cooling, it formed a pencil of metal three feet long, from which, with his knife, he trimmed the thin rough fins that lined the edges. With this bar of alloy, identical in composition with the metal of the broken bell, and with the oxygen tank and the blow-pipe and the mask, Allen walked into the office and from there into the night that lay upon the sleeping town.

In the fading moonlight he made his way to the doors of the church and stepped within the shadows of its walls. Through a door to the left of the entrance he passed into the foundation structure of the bell-tower. Again he ascended the ladders leading to the platform beneath the broken bell. On this platform he arranged the equipment which he carried. Then he opened the valve at the end of the steel tank and to the tip of the blow-pipe he held a lighted match. A white light flared for an instant and then concentrated into an incandescent pencil of argent flame. Allen settled the goggles of the mask in front of his eyes. He directed the point of the flame against the end of the bar of alloy which he held upon the fissure in the bronze of the broken bell.

With the coming of the morning star, an hour before the dawn, his work was done. He returned to his house and slept.

Don Vicente, inspired by Allen's words concerning Don José, hobbled rapidly from the office to his house, bearing the good news. Presently the tidings spread throughout the town, and very soon the house of Don Vicente was filled with an excited group of uncles and aunts and cousins and neighbors. In this assemblage, besides Don Vicente, there were six men of great age: Don Marcus, Don Felipe, Don Augustino, Don Anselmo, Don Severiano, and Don Pablo. After a while these old men congregated apart from the other members of the crowd.

"Avoid garrulous women—and enjoy peace," growled Don Pablo. He lighted a cigarette. "Where, at the moment is our Señor Allen?" he asked.

"With Father Francis the great one dines, finding pleasure with another of his kind," replied Don Vicente. "Why dost thou ask?"

Don Pablo shrugged his shoulders. "Is it not seemly that we should wait upon the señor with expressions of our gratitude for what he has done for thy son?"

"Ai! And for the matter of the school for our children's children," Don Severiano interposed.

"And for his destruction of the unjust tax that burdened the men of this district!" contributed Don Anselmo.

"And for the increased wage that he affords his men, that they may partake of meat and that their families may enjoy sufficient food to maintain life?"

For a while the old men studied in silence. And then, "*Sangre de Cristo!*" hissed Don Augustino. "When one attempts to recall everything of good the man has done— Señors, we are The Seven! The Seven of La Paz! This calls for judgment in council."

Don Vicente spoke, questioning his companions: "Señors, dost thou demand the council?" He looked at each man, and each in turn bowed in silent assent. Singly, at intervals of several minutes, so that their departure would not be remarked by others of the assemblage, the old men filed silently into the night and made their way along the cobbled streets to the border of the town, and thence to the vast walls that formed the boundaries of the mine of La Paz. They entered this enclosure through a door which had not been closed for two centuries, and passed into a room built against the masonry of the protective walls. About a circular table, cut from a single massive slab of stone, the seven old men sat down. The room opened to the sky, and in the flooding moonlight the curling smoke, rising from their cigarettes, spun into ghostly garlands around their whitened locks.

In a voice subdued by his surroundings Don Vicente addressed his companions. "Señors," he said, "with the coming of the despised ones from lands across the sea, two centuries ago, our people flooded the treasures of this vast mine. Since that day kings have searched in vain for the riches of La Paz. We have been true to the pledges our fathers imposed and

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which they before us kept as they had sworn to do. But now it seems the man for whom the years have waited is come. Among us his life has been a series of wisdom and the judgment and the gentle kindness that has marked his past. What say you all?"

Don Felipe turned to the speaker.

"Hand me the keys to this house, and by the dawn see that thou art twenty leagues from here."—Page 92.

kindly acts and generous deeds. And it is right that our own people enjoy once more the good that the mine can give. And upon the day that thousands of men shall throng these hills where but hundreds dwell to-day, at the head of affairs our beloved Señor Allen can rule with the

"Of the wealth that can come, what part would belong to our señor? Is it, perhaps, that he is but an agent of the despised ones?"

"Nay. More than half of the interest in the work the señor himself now owns. And his associates are people of his kind.

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I have seen the book of shares and the many documents which he holds."

"It is well," said Don Felipe. "For him—and the Fulfilment—I cast my lot!"

Questioned by Don Vicente, each of the others in his turn committed himself after the manner of Don Felipe.

"To the portal of the tunnel, then!" directed Don Vicente. "That the tunnel has not cut the lower workings of the La Paz speaks well for our collective skill. But, as you know, at its closest point a slab of rock of a thickness less than twenty feet is all that lies between the tunnel and the waters of the flooded La Paz. At that point we shall strike!"

The old men arose and made their way down the slope of the hill, and by the dry arroya of the Huilota reached the portal of the tunnel with which the invaders of the north had hoped to drain the workings of La Paz. Near the portal of the tunnel rose the stone house in which was stored the dynamite used in the work. At the door of this house sat a blanketed watchman who arose when Don Vicente and his companions approached.

"Anastasio," Don Vicente said, "unquestioning obedience in the past has endeared thee to me. Practised now, it will save thy life. Hand me the keys to this house, and by the dawn see that thou art twenty leagues from here."

The watchman loosened the keys from a girdle about his waist and handed them to Don Vicente. "Señor, as thou directest," he said. "I depart."

Don Vicente summoned one of the old men. "Go thou, Don Pablo," he ordered, "to the heading of the tunnel where the drillers work. Order them to their homes. They will pass us in the tunnel." He unbuckled the belt from which hung his heavy revolver and handed the weapon to Don Pablo. "Should other authority than your voice be required, this will be recognized. Explain to the workmen that in passing us within the tunnel they will be blind and deaf and without memory."

Don Pablo departed upon his mission, and for half an hour the remaining members of the group carried cases of dynamite from the stone house to the portal of the tunnel. This dynamite was piled upon three small cars that sat upon the tracks leading into the tunnel, into which the loaded cars were presently moved by the six old men.

"Thirty paces beyond the dripping water of the widest feldspar vein," directed Don Vicente, and at a point thirty paces beyond a slash of gray rock lying against the black basalt through which the tunnel had been driven, the dynamite was unloaded and piled in uniform tiers. In half an hour the tunnel was blocked with a solid charge of dynamite extending along its length for a distance of fifteen feet. The old men gathered to inspect their work. "It is complete," said Don Vicente. "Return to your houses. I will remain. At dawn the earth shall quake."

Alone, Don Vicente broke the covers from three cases of the dynamite. From each case he removed a single stick of the explosive and into each of these he thrust an exploder from which led twenty feet of fuse. He replaced these three sticks of dynamite in their respective cases and led the trailing fuses along the floor of the tunnel. With his knife he split the ends of these fuses, exposing the thread of black powder which formed their cores. He waited until the distant portal of the tunnel framed a square of gray light. Then to the ends of the fuses he touched the glowing end of his cigarette. The fuses hissed in their heavy smoke as the fire crept down their lengths.

"Twenty feet—twenty minutes," whispered Don Vicente. "Twenty minutes, after two hundred years." He walked toward the light of the morning.

In the church of La Paz, Father Francis, awakened by his servant, engaged himself in the performance of the canonical services that mark the flush of dawn. He made his way to the room beneath the bell-tower. For a moment his lips moved in a silent recital, and then upon the quiet of the morning there floated the first song of the bells. And in the harmony that flung across the hills the great bell of La Paz, singing again in its silver tones, mellow and clear in its gold, lifted its resonant voice to the notes of the *Gloria!*

As the music softened to silence, the distant hills mingled the echo of the bells with the thunder of the rending rock, quaking in a crash of flame that melted the barrier to the lost La Paz.

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HOW WE CAN PROSPER, THOUGH AT WAR

By Samuel O. Dunn
Editor of the *Railway Age Gazette*

THE most momentous problem confronting the American people is that of making swiftly and mightily effective their participation in the world-wide effort of civilization to crush Prussianism. All other objects must be subordinated to that end. But there are other objects, which, while duly subordinated, we must seek constantly to attain.

The most important of these is the maintenance of our national prosperity during and after the war. Our participation in the great struggle will compel grave readjustments in industry. It may cause havoc in many lines of business. It might destroy so much of our capital, and so reduce the standard of living of our people, that it would take generations to recover from its effects. Any such results we must prevent, if possible. But can we prosper, though at war? Can we, if we remain long at war, prosper until after the passage of many subsequent years of peace?

The main work of a nation in peace is production. Its main work in war is destruction. In both it carries on its productive activities. But in peace it carries them on solely to provide wherewithal to nourish its body, mind, and spirit—to give it comfort, luxury, amusement, enlightenment. In war it carries them on largely to provide means of destroying the lives and property, the unfriendly ambitions and hopes of its enemies.

In peace every prosperous and progressive nation produces more things than it consumes, and increases what it produces faster than what it consumes. This increasing production and consumption, and this excess of production over consumption, measure its progress, cause its prosperity, and augment its wealth. The surplus produced takes partly the form of larger and larger stocks in the hands of the merchants from which we may select according to our needs, our tastes, and our caprices. But the principal form it takes is that of railroads, buildings, machinery, which are the means used in securing those large increases of production and those large surpluses of production which, until the Great War, were the most outstanding features of our age.

The total production of the American people has been estimated at $40,000,000,000 a year. Their wealth was estimated by the Bureau of Census in 1904 at $107,000,000,000; in 1912 at $187,000,000,000, and it is now said to be $250,000,000,000. If these figures are approximately correct, our national wealth recently has increased ten or twelve billions a year. Probably, however, any such estimate of our annual increase in wealth would be excessive. Professor S. N. Patten believes it has not exceeded six billions. Furthermore, our increase in wealth includes a large allowance for the advances in value of many things. Perhaps a farm in Illinois produced no more corn last year than five years before, but it would sell for more now than then, and this advance in its value is included in the estimated total increase in the nation's wealth. But it is the nation's annual excess of production of things over its consumption of them, rather than its annual increase in wealth, which is important for our present purpose. We can eat what a farm produces; but an increase in its value, however important to its owner, is not, like corn or hogs, a consumable commodity. Probably the yearly increase in our wealth due to the excess of the things produced over the things consumed has never been over five or six billions.

What conclusion must we draw from these figures as to the effect which the war will tend to have on our national prosperity? One of the first effects of war is to take many men from the work of production. The United States will soon have under arms 3,000,000 men. Perhaps within a short time the number will be 5,000,000. These men must continue to

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be fed, clothed, and housed. They cease to be producers, but they do not cease to be consumers. The means of maintaining them must be provided by the civilian population.

But this is not, perhaps, the feature of war which has the most important bearing upon production and consumption, and, in consequence, on national prosperity. Those who are transferred to the army and navy not only cease to be producers, while continuing to be consumers, but they become wholesale destroyers. The sole object of their activities is the destruction of the property and lives, the ambitions and the hopes of the enemy. The means they employ is the destruction of the huge quantities of munitions which hundreds of mills run day and night to produce. The coal which is used in producing these munitions is as truly destroyed in carrying on the war as are the raw materials which enter into the munitions; and the mines must produce immense quantities of coal for this purpose. The farms must produce foodstuffs not only for the armies and navies, but to take the place of those sent to the bottom by submarines. The ore-mines, the steel mills, and the lumber mills must produce ore, steel, and lumber with which to build ships to replace those that are sent to the bottom; and the railroads must produce transportation to move all the soldiers and all the products of the farm, the mine, and the mill used in warfare.

The cost of the war for the fiscal year 1918 to the United States alone, not including loans to our allies, is estimated at $10,000,000,000 or $12,000,000,000. This affords a rough measure of the things our civilian population must produce to provide the articles of consumption and the means of destruction required for carrying on the war. At this rate the struggle will cost us at least as much yearly as the largest reasonable estimate of our past national increase in wealth, and probably twice as much as our past annual excess of production over consumption. We need also to produce vast quantities of things to be sold to our allies.

These facts show that if our civilian population should consume as much as it has in the past, and should not increase the amount it produces, our annual consumption and destruction for ordinary and for military purposes would exceed our annual production by several billions. We can consume and destroy more than we produce only by drawing upon the supplies of things which we have produced in the past. But, it may be said, at least we shall still have left the land, buildings, factories, railroads by which our productive activities are conducted. But it requires constant production to keep up these means of production. Land becomes sterile if not properly fertilized; buildings, factories, and railroads depreciate if not fully maintained. Now, as we cannot long draw on our accumulated supplies without exhausting them, so we cannot long let our facilities of production deteriorate without fatally impairing our national productive capacity.

That the danger that the war will cause our national consumption and destruction greatly to exceed our national production is not fanciful, is demonstrated by the experience of many countries. The most extreme illustrations are afforded by countries, such as Belgium, which have been the theatres of actual hostilities. The Thirty Years' War made Germany almost a desert. Between the time when it began in 1618 and the signing of the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 the population declined from 20,000,000 to 4,000,000; and the remaining people were reduced to such a point of starvation that cannibalism was openly practised. But it has never been necessary for a country to be itself the scene of fighting in order for war to reduce it to poverty. The wars of Louis XIV were begun when France was comparatively rich and prosperous; they were carried on mainly on foreign soil; but they reduced most of the French people almost to beggary and paved the way for the Great Revolution. We have been witnessing a similar phenomenon in Germany. The stocks of food, clothing, and so on which had been accumulated before the war have been practically wiped out. The means of production and distribution—land, factories, railroads—have deteriorated enormously. Consumption and destruction have far outstripped production, with resulting immense want and suffering. It may be said, however, that our participation in the war will not

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continue long enough for any excess of our consumption and destruction over our production, even though large while it lasts, to do great harm. But three and a half years ago the wise men were saying the war could not last over three months. It is unsafe to proceed on any assumption but that it will last for years yet.

When we get down to the bare bones of the subject we have to realize that there are only two ways in which our civilian population can provide the means of carrying on the war, and at the same time defeat its tendency to convert us from a nation daily growing richer into one daily growing poorer. One of these is by reducing the amount of necessities, comforts, and luxuries which the civilian population consumes. The other is by increasing the quantity of things which the civilian population produces.

Many, in discussing the economic problem of the war, put almost all their emphasis on the need for retrenchment. While the soldiers and the sailors produce nothing, they, above all, must be clothed and fed. Therefore, the civilian population must eat less and wear out its old clothes. The ship-builders must have plenty of steel and lumber; and therefore activities not directly connected with the war which consume such things must be stopped. So runs the argument.

It is but too notorious that waste has prevailed in the United States. The well-to-do classes have burned too much fuel and kept their houses unhealthily hot. They have bought needless clothes. They have kept needless servants. They have eaten and drunk to excess, and provided the full garbage can. They have indulged in much joy-riding. There are said to be 4,000,000 automobiles in this country, as compared with 800,000 in all the rest of the world. The members of the working class, especially those of American birth, have emulated these practices of our well-to-do to the best of their ability.

Abolition of waste will provide a substantial part of certain things required for military purposes. A drastic curtailment of the use of mere luxuries will stimulate many important readjustments of industry which will become more necessary as the war goes on. War makes great demands, but they are mainly demands for a comparatively few things—explosives, fuel, iron, steel, copper, clothing, foodstuffs. The reduction of the use of luxuries will tend to force capital and labor out of industries which produce luxuries into those which produce necessities.

But although no effort should be spared to reduce waste, we must face the fact that there are limits beyond which we cannot harmlessly carry economy. Although our annual production is larger per capita than that of any other country, and although our division of what is produced among the various classes of the people is as equitable as it is elsewhere, only a small part of our people ever have had incomes considerably exceeding the amount required to keep them in comfort. Furthermore, vital as it is that we shall win the war, we should remember that we must live while it is going on and after it is over; that our prosperity now and later will largely depend on keeping all the classes of business concerns possible in healthy condition; and that if we so contrive things now as to destroy many classes of concerns, we may suffer severely later from the want of them.

How, then, may we get the means of carrying on the war without resorting to excessive retrenchment? There is only one way. That is by securing a very great increase of production. We were producing $40,000,000,000 worth of things before the war. It is going to cost us, say, $10,000,000,000 a year. Therefore, if we should increase our production of the things needed for carrying on the war enough to add 25 per cent to our total production, we would continue to be about as well off economically as we were before.

Is it possible to make any such enormous increases in production? Many would answer at once in the negative. But many of us are prone to overlook one difference of tremendous importance which exists between the situation of a leading industrial nation such as the United States on its entrance into this war and the situation of leading nations on their entrance into most of the great wars of the past. The difference referred to is that created by the revolution which has occurred within the last century, but

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mainly within the last quarter century, in the organizations, the methods, and the machinery applied to production.

At the time of all the great wars prior to our own Civil War, productive processes were carried on almost entirely by human labor. When large numbers of men were required to quit working and go to fighting, the reduction of production was almost in proportion to the increase in the number in arms; and the only way the civilian population could provide the things to be consumed and destroyed by the soldiery was by reducing the amount that the civilian population consumed. The acute and prolonged want and suffering caused by such great wars as those of Louis XIV and Napoleon were largely due to these causes.

It was during the wars which began with the French Revolution and ended with the fall of Napoleon that the modern industrial era was introduced by the development of the factory system in England. This was soon followed by the invention of the steam-engine and the railroad. The next really great war was our own Civil War. In spite of the large armies raised and the vast expenditures made by the North, it was richer when the struggle ended than when it commenced. This was due partly to the economies its people practised, but more to the fact that, by improved industrial organization, methods, and machinery, the North greatly increased its production of many things, and especially of those required to conduct the war.

When production was carried on chiefly by human toil the extent to which it could be increased was strictly limited, while the extent to which it could be reduced was unlimited; and a great war caused a heavy reduction of it. Now that production is conducted chiefly by machinery controlled and directed by human intelligence, mankind has a vast power of increasing its output; and the amount of its output depends far less than formerly on the number of producers, and far more on the assiduity, energy, and intelligence with which they apply themselves to getting from machinery the greatest possible service.

In no country, up to the time of the present Great War, had there been secured from modern industrial organization, methods, and machinery anything approaching the maximum production of which they were capable. This was due to several causes. One was the efforts of many governments, including our own, to compel competition between concerns in the same line of business, when co-operation between them would often have been of more public benefit. The unwise and wasteful rivalries voluntarily indulged in by business concerns had the same effect. The unwillingness of labor to operate labor-saving machinery to its full capacity has been a factor of importance. Panics and depressions, resulting in many plants being shut down and working men being thrown out of employment, have greatly curtailed production periodically. Friction between capital and labor, resulting in strikes and lockouts, has had the same general result.

Of all the nations which have been participants in the present war from its beginning, England probably has been the most successful in removing such obstacles to maximum production; and England has been relatively the most successful of all in maintaining her prosperity. Our own experience since we entered the war has afforded some indications of the mighty increases of production we can secure along many lines if the government, the business and agricultural interests, and labor will co-operatively and intelligently direct their energies to this end. The coal output of the United States was larger in 1916 than in any previous year; and yet in the first eight months of 1917 it was 10 per cent larger than in the same months of 1916, and 25 per cent larger than in the same months of 1915. In spite of this increase of output the records disclose that in most parts of the country production was only from 50 to 75 per cent of the capacity of the mines. The failure to secure a still greater increase of production was due largely to labor troubles.

In the early part of 1917 a special "drive" was made to increase the production of farm products. What can be accomplished by such extra efforts is indicated by a recent report of the Department of Agriculture, which estimates the increase in the production of wheat at 3

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per cent; of corn, at 24 per cent; oats, 26 per cent; barley, 12 per cent; rye, 18 per cent; buckwheat, 51 per cent; white potatoes, 58 per cent; and sweet potatoes, 23 per cent.

Probably the best example which has been afforded of the development, to meet a great emergency, of a vast and unsuspected latent productive capacity has been afforded by the achievement of our railways. Railways do not produce commodities in the same sense that factories or farms do; but they produce a service, increases in which are absolutely prerequisite to increases in the production of things.

The railway business generally was unprosperous most of the time during the eight years from the middle of 1907 to the middle of 1915. The percentage of net return earned steadily declined and reached in 1914 the lowest point touched since the depression caused by the panic of 1893. In 1915 the new mileage built was the least in any year since 1848 except in three years of the Civil War; and there was a decline in the total number of cars and locomotives in service. The number of employees was about 200,000 less in 1915 than in 1913.

This does not look like the picture of an industry which was in a condition to meet enormously enlarged demands. In the fall of 1915, however, there began the greatest increases of railway traffic ever known. The freight traffic transported in 1916 was 25 per cent larger than that handled in 1915. In the spring of 1917 there was the biggest "car shortage" that had ever occurred. It looked as if the railways had reached the limit of their capacity with their existing facilities. Then came the declaration of war against Germany, which made it imperative, for the welfare and safety of the American people, that the railways should handle much more traffic, and at the same time rendered it impossible for them substantially to increase their facilities.

How have the railways met the crisis? They have moved all the military traffic promptly, and the statistics regarding the freight-car situation indicate that there has never been a time when they have not handled at least 90 per cent of the commercial business about as well as usual. They have done this in spite of the fact that their freight traffic in 1917 was about 20 per cent larger than in 1916, when it was thought the limit of their capacity had been reached, and 50 per cent larger than in 1915. This 20 per cent *increase* in the freight traffic of our railways was equal to the *total* traffic handled by the combined railways of Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland, and New South Wales in the year before the Great War. And this 50 per cent *increase* in their freight traffic was equal to the *total* traffic handled by the combined railways of Germany, France, Canada, Austria, Russia, New South Wales, Switzerland, and Sweden in the year before the war. Meantime, the roads have been transporting a commercial passenger traffic 14 per cent larger than that of 1916 and 27 per cent larger than that of 1915, and, in addition, vast bodies of troops. Between August 1 and November 5 they transported over 1,100,000 members of the National Guard and of the citizen army in special trains from their homes to the training-camps and cantonments; and they did this almost without accident and on schedules that usually were maintained with clocklike precision.

When we analyze carefully the remarkable achievement of the railways, we find that it has been chiefly due to more complete utilization of the productive capacity of a particular kind of labor-saving machinery. A railway is merely a gigantic and complicated machine invented and constructed to enable a vast amount of transportation service to be rendered with a minimum of labor. During the last quarter century the tractive power of locomotives and the capacity of cars have been increased in this country to an extent unapproached in any other part of the world. The loads moved with each locomotive and each car also have been largely increased. But efforts to secure increases in the loads commensurate with the increases in the amount of work the locomotives and cars could do have been unavailing. This has been due partly to the policy of the railways, partly to the policy of the railway-regulating authorities, partly to the attitude of the shipping public, partly to the attitude of railway labor.

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Five days after war was declared the presidents of the railways met in Washington and, with the informal sanction of the government, agreed to substitute co-operation for competition in all their affairs, and to operate all the roads as a single national transportation system. The management of all the lines was placed under the direction of a committee of five railway chairmen and presidents in Washington. The effect was practically to pool the railway facilities of the country. When the roads were operated independently it would often happen that some lines and some "gateways" would become congested, or even blocked, while others were still capable of handling a large amount of additional business; and there was no authority which could divert traffic from the congested lines and gateways to those still open. Under the present centralized control, cars are taken from the roads having the least need of them and given to those having the most need of them; and the forwarding of traffic is constantly supervised so as to keep it moving along the lines of least resistance. The result is that instead of some roads having more business and others less than they can handle, all are given as much in proportion as they can handle. The skilful distribution of the military freight and passenger traffic over literally hundreds of different routes, instead of letting it accumulate on a comparatively few lines, as was done at the time of the war with Spain, has been a most important factor in enabling the roads to handle this traffic with little delay to it or to the unprecedented commercial traffic on which it was suddenly superimposed.*

Already, as the foregoing facts show, we have secured large increases of production in several lines of activity. But they are small compared with those we must secure. The experience of England and our own more limited experience since we entered the war indicate some of the most important means which must be used. The government must abstain from enforcing measures designed to cause competition, but which in causing it prevent forms of co-operation needed to increase production. If the Sherman anti-trust law and the anti-pooling law had continued to be enforced against the railways they could not have increased the amount of traffic handled by them to anything approaching the extent that they have. The government must be careful, in regulating railway rates, not to make them so low as to prevent adequate maintenance of the properties and hinder the raising of capital for immediately needed improvements; and in fixing prices it must be careful not to make them so low as to render it unprofitable for the industries whose prices are regulated to operate to their full capacity. For example, it might fix coal prices so low that while the richer mines could continue to produce at a profit, the poorer mines would have to shut down. The prices of farm products might easily be fixed so low as to render it impracticable for the farmers to cultivate the large additional acreage which must be used in order to secure the needed increase in foodstuffs.

There must be obtained the closest possible co-operation between different classes of business interests—such co-operation as that which recently has prevailed between the railways and many classes of large shippers, and which has enabled the roads to secure a much more intensive utilization of their locomotives and cars than they otherwise could have. The government can promote such co-operation by applying pressure where it is needed.

The labor situation is the most formidable obstacle to the vast increase of production required. There is an acute shortage of labor in the factories, on the railroads, and on the farms. There seem to be only two ways in which to remedy this. One is, to bring in labor from other countries, such as Mexico and China. The other is, to take more of our women into industry. Organized labor bitterly opposes the former alternative. It is antagonistic to the latter. But one or the other we must adopt. It is said there are now actually more women than men employed in industry in Germany. There has also been a large increase of women in industry in England. However repugnant the employment of women in workshops and fields may be to American

*See "The Railroads' War Problem," by Fairfax Harrison, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for September, 1917.

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customs and ideals, it is better that our women should work than that they and their children should suffer from want, and if the war lasts long, and we do not secure enormous further increases of production, they certainly will thus suffer.

The labor shortage is very seriously aggravated by the numerous strikes which are occurring in almost every line of industry and in every part of the country. Every strike or lockout means an interference with production, the bad effects of which will be felt by every class of our people, and especially by the workers themselves, throughout the war and long after it ends. Labor troubles were more prevalent in England before the war than they were here. Co-operation between the government authorities, the employers, and the workers has almost put an end to them. The government has provided for settling disputes in ways which both employers and employees believe lead to approximately fair results. At the same time, it has brought home to both sides a solemn realization of the fact that it is as much their duty to help win the war as that of the men in the trenches, and that every time they interfere with maximum production they are helping, not to win the war, but to lose it. The American employer and working man are as intelligent and patriotic as those of England. When the government adopts broad and generous, but firm measures, to stop lockouts and strikes, our employers and employees will accept them as have those of England. Few measures are more needed, whether to render our participation in the war more effective, or to protect us from economic disaster.

It is a remarkable thing that a nation with such a strong sense of economic values should have given so relatively large an amount of attention as ours has, since we entered the war, to the subjects of saving in the use and fixing the prices of the things that are consumed, and so relatively small an amount of attention to the subject of maintaining and enlarging the amount of these things that are produced. However important the avoidance of waste may be, the great nations of the earth are not, never have been and never will be those, such as China, whose peoples have been especially adept in the practice of economies. The great nations ever have been and ever will be those with peoples especially skilful and energetic in production; and the results of this war, military and economic, will depend far less on the extent to which saving is increased by the various nations involved than on the extent to which production is enlarged by them.

A GENTLEMAN

By William H. Hayne

He does not vaunt in phrases fine
Descent from his ancestral line;
Nor does he ask, when Eve once "span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

He simply greets with open mind
The high and lowly of mankind,
And proves in deeds of courteous grace
His love for all the human race.

A woman's virtue he will guard
From each insinuating word;
And when the battle bugles blow
Goes to the front to meet his foe.

No trust he ever will betray,
For that is Honor's only way;
And in misfortune's blackest hour
He will not cringe for place or power.

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JOHN SMITH

By Abbie Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H FISK

THE *superintendente* appeared at the end of the banana-grove, strolled up through the rose-garden, and so made his graceful way toward the *corredor* of the bungalow where we three sat smoking.

Cresswell groaned. "Here comes that chap Florentino again and I don't know a word more of Spanish to-day than I did yesterday. I bet we get stuck at exactly the same place."

"Sure thing," said McIlvaine gloomily.

At the foot of the steps Florentino stopped, whipped off his straw sombrero with a graceful gesture, and flashed a smile at us.

Cresswell leaned over the balustrade.

"Buenos dies, Florentino."

"Buenos dies, señores. I hope I see you well?"

"Thanks, Florentino. And you?" replied Cresswell cautiously.

"Thanks to God, you see me as well to-day as yesterday. And you, señores? Are you well?" demanded Florentino again, as though unable to be sufficiently reassured on the subject of our health.

"Thanks to God, you see us as well to-day as yesterday," replied Cresswell glibly, clinging to Florentino's lead in Ollendorfish fashion and with a deceitful fluency that led immediately to his undoing. For Florentino, misled by the apparent ease with which Cresswell returned his polite remarks, suddenly broke forth in a torrent of idiomatic Spanish that overwhelmed us. Now and then a familiar word would be washed up on the verbal shore and we would grasp at it frantically. But when the waters receded and Florentino stood silent and expectant we could only gaze at him with uncomprehending eyes.

"The señores do not understand Mexican to-day?" he asked finally with a troubled air.

"Not to-day," we said gently.

"Perhaps God does not wish the señores to understand Mexican," he ventured desperately after a moment of gloomy silence.

"How do you say, 'I don't think it's that'?" asked Cresswell hurriedly.

"How should I know?" I snapped back.

Florentino raised his head which had sunk upon his brown chest. A fugitive smile irradiated his charming face.

"But to-morrow, señores, to-morrow! Perhaps God will wish it for to-morrow—who knows?"

"Perhaps—mañana, mañana!" we echoed in chorus cheerfully.

In an instant he was another man. All the dejection, the gloom, fled. He lifted his big sombrero and with a jaunty gesture swept us a hopeful, almost joyous, bow.

"Until to-morrow, señores—if God wishes it."

"If God wishes it," chanted Cresswell.

"Adios!"

"Adios!"

We watched him disappear in the banana-grove, and then Cresswell spoke.

"This thing's got to stop! We've got to learn Spanish and find out what Florentino and the *mozos* are about or this coffee hacienda will go to rack and ruin!" he said excitedly.

"Your brother said we'd be speaking Spanish before we knew it," put in McIlvaine in an aggrieved tone.

"I *am* speaking Spanish before I know it," retorted Cresswell warmly.

"I wish your brother hadn't left us so soon," I remarked pacifically. It was Cresswell's brother who had started the Hacienda de Princeton. He had come up from Mexico to see Cresswell during our last spring term at the university, and after an hour's enthusiastic talk he had, in imagination, settled us in a delightful bungalow on a magnificent coffee planta-

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tion, surrounded by tropical verdure of luxuriant and ravishing loveliness, and controlling a vast output of surpassingly fine coffee that brought us in almost embarrassing wealth. Lithe-limbed Indian *peons* hastened to do our bidding and gay parties, in special trains, sped down from New York at frequent intervals to gaze upon and envy us our romantic and care-free life. Seen through Cresswell's brother's eyes and a haze of Yale Mixture, Mexico assumed an astonishing likeness to our childish dreams of paradise.

Of course it all ended by our deciding to go down and make our fortunes. We were met at Vera Cruz by Cresswell's brother, who "personally conducted" us down the coast to Coatzacoalcos and from there to the hacienda he had bought for us on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

We had been at the hacienda three weeks, and Cresswell's brother had stayed with us until within a few days. Unluckily a telegram from his directors in Saint Louis recalled him hastily to the States, and we were left to grapple with the running mechanism of the Hacienda de Princeton—as we had christened it—by our lonely and incompetent selves. Cresswell was getting anxious.

"Could either of you fellows make out what was the matter with Florentino? Was it trouble with the *peons*, or has the dispulping machine stopped work, or is Florentino going to leave?" he asked moodily, pulling at his pipe.

"*I* thought he said something about the rainy season—or was it the motor-boat?" I ventured after a depressing silence.

McIlvaine crossed one leg meditatively over the other and lit a fresh cigarette.

"I'll tell you fellows what we need," he said with the bright enthusiasm of one who has just had a happy inspiration. "We need an interpreter!"

"Get out! You don't mean it! Sure it isn't a pipe-organ?" demanded Cresswell with blighting sarcasm.

"Oh, if you're going to take my timely suggestions *that* way—" began McIlvaine sadly.

"And supposing—for the sake of argument—that it *is* an interpreter we need," cut in Cresswell, still with withering irony, "where are we going to get one? Considering that we are fifteen miles through the jungle and twenty-one by water from the nearest hacienda, and that, excepting ourselves, we haven't seen a creature—much less a bilingual one—since we got here, it strikes me that interpreters are not what one might call plentiful around here. If ever we find one it will be because 'God wishes it,' as Florentino says."

Apparently a kindly, overruling Providence did wish it, for we got our interpreter that very evening. We had adjourned to the *corredor* for our after-dinner smoke, when suddenly out of the gloom—it had "nighted," as they say in the delightful Spanish vernacular—a man's form appeared against the copper screening of the veranda and a man's voice, employing United States English, asked if he might speak with the owner of the hacienda. Collectively and cordially we invited him to enter.

As he stepped through the *corredor* door into the light from the lamp we saw that he was a man of middle age and, except for the mud-stained khaki clothes and a week-old, grizzled beard on his thin, worn face, that he was a presentable-enough-looking person.

"Excuse me for dropping in on you this way," he began in a gentlemanly voice though with a somewhat embarrassed manner, "but I'm making a walking trip across the isthmus for—for my health." He hesitated and looked nervously at his muddy boots. It was McIlvaine who rose to the occasion.

"Of course," he said genially. "It's a magnificent climate—help anybody's health. Won't you sit down, Mr. ——"

"My name's Smith—John Smith." The man spoke almost in a whisper and glanced from one to the other of us with a rapid, penetrating look. "I came over from the Tres Rios Plantation," he added hurriedly. "Spent last night there and walked over to-day through the jungle. They told me you'd probably be hospitable enough to put me up for the night."

It was McIlvaine who, once more, came to the rescue.

"Well, I should say so!" he declared pleasantly. "You must be good and hungry, Mr.—Mr. Smith," he said, getting up. "I'd like to order some dinner for you, but I can't. You see, we don't speak Spanish—yet; but I'll call Chong

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in and point to you and make signs of eating—I'm rather good at that. Maybe he'll understand."

John Smith smiled a little. "You are very kind," he said. "Perhaps it won't be necessary to resort to the sign language. I speak Spanish myself."

Cresswell stared at the stranger, made a clicking noise in his throat as though he were going to speak, and then stopped. But McIlvaine threw prudence to the winds.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "you're the man we're looking for!" I thought Smith gave an almost imperceptible start and then controlled himself. "We need an interpreter like the deuce. I say, why don't you quit walking for your health and settle down here for a while? You can run the hacienda during the day and give us Spanish lessons in the evening. It'll be great!"

Cresswell and I frowned at our impetuous partner behind Smith's back.

"Mr.—er—Smith is too played out to talk about your proposition now, Macky. Let him get dinner and a night's rest before you bombard him," said Cresswell coldly, and he rang for Chong.

After Smith had had his dinner he went off almost immediately to bed, leaving us to talk over the situation which McIlvaine had rendered somewhat complicated.

"You've done it now, Macky!" said Cresswell gloomily.

"It's all very well to be hospitable, old boy," I said, "but five minutes after first setting eyes on a total stranger who says his name is John Smith, and who is walking about for his health in a country where the extradition treaty is rarely put to the test, is going some."

"You remember, Merrall," said Cresswell, turning to me, "almost the last thing Bob told us was to beware of unguaranteed strangers. The isthmus is full of men who find it convenient, for one reason or another, to call themselves 'John Smith.'"

"The American who got into a fight with the *jefe politico* at San Juan and stabbed him to death said *his* name was John Smith," I corroborated.

"Yes—and the fellow who got himself elected to the American Club up in Mexico City and fleeced half a dozen members at cards was another of the illustrious tribe of Smith."

"Oh, slush!" said McIlvaine, and he commenced whistling "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark." But, in spite of his sarcastic levity, I could see that he was beginning to be troubled. He stopped whistling. "Well, at the worst, we'll only have to lock up the spoons and the victrola at night. It'll be a confounded bore, but that's all," he said defiantly.

"My poor boy—if it were only that!" murmured Cresswell darkly. "But don't you realize that our financial system is so simple that a child could understand it in a day? Smith can rob us of every cent we've got, once he begins to run things."

"Well, Florentino and the *peons* can do it now while we are looking on and wondering what the devil they're talking about," retorted McIlvaine hotly. "Anyway, where do *we* come in? Don't know what you fellows are going to do about it, but *I'm* going to sit up nights studying Spanish with Smith. I'll soon be talking it in my sleep."

"It'll probably be the very best place for your Spanish, Macky," said Cresswell compassionately.

"After all, it's true we can't be much worse off than we are now, Cresswell," I put in soothingly. "Macky's right about that, and it's possible, you know, that Smith may be a perfectly respectable, if vagrant, member of society. Don't borrow trouble."

"Oh, very well," said Cresswell, getting up and yawning. "Hope you may be right; and, by the way, Macky, as you've let us in for this, *you* can arrange matters with Smith to-morrow. I wash my hands of the whole business!"

Smith accepted our proposition to stay on with us for a couple of months with what McIlvaine said struck him as pathetic alacrity. He started in on his duties at once, weighing the coffee, transmitting orders to Florentino, and teaching us Spanish. He was so much our senior that he was hardly companionable, but he was quiet—Cresswell thought suspiciously quiet—and unobtrusive. He was never in the way, but would go off by himself for long rambles through the fincas and jungle.

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There was something likable about Smith in spite of his taciturnity and standoffishness, and we soon felt an odd sort of loyalty and friendship for him that prevented us from talking about our suspicions of him. For there were suspicious things about Smith—no one could deny it.

For one thing, he never mentioned his people or his past, and, cut off from the rest of the world as we were, that alone was undeniably suspicious. Isolation is at once the occasion and the excuse for intimate revelation, and it may be safely argued that the man who refuses to become garrulous under such conditions has something to conceal. For another thing, we noticed that he received absolutely no mail. Florentino was sent to Santa Lucrecia twice a month in the dugout canoe or motor-boat and brought us sackfuls —but nothing ever for poor Smith. We always handed him over the New York papers, welcome even if two or three weeks old, while we were at our letters, so that he might not feel neglected.

One evening Florentino came back from Santa Lucrecia with an unusually large mail. We were on the *corredor*, enjoying our after-dinner smoke, when Juan appeared with the big bag. As usual, we handed the papers to Smith, who sat silently by while we devoted ourselves to our numerous letters. In spite of my absorption in my own mail, I noticed that Smith was reading a copy of the New York *Times*. Suddenly he laid the paper down on the table and, murmuring something about wanting his pipe, got up and went into the house. About half an hour later I noticed that he had not returned, and with a premonitory thrill of disaster I reached for *The Times*. There, on the front page, the first thing my eyes encountered was a detailed account of a bank defalcation in Binghamton, N. Y., kept quiet for weeks and now given to the public for the first time. The description of the defaulting cashier tallied uncompromisingly with Smith. The concluding paragraph gave me a sensation of absolute nausea:

"It is believed by the local authorities that Remsen, the delinquent cashier of the Washington Savings Bank, has escaped to Mexico and is in hiding there under an assumed name."

I handed the paper to Cresswell, pointing silently to the article. He read it with furrowed brow and handed it on to McIlvaine. To my secret satisfaction McIlvaine was cheerfully sceptical.

"Oh, rot! You two get on my nerves with your deeply, darkly suspicious natures," he exclaimed elegantly. "I don't believe Smith's an American, anyway—there's something English about him, to my way of thinking. Wouldn't be surprised if he were an Englishman who had lived over here for years and got the accent sort of rubbed off. It's a downright shame to fasten a crime like that on poor Smith. Bet he never was in Binghamton in the course of his whole blameless life."

"Ask him," said Cresswell.

"I will—when he comes back," retorted McIlvaine and went on with his letters. But Smith didn't come back. He went to bed and we didn't see him until morning.

Some way it seemed inhuman to probe Smith's past at breakfast, and by common consent we waited until evening to take up the delicate subject. McIlvaine did it rather neatly, we thought. We had been sitting, smoking, on the *corredor* for an hour when he rose and pushed back his chair with a great show of reluctance.

"Sorry to have to leave you fellows, but I've got to do some confounded letters this evening—got to write to a cousin who lives in Binghamton, N. Y."—a purely fictitious character, it is needless to say. "Beastly hole, Binghamton," he went on meditatively, leaning on the back of his chair. "Ever been to Binghamton, Smith?"

"Yes," said Smith briefly.

Cresswell glanced triumphantly at McIlvaine, who glared back.

"How did you like the place?"

"Well," said Smith, "I don't know. I didn't see much of it—I was working, you know."

"At what?" asked Cresswell.

"In a bank."

"You don't say!" said McIlvaine weakly. "Cashier?"

"Yes."

"Was it—was it the Washington Savings Bank?" asked McIlvaine in a hushed voice. Cresswell and I were gripping the sides of our chairs and breathing hard.

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"No," said Smith. "It was the Tenth National. It's been twenty years since I was in Binghamton, and there wasn't any Washington Savings Bank there then."

Cresswell and I sank back in our chairs and it was McIlvaine's turn to look triumphantly at us.

"Well, I must 'do a bolt,' as the English say—I've got other letters to write besides the Binghamton one. I'm going to write to Bert Barney—he's an old college chum of ours—who's taking a course at Oxford. Now, *there's* a delightful spot," he said with enthusiasm, as though mentally comparing it with the unfortunate Binghamton. "There's the place to go to. Ever been to Oxford, Smith?"

"I was educated at Oxford," said Smith somewhat curtly, and he got up. "If you will excuse me, I think I'll turn in," and without another word he strolled off to his room.

"What did I tell you chumps?" demanded McIlvaine excitedly when Smith was out of hearing. "Didn't I say he was an Englishman? I knew from his standoffish ways and his accent that he was a Britisher."

"Get along!" growled Cresswell. "A Bostonian talks as much like an Englishman as Smith does. And I guess your ways would be standoffish, too, if the sheriff were hot on your trail. Besides, he *had* been to Binghamton."

"Well, that of itself proves his innocence. If he'd had anything to conceal he would have denied ever having been there!"

"But you bet he never had," retorted Cresswell. "Anyway, all I know is that Smith's appearance tallies exactly with this absconding cashier's."

But, then, as McIlvaine pointed out, it was truly amazing with how many criminals Smith's appearance tallied exactly. There seemed to be any number of men about forty-five, six feet tall, thin, high cheek-bones, dark brown hair turning gray, and aquiline nose who had robbed, murdered, forged, kidnapped, bigamied, and dynamited. We couldn't pick up a paper but we saw the account of some crime of which Smith might have been the perpetrator, judging by his physical likeness to the real criminal.

The thing became an obsession; it got on our nerves. We waited feverishly for developments.

The developments came just the week before Smith's two months with us were up. Cresswell, McIlvaine, and I were in the office trying—unavailingly—to make the week's accounts balance, when Juan came in to announce that Benson of the Tres Rios had ridden over to see us. It was great to have a legitimate excuse for abandoning the accounts, and we couldn't get out to the *corredor* fast enough to welcome him. Except Smith, he was our first visitor—no gay parties from New York, such as Cresswell's brother had promised, had descended upon us—and we ordered an elaborate tea in his honor and rang the big bell to bring in Smith from the *asoleadero*, where he was inspecting the drying coffee.

Benson caught sight of him as he reached the banana-grove.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated excitedly, "you don't mean to say that that man is still here!"

"He's been here two months," I said, "and we are speaking near-Spanish under his tuition."

"Then, my dear fellow," he replied, gripping my arm, "you are studying with a murderer!"

McIlvaine groaned. "Oh, I say! You've all got something against poor Smith!"

"I came over here to talk to you fellows about him—find out where he had gone, if possible—but I didn't dream he was still here!"

I looked up warningly. "He'll hear you. Wait until after tea."

Smith came up the *corredor* steps and, after speaking to Benson, not over-cordially I thought, got through with his tea in a jiffy and went off in his usual unsociable fashion.

"And now what's the trouble?" demanded Cresswell when Smith had disappeared.

"Merely that you have with you the Omaha murderer for whom they've been scouring the country!"

Our super-thrilled nerves jumped and McIlvaine groaned again.

"It's like this." Benson squared himself back against his chair. "Yesterday

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I got the Omaha papers—I'm from Omaha, you know—telling all about the dastardly crime. It had just been discovered, but from the post-mortems they'd been dead at least two months and a half," began Benson rather incoherently. "He—Smith—killed his wife and two children. They were found in a lonely farmhouse on the outskirts of Omaha. Of course he had fled. The detectives got right to work and tracked him first to Mexico City, then to Vera Cruz, and the last they found out was that he'd taken a coastwise steamer for Coatzacoalcos. They lost track of him between Vera Cruz and Coatzacoalcos."

"Oh, thunder! There's some mistake," urged McIlvaine.

"Not on your life!" said Benson. "The description is Smith all over. His real name is Buttonshaw. And the time he reached the Tres Rios tallies exactly with his disappearance from the steamer."

We sat there staring miserably at each other. After all, we were only kids just out of college—Benson wasn't much older than we were—and this first great adventure with life rather knocked the wind out of us.

"What ought we to do?" demanded Cresswell in a low tone.

"We've got to give him up to justice," replied Benson sadly but firmly. "It's our duty."

"But I like Smith," objected McIlvaine.

"I'll tell you what," said Cresswell slowly. "We will send over to San Marcos for Holsclaw and ask his advice before we do anything."

Holsclaw was a Kentuckian who presided over the American consular office at San Marcos, a sun-blistered Mexican town thirty miles back from the river. Cresswell's brother had told us about him as he was making his hurried preparations for departure. He had strongly advised us to consult Holsclaw in any emergency that might arise. He was a rough diamond, but sharp as a tack and anxious to help his compatriots, he assured us. Obviously, our best move was to send for Holsclaw. None of us knew him, but he was the nearest American consul, he had had several years' experience in the country, and he would un-

In the bright moonlight we could see Smith . . . give a few last instructions to Florentino.—Page 107.

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doubtedly know what was best to be done.

"I'll send Florentino over on a pony to San Marcos with a note asking him to come at once," said Cresswell. "Luckily it's full moon. He'll get there by daybreak and Holsclaw ought to be back here by tea-time to-morrow. You can stay with us, can't you, Benson?"

"Yes. My *superintendente* can run things well enough for a few days."

Cresswell went into the office to write the note and was back in a few minutes.

"How will this do?" he asked: "'Dear Holsclaw:—We are in difficulties over here and want your advice badly. It will be the greatest favor if you will accompany the *mozo* bearing this note back to the Hacienda de Princeton. For reasons which we will give you later, we will reserve all further explanations until we see you in person. Yours very truly, John M. Cresswell.'"

"That'll fetch him," said Benson.

"We'll send it to-night by Florentino, and I'll casually mention it so that Smith's suspicions won't be aroused. Shouldn't wonder if he takes fright at your being here, Benson." Cresswell spoke nervously.

Smith did seem to take fright at Benson's advent. He was silent and uneasy-looking all during dinner, and when we adjourned to the *corredor* for our usual evening smoke and concert on the victrola, he, contrary to custom, followed us slowly out and seated himself awkwardly near the table. We knew something was coming, and I confess I was so excited I could hardly light my pipe. I was incapable of a remark. Fortunately, McIlvaine had a readier wit.

"Glad you're coming out to take a pipe with us, Smith," he said with an ease of manner I longed to imitate. And then he turned to Benson. "This must be in your honor, Benson! Smith prefers his own company to ours as a usual thing."

"Well—you see, it is my last evening," said Smith awkwardly, "and I wanted to thank you boys for your hospitality. And you, too, Benson—you sent me over to this delightful Hacienda de Princeton. I'd like to stop on indefinitely, but my time is getting short and I think I'll be moving on in the morning."

I thought no one was ever going to break the strained silence that fell upon us. Cresswell leaned over for a match and cleared his throat.

"We're awfully sorry you don't feel like finishing out your stay with us, Smith," he said finally. "It's really inconvenient having you leave just now. You know, we're still desperately shaky on the Spanish, and, as it happens, we're going to have a guest to-morrow—Holsclaw, the American consul at San Marcos, whom we want to see on a little business. We're sending Florentino over to-night with a note. By the way, it's high time Florentino was starting," and, twisting himself nonchalantly about in his chair, he touched a bell on the table near him. Then he turned back to Smith. "I'd particularly like to have you running things so I could be free to talk business. You'd be doing us a real favor to wait until day after to-morrow."

For a few minutes Smith didn't speak. Finally he looked around, knocked the ashes of his pipe into his hand, and got up slowly.

"All right," he said curtly. "If it will be a convenience to you boys, I'll stay over, although"—he frowned—"I don't particularly care to see visitors. I don't feel well and my clothes are hardly up to the mark." He laughed a little awkwardly. "By the way," he added meditatively, "perhaps you wouldn't mind Florentino's doing an errand or two for me. I'd like him to buy a few shirts and handkerchiefs for me," and he looked down ruefully at the faded and not overly clean linen he wore.

"Of course," said Cresswell hurriedly. "Anything you want, Smith." I agreed by a miserable glance at Cresswell that it was the least we could do for a man whom we were assisting to the electric chair.

"Thank you," he said briefly. "I'll make out a list so the beggar won't forget," and he turned into the office and seated himself at the desk. He was back again just as Florentino appeared around the corner of the house on his favorite mount, the gray donkey Benito.

While Cresswell was giving his instructions to Florentino, Smith lounged down the *corredor* steps and handed his list to

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the Mexican. He mounted the steps slowly and stood for a moment looking after the man as he rode briskly off on Benito.

Suddenly he clapped his hand to his pocket with an exclamation of annoyance.

"I've forgotten to give him any money," he said hurriedly, and plunged down the steps again, shouting loudly to Florentino to stop. He ran across the open ground between the house and the *beneficio* and succeeded in halting the man at the edge of the banana-grove. In the bright moonlight we could see Smith fish up a handful of silver from his pocket, give a few last instructions to Florentino, and then turn back toward the house. In five minutes he was on the *corredor* again and was saying good night. He was off to bed almost before we could reply. After he had gone we just sat there staring uncomfortably at each other for a few minutes.

"We'll have to keep an eye on him to-night," said Benson finally in a low tone. "Better divide up into four watches and see that he doesn't try to escape."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned McIlvaine, "think of 'shadowing' poor Smith!" But he finally acknowledged that in the interests of justice it ought to be done. During the whole night one or the other of us sat, silent and watchful, beside Smith's door.

"I say, Uncle Jack, how'd you come here?"—Page 108.

It was five o'clock the next afternoon when, to our great relief—the task of keeping Smith under surveillance was beginning to get horribly on our nerves—

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Florentino and Holsclaw appeared at the end of the banana-grove and walked their tired ponies up to the side entrance of the *corredor*. We had tea waiting and we welcomed Holsclaw effusively. He looked like a nice fellow and we took to him instantly. But I couldn't see much of the rough-diamond effect that Cresswell's brother had prepared us for. He was short and rather young, perhaps twenty-five or so, and his near-sighted blue eyes looked at us through a pair of glasses with a rather appealing, unworldly gaze. He attracted at the same time that he disappointed me, for I instinctively felt that he would be almost as helpless to cope with the difficult situation as ourselves. Privately, I rather wondered that Cresswell's brother had so highly indorsed his astuteness.

It had been decided to postpone our revelations until after tea, which Smith was to take with us, so that Holsclaw might have a chance to "size" him up with an unprejudiced mind, and as soon as Holsclaw had bathed his dusty face and hands we rang the big bell. McIlvaine had Smith down at the *beneficio*, and in a few minutes we saw them coming up toward the bungalow.

As I saw Smith walking, unconsciously, to his doom a sick feeling came over me. After all, what had the poor fellow ever done to me that I should help hound him to his death? Perhaps his wife had been unbearable. And as for the two children —well, I *had* seen children whom I would almost have enjoyed killing, myself.

"Here come McIlvaine and Smith," said Benson, white as a sheet.

"Yep, here they come." My lips were so dry I could with difficulty articulate.

Little Holsclaw twisted himself about in his wicker chair and peered through the copper screen at the two approaching figures. Suddenly he half-rose in his chair.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "There's Uncle Jack!" and dashing through the screen door he fell upon Smith, who was mounting the steps with McIlvaine.

"I say, Uncle Jack, how'd you come here?" he demanded delightedly, dragging Smith up the remaining steps and into the *corredor*. He looked around at us and beamed.

"Say, boys, is this a surprise?" he queried.

I looked at Cresswell and Benson. "Yes," I said briskly, "it's a surprise."

"I knew Uncle Jack was roaming around here somewhere, but I never expected to come up on him here."

"You know the old saying, 'It's always the unexpected that happens,'" said Cresswell sententiously.

"I say, why didn't you write a fellow?" demanded Holsclaw, grinning at Smith.

"My dear boy, I had intended starting for your place this morning, but these hospitable young men wanted me to stay another day," said Smith patiently. He was such a quiet fellow that Holsclaw's ebullient spirits somewhat jarred on him, I could see.

"By Jove! it's good to see you again," chirruped little Holsclaw. "Sit down and tell me all about the 'old folks at home' and where you've been keeping yourself since you came down here."

Smith looked at his dirty hands—he had been turning over the drying coffee.

"Just wait until I've washed up a bit," he said and passed into the house.

Holsclaw sank into a chair and took the cup of tea Benson had poured for him with trembling hands.

"Gee! I simply can't tell you fellows how glad I am to see Uncle Jack," he murmured between gulps of hot tea. "Best fellow in the world—my mother's brother—professor of Romance languages in Tidewater College—had bad nervous breakdown last spring—went off to recuperate. Came down here a couple of months ago for a tramp trip to pick up information about the native Mexican patois of the isthmus. The doctors said he might do a little work in his line if he'd keep out in the open and give himself a complete rest otherwise—no letters, no talk about himself. I didn't go after him—knew he'd turn up when he had had his rest." He put his cup of tea on the arm of the wicker chair. "Must have seemed rather mysterious to you fellows having a silent stranger drop down on you like that!"

"Mysterious! Not a bit of it!" exclaimed McIlvaine pleasantly. "It's a rare treat to meet a man who doesn't

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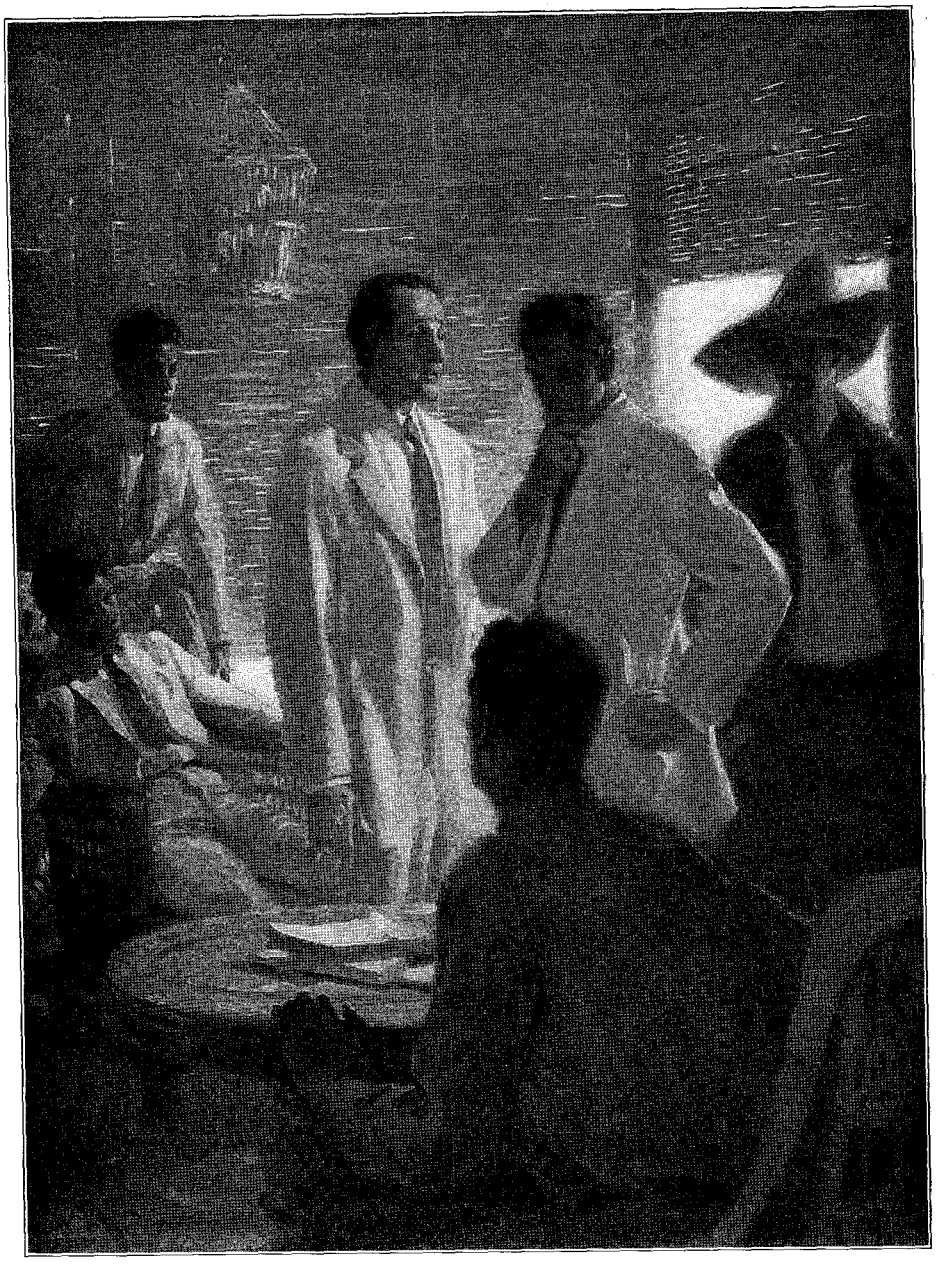

"Hello, Cresswell! I'm devilish glad *you* recognize me. Will you introduce me to your friends?"—Page 111.

babble about himself and his affairs eternally."

"We simply hated to have him go," I said.

"He only spent one night at Tres Rios, but I was so anxious for news of him that I came over yesterday to see if these fellows knew anything of him," put in Benson earnestly.

"There's only one thing I'd like to know—" Cresswell hesitated, and then he leaned forward and laid a hand on Holsclaw's knee. "What's his *real* name?" he asked in a whisper.

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Holsclaw stared. "It's John Smith," he said. "Didn't he tell you? He's one of the famous Smiths of Roahannock, and you'd better not try to josh him about his name, either. He wouldn't like it."

"We wouldn't think of doing such a thing," said Benson warmly. "Some of the fellows at the Tres Rios tried it, and we saw right off he wouldn't stand for it."

"No," said Holsclaw, "he wouldn't stand for it." He turned to Cresswell. "By the way," he said, "what were the difficulties you wanted to consult me about?"

For what seemed to me an interminable time we sat there staring at each other with glassy eyes waiting for some one to rise nobly to the occasion. Suddenly McIlvaine leaned toward Holsclaw.

"My dear fellow," he said confidentially, tapping him on the knee, "we owe you a thousand apologies. The truth is that yesterday we thought we were in the devil of a hole, but since sending for you things have adjusted themselves, the trouble is over, the crisis past. We think it wisest—now that the situation has cleared up—not to discuss it, even with you. You can understand"—he sank his voice to a mysterious whisper—"that it might be better for the hacienda if nothing were known of our internal dissensions——"

Holsclaw blinked earnestly at McIlvaine. "Don't say another word," he murmured sympathetically. "I understand. Least said, soonest mended. Troubles in the management of these haciendas are, unfortunately, of common occurrence. It's a good thing yours have settled themselves. Anyway, my dear fellow, I'd have come twice the distance to see Uncle Jack—the best—sh! here he comes!"

We spent a delightful evening. Smith quite opened up, and we were all sorry when bedtime came, especially as both Smith and Holsclaw had to be off early in the morning. Holsclaw had important business in Coatzacoalcos. He had been on the point of starting for the coast when Florentino had caught him, and begged the favor of being sent down in the motor-launch. He and Smith would get back to San Marcos from Coatzacoalcos when he had finished his business. It was a deucedly inconvenient moment to have to do without Florentino, who combined in his capable self the dual offices of *superintendente* and *maquinista*, and it took two days each way to make the trip, but we were so ashamed of our unjust suspicions, and under so many obligations to Holsclaw for all his trouble, that it seemed, after all, a very small penalty to pay.

It was about a month after this painful episode that Cresswell got a cable from his brother. His syndicate was sending him down to look into some irregularities in regard to the taxes of their hacienda. He would spend a few days with us, so he wired. After the fantastic fashion so characteristic of the leisurely isthmus, the cable had been hung up at Santa Lucrecia for ten days, so that Cresswell appeared at the Hacienda de Princeton hard upon its heels. He was greeted with a welcome that must have warmed the cockles of his heart.

"By the way, I ought to tell you fellows that I wired Holsclaw from Coatzacoalcos to come over here," he said in one of the rare pauses of the conversation that first evening of his arrival. "He'll be along 'bout to-morrow. You can put him up, can't you? Wanted to see him, and, as I've no time to go over to San Marcos, thought I'd get him over here."

Of course we assured him of Holsclaw's welcome and swept on with our questions and talk about everything back in little old New York.

Holsclaw arrived the next morning while I was showing Cresswell's brother our new *secadero*. McIlvaine telephoned over to us to come to the house at once. I thought I detected an excited thrill in Macky's voice, but then Macky was always getting excited about something.

As Cresswell and I got near the *corredor* I saw a tall, angular, middle-aged man, with broad, slightly stooping shoulders, talking to Jack and McIlvaine and Florentino, who were jabbering back at him like monkeys in a cocoanut-grove.

"Who's our friend?" I asked.

Cresswell stared at me. "Why, it's Holsclaw, of course. Who'd you expect?"

I looked at the man again.

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"Not in a thousand years! You need a pair of glasses, Cresswell."

Cresswell gave me another puzzled glare.

"Say, Merrall, what the hell—?" But he left the sentence unfinished as he sprang up the steps and, flinging open the *corredor* door, grabbed the stranger by the arm and gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder.

"Hello, Holsclaw! Tremendously glad to see you! What the deuce—?" He looked apprehensively about him. Macky and Jack had suddenly shut up like clams, and Holsclaw's face was a study in various emotions, amusement, astonishment, and annoyance being the most obvious ones.

"Hello, Cresswell! I'm devilish glad *you* recognize me. Will you introduce me to your friends?" He laughed a little.

Jack touched me on the arm.

"Merrall," he whispered in a gone sort of voice, "*this* is Holsclaw!"

I sat down weakly in a chair. "Tell me all about it," I said.

"Not much to tell," remarked Holsclaw briefly. "I gather from these two gentlemen that you've been entertaining fallen angels unawares. I recognize your visitors perfectly. The elder gentleman is an ex-professor of languages with an unduly developed acquisitiveness in the matter of filthy lucre, and the younger one was, until lately, a moving-picture artist. He's making more in his present line of business, and I expect the risks aren't much bigger.

"Three months ago they held up the San Pedro express and got away with sixty thousand gold. *My* John Smith had been hanging about San Marcos for a couple of months. We left my man at large, but kept an eye on him, hoping to catch his partner—knew the two of 'em would get together sooner or later. We thought if we made it real cosey and pleasant at San Marcos they'd make their rendyvoo there, see? I didn't count on the superior attractions of the Hacienda de Princeton and you being so helpful and polite as to give 'em a swift get-away in a motor-launch.

"I sholy did hate to lose Smith—he was an uncommon nice fellow. Played a first-rate hand of poker, too." Holsclaw sighed reminiscently and regretfully. "And, after all, the San Pedro's a long way off, and an American consul has the devil of a lonely time down here in mañana-land."

"But how in thunder—?" began Cresswell.

A light broke in on me. I turned to Florentino. "What did Smith say to you that night you started for San Marcos and he ran after you to give you money?" I demanded.

"Señor Smith he give me letter for his brother, Señor Smith, Calle Cadena. He tell me that señores have change their minds and that I was *not* to go to American consul, but to Señor Smith's brother, and give him *both* letters."

"And you believed him?" I shouted.

"Como non, señor?" demanded Florentino with an aggrieved lifting of the eyebrows. "Señor Smith, was he not the *amigo* of the young señores? How should Florentino suspect things the intelligent señores did not suspect?" He waved away the unthinkable suggestion with a deprecatory sweep of his sombrero.

"Why, indeed?" I assented inwardly.

"Did you see Señor Smith's brother?" demanded Cresswell.

"But certainly not," replied Florentino patiently. "I give letters to *mozo* at Señor Smith's door. I see nothing until señor joins us who say he is American consul going to see young señores."

There didn't seem to be anything more to be said. Holsclaw reminded us, though, that there was something more to be done.

"It's a mighty dry ride over from San Marcos," he said.

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YOUNG ALLYN'S SIXTH SENSE

By Lee Foster Hartman

Illustrations by Monte Crews

WHEN the Molesby affair—or *débâcle*, or whatever such an astounding swindle is to be termed—spread its scandal through New York it became at once a subject of animated discussion from Wall Street, where Molesby had obtained most of his financial backing, to the zone of clubs around Forty-fourth Street, where his irreproachable letters of introduction, brought from London, had procured him an easy entrée. In the smoking-room of the "Gregorian" the talk was in full swing. The afternoon papers, with their broad head-lines heralding the astounding disclosure of the fraud, lay scattered upon the tables; the voices of Morrison, Duckworth, and half a dozen others were pitched high in argument, for, though the fraud was now manifest, the affair had its mystifying phases upon which no two seemed to agree. Of the group of disputants, Professor Fordyce alone remained a silent listener, in fact, quite ignored by the others. One hardly expected from the distinguished Orientalist any pertinent comment on this unparalleled piece of imposture in the annals of twentieth-century finance.

The discussion, apparently, had veered to young Allyn's part in the affair—or rather his non-participation, for it was Allyn who at the very outset, when Molesby and his sister, Lady Constance, had first arrived in New York, had been strongly impressed by the English promoter and quite captivated by the artful Lady Constance. The Englishman and his sister were on their way to New Zealand, where the great Molesby scheme was already in its preliminary stages of development. There was a railroad and bridges to be built, mines to be developed, a whole treasure land to be thrown open to civilization's need.

It had, indeed, seemed young Allyn's chance. He was to have a place on the engineering staff in charge of the vast project, and some portion of the Allyn millions—held on his uncle's side of the family, for Roger Allyn hadn't a penny of his own—was to be put at his command. It was as good as settled, at least so the gossip had run at the time in Wall Street. Several of the down-town banking-houses had already lent their backing, and then—abruptly—young Allyn had dropped completely out of it. Instead, he had accepted what seemed by contrast a most indifferent commission and gone to Mexico. He had slipped away, pleading the urgency of his task, and his friends could only wonder at this complete change of face. Frobisher Allyn, his uncle, whose millions were to have participated in the Molesby enterprise, could only shake his head and reassure those who were close enough to him to inquire, that it was the boy's own decision, and that the money would have been forthcoming if his nephew had wanted it.

Now that the truth of the fiasco was revealed, after eight months of slowly gathering rumors, one naturally reverted to the fortunate escape young Allyn had had from the disaster.

"Luck—sheer luck," Duckworth ended emphatically, epitomizing in these words the conclusion of his argument.

"A long-headed youngster—like his uncle," interposed Morrison, who cherished the belief, which the career of Frobisher Allyn had made almost a tradition, that an Allyn was wise beyond the comprehension of most mortals in the safe investing of his money. "You can call it a sixth sense, if you like; but it's in the Allyn blood—never to put eggs in the wrong basket."

Duckworth, wholly unconvinced, shook his head. He had been "bled" by Molesby to a pretty figure—how much, we could only surmise, for Duckworth was not the man to whimper over his losses. "Luck, I tell you," he repeated. "Bur-

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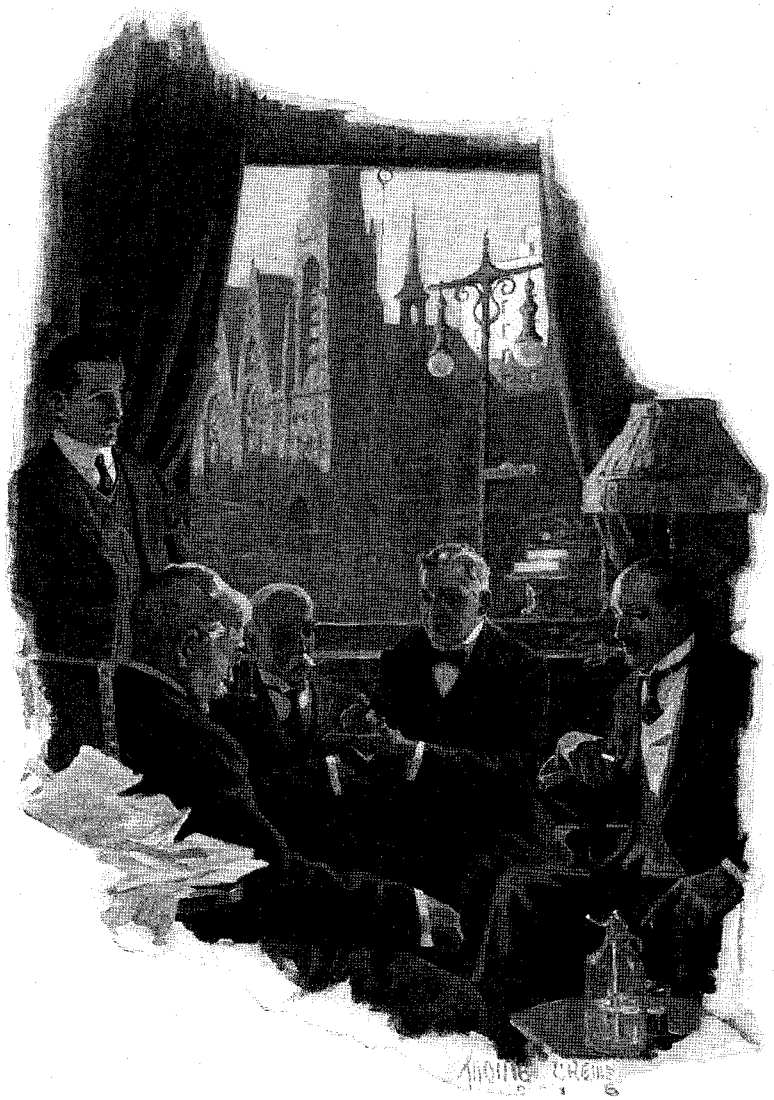
gess here, and you, and myself—all old hands at the game—fall for this thing head over heels. Young Allyn—not three years out of engineering school—

bristled up indignantly, at once in arms for Allyn. "You can't tell me that! Why, the very fact that he didn't warn any of us—didn't try to frighten us off—



In the smoking-room of the "Gregorian" the talk was in full swing.—Page 112.

walks further into the trap than any of us, turns around, and walks out. Sheer luck."

"He must have suspected—got wind of something," put in Burgess cynically.

"And not have told us?" Duckworth

is proof enough for me that he knew nothing himself. He couldn't have known anything; his silence at the time proves it."

Duckworth's words evoked a murmur of assent. It certainly was not like young

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Allyn, if he had had an inkling of the true character of Molesby's scheme, to have served his friends in such shabby fashion. The reason, if reason there was, for his unaccountable action must lie elsewhere.

"Wasn't he quite taken with—Lady Constance?" asked Braintree a little pointedly.

"Humph," said Duckworth with a shrug. "I think I get your implication. You would have us believe that he made love to her and was turned down. She was far too clever to do that. Trust that charming and accomplished creature to get young Allyn and his uncle's money safe in Molesby's clutches before breaking his heart."

"Right," chimed in Morrison. "She was girlish and fetching, but I've a notion she furnished her share of the brains in that nefarious partnership with her brother—if Molesby *was* her brother," he added cynically.

"In any case, I'm certain young Allyn didn't lose his head over her," Duckworth persisted.

"On *that* point his silence wouldn't be proof," put in Morrison, and there was a general laugh in which Duckworth goodnaturedly joined.

The latter rose to his feet. "It was a case of sheer luck, I tell you. You can ask young Allyn himself when he turns up again."

There was a general movement toward breaking up, for the subject seemed to have involved itself into hopeless conjecture. Morrison and Braintree moved off toward the bar; Duckworth, turning to go, passed the couch where Professor Fordyce was still seated. The latter put out a detaining hand.

"I have had a letter from Roger Allyn," he announced—"young Allyn, as you all call him. He is sailing from Tampico this week."

Duckworth's face showed his frank pleasure at the news. "I'm glad to hear that. He's well out of Mexico as things look now. By the way"—Duckworth glimpsed an idea—"he was something of a protégé of yours. Perhaps you can throw some light on this riddle we've all been discussing."

Professor Fordyce smiled and slowly shook his head. "Really, I am as much in the dark as any of you, more so, in fact. The ways of the business world to—to a recluse like myself, you know, are quite unfathomable. Roger and I are close friends, but he confided to me nothing in regard to his sudden change of plans—which now proves to have been a most fortunate escape."

"Well," laughed Duckworth, and he turned to go, "the riddle remains. We shall have to wait and ask the young man himself."

Professor Fordyce watched him walk away, then sprang up and with a few hurried steps overtook Duckworth. "It might interest you to know—I went along with Allyn to call on the Molesbys the very day he decided to go into the New Zealand undertaking. Roger had signed some sort of contract—an agreement to Molesby's proposals in detail—and was to give it to him."

Duckworth regarded the Orientalist with fresh interest and surprise. "You don't mean to say that he had actually gone so far as that?"

"It was the final step, so he told me. He was all enthusiasm for the project, and then—well, we were in Molesby's apartments the better part of an hour. There were a number of other callers—Lady Constance was serving tea—and naturally it rather balked any business discussion. But I was suddenly aware that Allyn had gone—somehow, he had slipped away without my noticing it."

The eager questions pressing to Duckworth's lips were stayed by the abrupt return of Braintree and Morrison, who laid hold upon him without ceremony to make up a table at auction. Duckworth, although disappointed at being cut short with Professor Fordyce, allowed himself to be led off to the card-room. But his curiosity had been piqued, and as he watched the dealing of the first hand he mentally resolved to renew his talk with Professor Fordyce at the very first chance. The latter's meagre recital seemed to make the affair all the more cryptic, but a little artful prodding of the professor's memory might yield some details of that afternoon at Molesby's which to Duckworth would prove significant.

Several days passed, but to Duck-

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worth's disappointment Professor Fordyce failed to turn up again at the "Gregorian." Finally, piqued by various conjectures which his restless mind continued to formulate, he determined to seek the professor out. He wanted to hear in detail the whole story of that afternoon at Molesby's, even if it furnished no further enlightenment. Cancelling an engagement with Braintree for the evening, he took his way up-town to the grandiose apartment-house where Fordyce dwelt.

He found the professor—in his "lair," as the latter described it with a laugh and deprecatory sweep of his arm toward the strange *penetralia* in which he lived. Coming in from the garish electric lights and marble flagging of the corridor, it seemed to Duckworth as if he had been suddenly transported to some Buddhist temple in the Far East. Two or three shaded lamps diffused a subdued glow, but beyond the circles of their soft radiance the room was filled with shadows, out of which loomed fantastic images—faintly gleaming bronzes, Chinese porcelains. Oriental tapestries covered the walls; thick curtains half screened mysterious alcoves; inlaid furniture, strangely wrought and of bizarre design, completed the exotic ensemble. Rows of books, dimly visible in the library beyond, alone marred the illusion of the Far East.

It was Duckworth's first invasion of Professor Fordyce's quarters. Coming quite unheralded, and upon an errand frankly inquisitive, his diffidence was mingled with abrupt surprise at the strangeness of the place. Fordyce, garbed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous coloring and rich fabric, above which his white beard depended, might have been some high-caste Brahmin whose seclusion Duckworth had rudely violated. But he was instantly put at ease by the other's cordial welcome.

"If you can adjust yourself to any of these contraptions—" Fordyce indicated the odd-looking teak-wood chairs after relieving Duckworth of his coat and hat. "But perhaps you'll find that divan more comfortable." He returned with a box of cigars which he offered to his guest.

Duckworth settled himself in a corner

"These cups . . . are said to possess a miraculous power."—Page 117.

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among the cushions and lighted his cigar. "I had no idea one could live in Asia and still keep his residence in New York," he ventured to observe.

"I've rather overdone it, I fancy," replied Fordyce. "But in my line of study one accumulates things of this sort almost unconsciously. And I'm undeniably fond of them. Some of them have a value and most of them a story; but that's not the story you're interested in, is it?" Fordyce's eyes shrewdly searched his guest with a twinkle of comprehension.

Duckworth confessed at once. "It *is* that—that queer business about Allyn. I'm sorry we were interrupted the other afternoon at the club, for I was greatly interested in what you were in the midst of telling me."

"But I think I had told you everything," mused Fordyce. "After all, there was really nothing I had to tell—nothing beyond the mere fact that I was a witness—quite without realizing it—of what now seems Allyn's unfathomable conduct."

"But something must have happened—to make him take himself off that way," persisted Duckworth.

Fordyce, gently stroking his beard, reflected, then shook his head. "There was nothing, I am quite sure. It is very strange. The boy was so eager to get to Molesby's that day and clinch the bargain. He fairly dragged me after him. You see, he had burst in here on me quite early in the afternoon. He was so full of Molesby's scheme that he simply couldn't stop talking about it. He fairly overwhelmed me with all sorts of financial and engineering details rattled off in his technical jargon. In his enthusiasm he forgot that I was utterly incapable of understanding a quarter of what he was talking about. Of course, I listened, and with interest, too, for I have always been fond of Roger Allyn, as I was fond of his father. But my interest was that of Age watching Youth jubilantly preparing to strike out for itself, gathering itself for the first real plunge into life's stream. . . . Did you happen to know Molesby?" Fordyce asked abruptly.

A wry smile crossed the visitor's face. "Slightly—to my sorrow."

"It's extraordinary how he could have obtained such an array of credentials from people of repute. He was a collector, too, in a small way. That was how I happened to meet him. You could even say"—Fordyce smiled dryly—"that Molesby and I have something in common, whereas Roger Allyn and I are as far apart as the poles. Molesby had picked up one or two things in the East that interested me considerably. I am ashamed to say that one of his treasures I admired altogether too much, or rather too openly, for a day or so later it was sent up here with his compliments scrawled on his card. It quite stunned me, but I couldn't well send it back—refuse a gift proferred in that lavish, unheard-of fashion. There it stands now at your elbow."

Duckworth turned uncertainly toward a small table, flanking the divan, upon which were half a dozen small cups of porcelain decorated with a bizarre pattern in dull blue and gold. Their age and Oriental origin were evident, but to Duckworth's eye they seemed unimpressive enough.

"Antiques—eh? I must say, though, they look like what you might pick up any day in a second-hand shop."

Fordyce relished the blunt, straightforward comment. "That is precisely what Roger Allyn said about them. You see, it was the afternoon that he dragged me along with him to Molesby's that I first saw these cups—they're Arabian coffee-cups, by the way, dating back to the sixteenth century. And Molesby told us a curious tale that has been handed down with them. It's really more interesting than the cups themselves. I must tell it to you."

Duckworth inwardly groaned, for the conversation had slipped into the one channel which he had feared and hoped to avoid, but he manfully prepared to be bored, awaiting his opportunity to get back to the subject of Allyn's strange conduct.

"It's very brief," Fordyce went on, as if divining in some measure his guest's reflections. "You've doubtless read that coffee-drinking even to this day in some parts of Arabia can be a very hazardous form of hospitality to accept. If your host is secretly of a mind to get rid of

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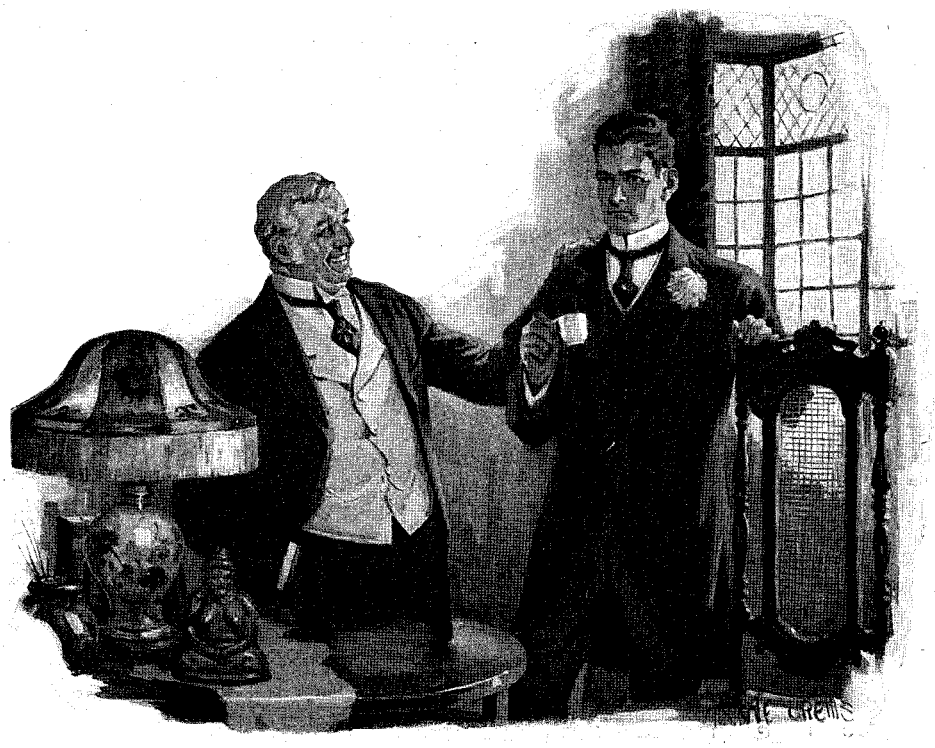
you, he invites you to his tent, and you cannot refuse the ceremonial cup of coffee—although you are naturally wondering whether it contains poison or not. And the only way to find out is to drink it—and the laws of hospitality compel you to down the stuff. A rather suave and gentle

"And is one to believe that?" demanded Duckworth.

"Well—" said Fordyce, and paused. His eyes lifted from the cup in his hands and quizzically regarded his guest. "The fact remains that in spite of the intrigues and conspiracies that were incessantly



"'Well, my boy . . . are we to count you in?'"—Page 120.

way of committing murder, don't you think?"

Duckworth shrugged his shoulders. "If I lived in Arabia I'd follow my physician's advice and give up coffee."

Fordyce laughed. He went over to the table and took up one of the cups, turning it over gently in his slender, sensitive fingers. "Well, the Sultan of Rashadin was spared that alternative which you propose. According to the story, these cups were a gift to him at the time he ascended the throne. They are said to possess a miraculous power. If so much as a drop of poison is put into one of them the cup will instantly fly to pieces."

plotted against him, the Sultan of Rashadin reigned for nearly sixty years and died a natural death in old age. You must admit that speaks well for the coffee-cups, doesn't it?"

"It's not a bad yarn," conceded Duckworth, regarding the cups with vague interest. "You don't use them, I suppose?"

Fordyce lifted his hands at the thought of the profanation. "No, indeed, but I am sorry to say Lady Constance did pour tea with them, and Molesby permitted her. After all, he could not have been a man of much taste. To me it was like a desecration."

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There was a ring at the hall door of the apartment, followed by the soft steps of Fordyce's man going to answer it. A brief exchange of words could be heard—the quick, eager inquiry of the newcomer, then a heavy stride into the room.

It was Roger Allyn.

Fordyce, with a little gasp of surprise, was instantly on his feet and shaking hands with the big-framed youth. His face was deeply tanned from his months of exposure in the open, which a week of gray skies and sheltered indolence upon the vessel home had done little to temper. His movements had the easy swing and vigor born of a life spent out-of-doors.

"Hoped I might find you in and surprise you. Just landed a couple of hours ago. . . . Hello, Duckworth, how are you? This is luck to find you here, too."

Duckworth shook hands. "Congratulations, old man," he said tersely.

"How so?"

"On getting out of Mexico alive. It's something of a feat in these days."

Allyn coolly shrugged his broad shoulders. "Oh, I'm going back again. The job's a big one—bigger than I expected. . . . Well, you do look cosey here." He glanced familiarly around the room, with a pleasure bred of long absence in an alien clime. He drew a cigarette-case from his pocket and dropped down into a chair. "Tell me—what's the news? There must be volumes of it. I've seen just three newspapers in the last eight months, and they were Spanish at that and weeks out of date."

"There's a new chef at the 'Gregorian,'" replied Duckworth, tendering the intelligence that loomed largest in his thoughts at the moment.

"Glad to know it," said Allyn. "I'll drop around. How is all the old crowd—and, by the way, how is that New Zealand project of Molesby's panning out? Are you all millionaires yet?"

Duckworth elevated his chin and blew a thin stream of smoke toward the ceiling. "Not so that you could notice it."

"Slow going, eh?" queried the engineer. "Well, of course, you can hardly expect much of a showing inside of a couple of years——"

"Oh, we've had a showing, all right," grumbled Duckworth.

Allyn seemed perplexed. "Just what do you mean?"

Duckworth gave a little shrug of his shoulders. "We may get back a cent or two on the dollar."

"What!" exclaimed Allyn in amazement.

"The thing was crooked from top to bottom. Just at present the police are hunting for Molesby."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Allyn. He had jumped up from his chair, and he now strode the length of the room as if struggling to realize the enormity of the revelation.

In the interval Duckworth and Fordyce exchanged glances. They both scanned Allyn with interest when he returned to where they sat.

"Do you really mean it?" he demanded again of Duckworth.

"Blaine, Robertson & Company have assigned."

"Molesby didn't get you into it, did he?" asked Allyn, turning anxiously to the older man.

"No," said Fordyce, "but I fear many of your friends have lost money."

"How about you, Duckworth?"

"Oh, yes, I'm stung; but I'll survive it. *You* were the lucky chap, Allyn."

The young engineer thrust his hands deep into his pockets and frowningly studied the design of the ancient rug at his feet. "So it seems," he muttered half absently.

Duckworth was disappointed. He waited in vain for Allyn to continue, then ventured a different cue. "You've made a profound impression on Morrison by what he calls your long-headed business instinct. He was speaking of it the other day at the club. He declares it's in the Allyn blood——"

"Oh, nonsense," cut in Allyn shortly. He sat down heavily in his chair, propping his chin in his hands, and resumed his moody contemplation of the rug. After a few moments, without looking up, he suddenly asked: "What became of Lady Con—of Molesby's sister?"

Fordyce and Duckworth again exchanged glances. "So," thought Duckworth in surprise, "the wind was in that quarter, after all." He recalled Braintree's cynical conjecture which he had

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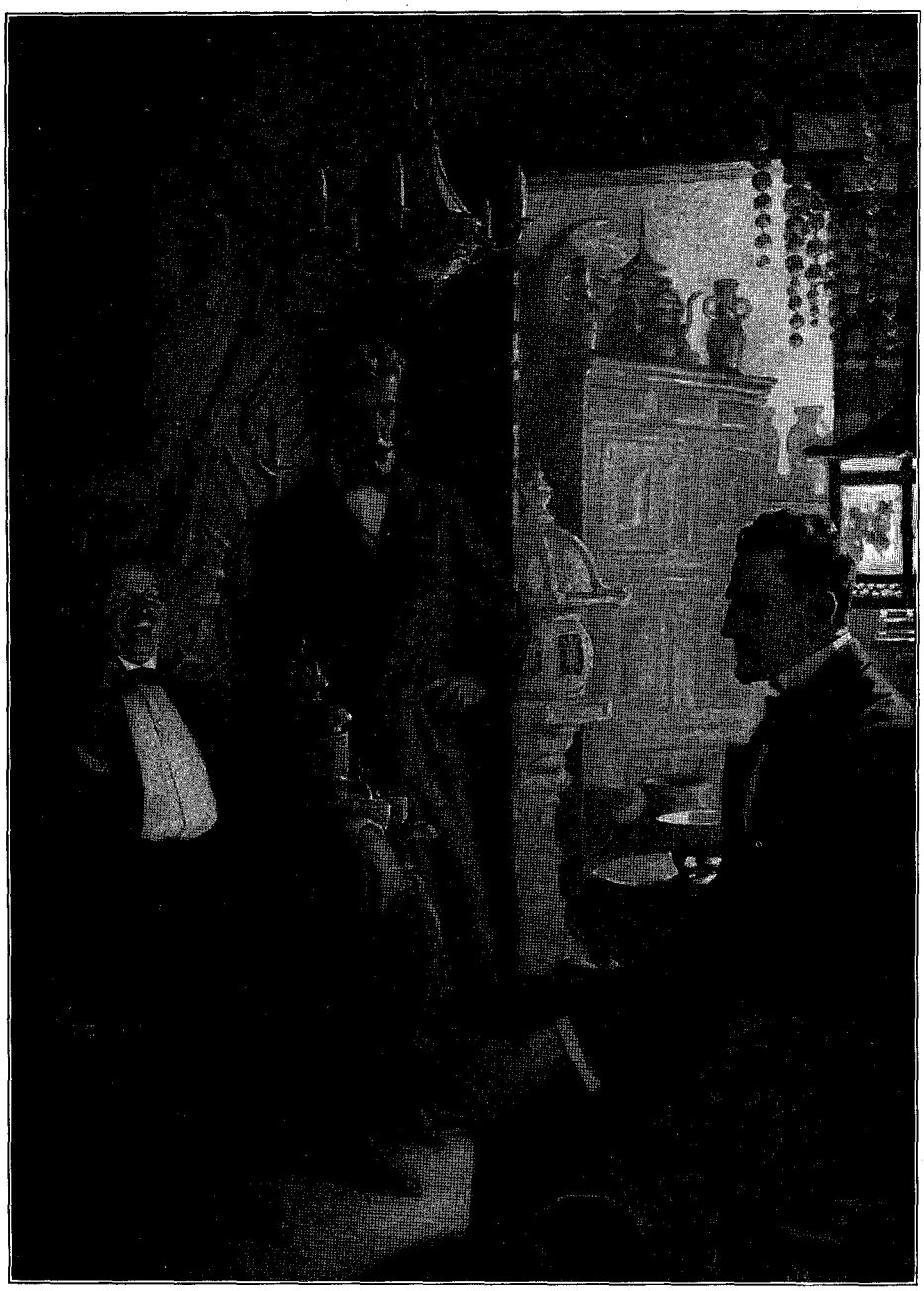

"*You,* Allyn—of all persons—taking fright like that!"—Page 121.

promptly combated. Well, if true, it would be easy, although perhaps brutal, to make Allyn wince. "*Was* she his sister?" Duckworth queried aloud. "That's what we're all asking each other now."

"I give it up," said Allyn indifferently.

The thrust, clearly, had not struck home. His perplexity, whatever it was, must lie in some other direction. He seemed about to speak further; then ir-

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resolution closed over him again. There was another silence, broken by his springing restlessly from his chair. "I've a great notion to tell you something. You'll laugh, of course. . . ." In his indecision his eyes rested vacantly upon the table at Duckworth's elbow where stood the coffee-cups of the Sultan of Rashadin. Suddenly his gaze sharpened; he strode over to the table.

"Why, this looks like—" He turned questioningly to Fordyce. "I'd swear these were the very cups Molesby showed us that day at his apartments."

"They are," said Fordyce.

"How in the world——?"

"A gift from him," explained Fordyce. "I was just telling Mr. Duckworth the legend about them when you came in."

"It sounded like the thousand and second Arabian night," said Duckworth. "Still, I suppose that old nabob, the——"

"Sultan of Rashadin," prompted Fordyce.

"I suppose he got no end of comfort drinking out of his coffee-cups because of that yarn about them. A drop of poison put into one of them and it flies to pieces. Comforting thought, no doubt, in his time. It beats me, though"—Duckworth shrugged his shoulders—"how any one even in those days could be so gullible."

Fordyce made a gesture of dissent. "It's never easy to understand the mental attitude of a race not only alien to us but centuries distant. Of course, you young, hard-headed men of affairs smile at this legend and at the idea of any one being credulous enough to believe it——"

"I didn't smile," said Allyn a little doggedly.

"What!" burst out Duckworth jeeringly. "You surely don't believe——"

"No, of course not." Allyn cut him short. "But I can readily understand how the Sultan of Rashadin in his day might have had implicit faith in the magic power of those cups."

"Well, how?" demanded the literal Duckworth.

"Why—by just having it," retorted Allyn. "Can't you understand that?"

Duckworth shook his head. "No, I can't—nor you, either. And, on second thoughts, I've a notion the Sultan of Rashadin wasn't such a superstitious simpleton as you want to make him out to be. I'll wager that the old rascal merely smiled up his sleeve at the story, solemnly thanked the chap that had given him the cups, and then forgot all about it."

Allyn stubbornly shook his head. "You're all wrong, Duckworth. Why, I *know*—just how the Sultan of Rashadin must have felt about those cups."

"Oh, you do, do you?" jeered Duckworth.

The words seemed to nettle Allyn.

"Look here—I'm going to tell you something, and you, Duckworth, can laugh if you want to. That afternoon Professor Fordyce and I went to Molesby's together I had fully decided to close with him and go into that New Zealand scheme. Molesby was showing us these cups and telling the story to the rest of the crowd, and then Lady Constance took a notion to serve tea in them. It seemed a silly thing to do, but Molesby let her. She poured me out a cup after one or two of the others had been served. It seemed my chance at last to get in a private word with Molesby and tell him I had decided to go into the deal. I took the cup from Lady Constance and stepped across the room to where Molesby was standing.

"'Well, my boy,' he began in that suave, slow voice of his, 'are we to count you in?' And before I could answer he went on in his usual fulsome strain. It was the chance of a lifetime . . . once I took the plunge . . . money and brains—that was all that was needed. . . . I was fortunate to have both to put in . . . for me there would be a double profit. Then he put his hand confidentially on my shoulder and, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, he said:

"'I want to tell you something further—quite between ourselves. I've had fresh cables from Auckland. There's a bigger fortune awaiting you in this project than even I let myself dream of. You are facing—literally—the chance of a lifetime.'

"I was lifting the cup to my lips as he spoke, when suddenly there was a faint click. The cup had cracked in my hand, and at the same instant that story of their miraculous power flashed back into my mind. It ran through me like a shiver in the thousandth part of a second, just

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as that crack—from brim to bottom—had run down the side of the cup.

"Of course, it was the hot tea that had done it; but the legend—I can't describe its uncanny, sickening effect on me. It was just as if I had been the Sultan of Rashadin and those smooth, coaxing words of Molesby—like so many thick drops of oil—had fallen into the cup that I was lifting to my lips.

"I set it down untasted, and I remember stammering some vague reply to Molesby, who had meanwhile gone on talking and hadn't noticed what had happened. I felt unutterably foolish—it was so idiotic; and yet—I couldn't get away from the weird sensation of Molesby's words literally falling into that cup—and that the words were poison, for the cup had cracked as he uttered them.

"I went back and made some brainless joke to Lady Constance. The tea was too hot, I had to explain to her. I would drink it presently. But I didn't. I couldn't. That old Arab tale had simply paralyzed me, and Molesby's words were now re-echoing themselves in my ears in the most sinister way. Presently I saw a chance to get away unnoticed, and I bolted.

"Out in the open air, my head seemed to clear. I walked a dozen blocks cursing myself for being a ridiculous, superstitious fool. I had the agreement all signed in my pocket to give to Molesby, and there I was running away for no reason but that some infernally hot tea had cracked that beastly cup while he was talking—there with his hand on my shoulder, sketching a wonderful future for me in the most roseate way. If only the cup hadn't cracked just then! But it had. And that cold shiver that went through me—holding that cursed ancient thing in my hands! Damned silly coincidence, I told myself. But the fact of it gripped me. Everything that Molesby had said was now distorted by it into something vaguely hideous and menacing. It was that haunting tale of the cups working on me in spite of myself. I couldn't drive it out of my mind. I walked faster and faster, and in my vain efforts to shake my thoughts clear of the grewsome thing I actually broke into a sweat. Molesby and his whole scheme had become abhorrent to me. It wasn't so much that I distrusted it—I simply couldn't endure longer the thought of having anything to do with it."

Allyn ended and dropped down into his chair. He regarded his listeners a little shamefacedly. "You can understand now why I didn't—how I couldn't—explain to any of you at the time why I was chucking Molesby's proposition."

For a moment there was complete silence as the three men faced each other. Then Duckworth, leaning back among the cushions, broke into laughter.

"*You*, Allyn—of all persons—taking fright like that!" He was convulsed with merriment. "Say, you *would* have created a sensation—coming into the club with *that* story! Don't worry—I shall never give it away. But to think—an Allyn!—actually scared out by a thing like that!" He was immensely tickled.

Allyn, glumly watching him, at length broke in upon his teasing mirth.

"Laugh away—you're such a wise one," he retorted. "But, for all you know, the Sultan of Rashadin may have been right."

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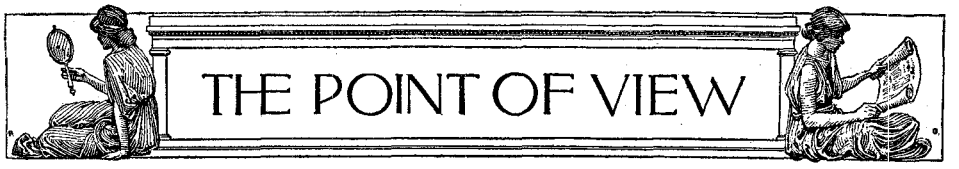

YOU may recall that Mr. Ezra Barkley acquired a great reputation for learning by imparting to the spinsters of Old Chester such astonishing facts as the approximate number of roe contained in a shad. His sister-in-law, in her ignorance, supposed there were only two hundred! Ezra also knew who first kept bees, and many other important things, usually of a statistical nature. I cannot recall that Mrs. Deland has told us where Ezra acquired his erudition, and I used at one time to wonder. But now I know. He read the "grape-vine" in the first editions of our daily papers.

"Grape-Vine" Erudition

Perhaps you don't know what "grape-vine" is? I rejoice in my newly acquired ability to tell you. It is the name given by newspaper men to the jokes and squibs and bits of information clipped by the busy exchange reader, and put into type, making short paragraphs of varying lengths, which are dropped in at the bottom of a column to fill up the vacant space when the need arises. This need most often arises in preparing the first edition, the one which catches the early trains for the country. By the time the city edition goes to press sufficient news of battles, carnage, and sudden death, of politics and stock exchanges, has been prepared to fill every inch of available space. The city reader, therefore, sees little of this "grape-vine." Thus we have a new argument for country life.

I am now a resident of the country, one hundred and fifty miles removed from New York and as far from Boston; and I am by way of becoming nearly as erudite as Ezra Barkley. I am, indeed, almost bewildered with the mass of information I am acquiring. This morning I read a column about the European war, all of which I have now forgotten. But how can I ever forget the two lines of "grape-vine" at the very bottom which filled out an otherwise vacant quarter inch? I am permanently a wiser man.

"Many Filipino women catch and sell fish for a living."

Amid a world at war, too, how peaceful and soothing is this tabloid idyl of piscatorial toil!

After the acquisition of this morsel of learning I set diligently to work on the day's papers, both the morning editions and those "evening" editions which come to us here by a train leaving the city early in the afternoon, to see how much erudition I could accumulate in one sun's span. I think you of the cities will be astonished. I was myself. In a few weeks I shall read the encyclopædia advertisements with scorn instead of longing. For instance, I have learned that "A new tooth-brush is cylindrical and is revolved against the teeth by a plunger working through its spirally grooved handle." Obviously, just the implement for boys interested in motor-cars (as all boys are). They will play they are grinding valves and run joyously to brush their teeth.

I have learned that "In the last five years our national and State lawmaking bodies have passed 62,550 laws." The surprising thing about this information is that the number is so small!

I have learned that "Russia has ten thousand lepers, taken care of by twenty-one institutions."

I have acquired these valuable bits of ornithological lore: "The frigate-bird is capable of getting up a speed of ninety-six miles an hour with hardly a movement of its wings. The greater part of its life is spent in the air." "The swallow has a larger mouth in proportion to its size than any other bird."

I have, from the bottom of a single column, gleaned these three items of incalculable value: "By harnessing a fly to a tiny wagon an English scientist found it could draw one hundred and seventy times its own weight over smooth surfaces."

"Missouri last year produced 195,634 tons of lead, a fairly heavy output."

"The United States has five hundred and seventeen button-factories."

The New York *Times* staggers me with this statistical bit: "One Paris motion-picture plant produces an average of three million feet of films weekly." (This strikes me as a kind of "French frightfulness.")

The New York *Evening Post* contributes to my welfare and domestic comfort this

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item: "Both an electric range and a refrigerator are included in a new kitchen cabinet, but are hidden from view by doors when not in use."

I am certainly a wiser man for knowing that "The Mexican seacoast on the Pacific and the Gulf of California is 4,575 miles." And I am at least interested in the fact that "An Englishman has invented a cover for hatchways on vessels that operates on the principle of a roll-top desk." If this hatchway operates on the principle of the only roll-top desk I ever possessed, God help the poor sailors when the storm breaks!

Such items as these disclose to me the extent of my previous ignorance:

"Bolivia is producing about one-third of the world's output of tin."

"Records disclose that for several centuries an infusion of nutgalls treated with sulphate of iron composed the only known ink."

"The first job held by William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, was that of a newsboy selling the Macon *Morning Telegraph*. His next job was that of a farm laborer."

"There are 2,500,000 freight-cars in the country, and their average life is somewhere about twenty years."

"Since gold was discovered in the Auckland province, in 1852, there has been exported from that district gold to the value of $116,796,000."

I should, to be sure, be more completely educated if I could find somewhere, under the sporting news, or at the base of the obituaries, a statement of where Auckland is. But perhaps that information will come to-morrow.

Well, I have presented here only a tithe of the knowledge I have to-day gleaned from the daily press, that hitherto (by me, at least) underestimated institution. I haven't stated that I now know who first used anthracite coal as a fuel, and when. You don't know that, I am sure. Neither do you know how many acres of corn were planted in England and Wales in 1915 and 1916, nor how many government employees there were in France before the war, nor that "A bundle of fine glass threads forms a new ink-eraser."

However, I must share with you my choicest acquisition. It seems little less than a crime to keep such knowledge from the world at large, to bury it at the bottom of a column on the ninth page of the first edition of the Springfield *Republican*. So I rewrite it here. For oral delivery, I shall save it till some caller comes whom I particularly desire to impress. Then, with all the Old World courtesy of Mr. Ezra Barkley, I shall offer this guest a chair, and as I do so I shall remark, with the careless casualness of the truly erudite: "Guatemala has only one furniture-factory. It employs a hundred and fifty men."

"Current Events"

"YES," says the dentist to whom one takes one's child, "the second teeth are coming in very crooked. The jaw is undeveloped for want of chewing. You see, children's food is so carefully prepared nowadays—meat minced up fine, soft cereals, soft vegetables, soft everything. As to the remedy—well, let the child chew gum for an hour or so every day. No development without work."

On the way home, reflecting with distaste on the prescription of the despised and forbidden chewing-gum, one meets a friend and stops to tell her.

"How horrid!" says the friend. "So sorry I have to hurry, but I'm late for my Current Events class." She waves a farewell with her knitting-bag as she hurries away.

Her "Current Events class"! Now, why, in heaven's name, does she need to go to a class to learn about current events? Later, I ask her the question. "Why," say I, "we are living current events. We are going through the most tremendous period in the world's history—and you and a lot of other women take your knitting and go once a week to be told about it! Don't you read the newspapers? Don't you hear all the talk and take part in it?"

"Oh," she replies, "but one hasn't time to read everything. And Professor Blank is so interesting. And it's a great thing to get an expert summary—and the right point of view. It's really a great help."

"A great help to get it all nicely prepared—minced up small, like the children's food. I dare say it's a help—to a lazy mind. And you a suffragist!"

"All the more," she retorts, "one has to keep up with things intelligently."

It is useless to argue, but what, I say to myself hotly, what about learning to read and select and think and decide? What about exercising the muscles of one's mind? Not but what the Current Events class

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might be a very good institution if only the right kind of people attended it. But these ladies with their knitting are not the right people. They are the ones who, when a cooking expert comes along with her course of lectures, buy the tickets and send their cooks to take the course. Doesn't it ever occur to them that it would be even more to the point to send their cooks and their nurses and their housemaids to the class in Current Events? Those are the women who have neither the time nor the trained intelligence to get hold of things by the right end. Moreover, with as good fundamental principles as their employers, they may actually fail to realize what it means to sell their vote. A Colorado woman said to me that she didn't care to vote, but her husband made her do it in order to offset the cook, who got ten dollars for *her* vote. It did not occur to either of us that the cook was particularly wicked, only ignorant. And the women who are ignorant far outnumber the women who are not, which, of course, is an argument against the suffrage. But if the suffrage has come, why not send your servants to the Current Events class, even if you should have to stay at home and perhaps do their work for that morning? It wouldn't, to be sure, be as amusing as going with your friends to hear the interesting professor or the talented lady lecturer, but, besides the good work of educating the ignorant, one might possibly learn to think for oneself. The wisdom-teeth might find room to grow.

The Passing of the Penny

AN inquiring sunbeam danced over my shoulder and settled upon an obscure announcement in the morning paper: "The penny is a coin practically unknown beyond the Rocky Mountains and is rapidly vanishing in the East and South."

I am old enough to remember the passing of many things—the picket fence, the parlor, and lastly poetry, but the passing of the penny is more poignant than these. Even as I sat pondering what America might become without this most provident of coins the truth of my fears was brought home to my rocking-chair. My maid entered, announcing:

"The buttermilk man ain't got no brownies to make change."

"Brownies?" I questioned in surprise.

"Please, ma'am, I mean pennies," my Dinah corrected herself.

I rose in alarm. Surely the penny was vanishing if even the buttermilk man did not possess one. I looked hastily into my purse; I too possessed no "brownies," and on inquiry none of my friends could lend me the little coin I sought.

Weeks have gone by since I was first awakened to the passing of the penny. Not once but many times has the buttermilk man lacked "brownies," and at each recurrent search of my own pocketbook I have felt new pain. Why did I not mark the passing of the penny in time to collect a goodly supply of "brownies"! Occasionally I have met the coin, but so rarely that I realize that, like the Indian whose likeness it bears, the penny is surely vanishing—bronze man, bronze coin, going their way to sad oblivion.

One comfort remains, the penny has a place in literature never to be usurped by the almighty and uninteresting dollar. But even in print the penny belongs to an older and more provident age. "A penny for your thought" would not be considered a fair exchange to-day, nor does the penny rank with the pater noster as a means of modern salvation. Even bad pence are no longer common as perjuries.

Where are the famous writers who began as penny-a-liners, and where are the descendants of our good forefathers who believed with Fielding that "a penny saved is a penny got"? The eternal want of pence still vexes men, but if there are no pennies we surely cannot take care of them and of the subsequently accruing dollars. In this age of big enterprise even impractical Hepzibah Pincheon would not have hoped to eke out a living by keeping a cent-shop.

But why should the penny pass? The Sunday-schools have never discounted its value and Peter's pence are time-honored. To childhood the penny has always spelled wealth. Who so rich as the child with his first cent, and who so poor as the little one who has lost his penny?

Must we lose Shakespeare's "penny of observation" and see things only in the mass? In this devouring age must every little thing pass—the small nation, the small business, even the small coin? And if we are forced to deal only with magnitudes, what will become of the small pleasures, the small economies, and the dear commonplaces that are represented by a pennyworth of life?

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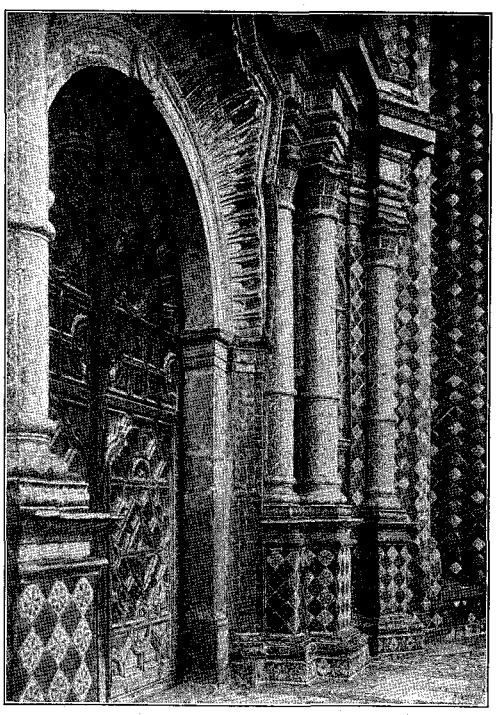
THE FIELD OF ART

THE DECORATIVE ARTS IN MEXICO

LONG before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards the Aztecs had reached a high degree of proficiency in many of the arts, both useful and decorative, and with the arrival of the Europeans the native craftsmen were quick to adopt the industrial methods which the followers of Cortez introduced into the Western world. The Spanish historian Fray Geronimo de Mendieta, who wrote in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, referring to the natural abilities of the Mexicans, tells us that "after they became Christians and saw our images from Flanders and Italy, there is no altar ornament or image, however beautiful it may be, that they will not reproduce and imitate. . . . And finally this may be understood as a general rule that nearly all the beautiful and curious works of every class of trades and arts that are now (1596) being carried forward in the Indies (at least in New Spain, or Mexico) are being done and finished by the Indians, because the Spanish masters of all these trades, wonderful to state, do nothing more than charge the Indians with the work, telling them how they wish it done, and the Indians proceed to do it in so perfect a manner that it could not be bettered."



Detail of the façade of the church of San Francisco Acatepec, near Cholula.

Showing tile-work and carved-wood doors.

The manufacture of glassware was one of the earliest industries in Mexico after the arrival of the Conquistadors. Numerous writers bear testimony to the excellence of the glass which was being produced there at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Thomas Gage, in 1648, referred to a glass house in Puebla, while Vetancurt, in 1698, stated that glassware made there was like that of Venice. Juan Villa Sanchez, who published a treatise on Puebla in 1746, informs us that at that time glassware formed part of the commerce of that city, which was not equalled in any other part of the kingdom. If it did not compete with that of Venice it was at least of equal excellence to that of France, and was made in pieces of exquisite workmanship. Much of the old glassware has survived, but it is difficult to distinguish the imported ware from that which was made in Mexico under Spanish supervision. Examples which have been identified are embellished with cut, gilded, and painted patterns, and show the influence of the Spanish factory of San Ildefonso.

In the manufacture of textiles they also excelled, especially in the weaving of serapes or blankets, some of which, in design and fineness of texture, have not been surpassed.

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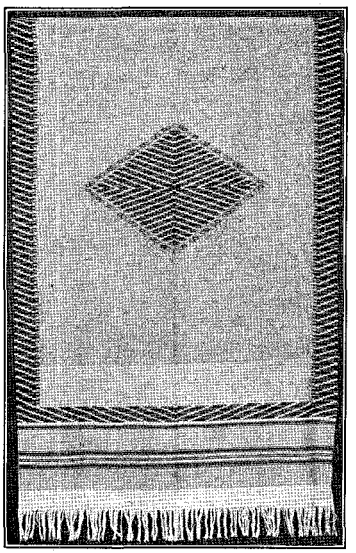
Saltillo was one of the principal centres of this industry, and surviving examples, produced a century or so ago, rival in quality and design the woollen fabrics of Incarial Peru or Coptic Egypt.

The native Mexicans have been skilful workers in clay from immemorial time, but they knew nothing of the art of glazing with metallic compounds until the secret was imparted to them by their Spanish preceptors. The master potters and tile-makers who came from Talavera and Seville to New Spain early in the seventeenth century, or before, brought with them a knowledge of the ceramic processes practised in Europe, which at that time included the use of tin and lead to cover the porous and absorbent ware, an art which had been introduced into Spain by the Moors. Puebla de los Angeles, to the southwest of the City of Mexico, became the centre for the making of maiolica, and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries furnished the tiles which were so extensively used to embellish the exteriors and interiors of the churches, convents, and other structures which were erected in different parts of the country. The fabrication of these wares soon became the most important productive activity in New Spain, and in 1653 a potters' guild was organized in Puebla for the regulation of the manufacture and sale of pottery and the guidance of the members of the craft. During this golden age of the ceramic art, between about 1650 and 1750, the maiolica of Spain and the porcelain of China, which latter was imported into Mexico at that period in great abundance, appear to have been the sources from which the Mexicans derived their inspiration. The influence of the Far East is recognized in the forms of vessels, while that of the Iberian Peninsula reveals itself in the ornamentation. At first the decorations were in dark blue, but polychrome painting was introduced at a later date, and marked the beginning of the decadence of the art.



Hand-woven woollen serape. Early nineteenth century.
From Saltillo, Mexico.

The maiolica of Mexico never approached the stanniferous faience of Spain or Italy in refinement of potting or painting, but possesses a quality of manly vigor peculiar to itself. Not only was it used for mural embellishment in the Mudéjar, Churrigueresque, and Renaissance edifices, but it supplied the churches, convents, and hospitals with lavers and receptacles of every sort, and was made into albarelli, bowls, jars, flower-vases, and almost every variety of articles for domestic use.

Spain from an early period has been noted for her ironwork, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century had reached the zenith of her fame in the perfection of those magnificent wrought-iron rejas, or screens, which give distinction to her Renaissance cathedrals and churches. The Mexican iron-workers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries followed closely in the footsteps of their Spanish teachers in the creation of beautiful grill-work and gates for the churches, cathedrals, and cloisters. Not only did they produce wrought iron of architectural importance, but they turned their attention to the ornamentation of lesser objects for domestic purposes, such as locks, hinges, and other hardware fittings and embellishments, by piercing, chasing, and engraving them with simple, and occasionally intricate, designs which retain much of the barbaric extravagance which characterized pre-Columbian Aztec art, while reflecting the methods of Spanish teaching. Every object, however insignificant, was considered worthy of decorative treatment, even to the iron clasps of the homely goatskin hampers and the covers of the maiolica meal-jars. An animal cut in the bow of a key or the end of a chest corner, surrounded by fretwork, re-

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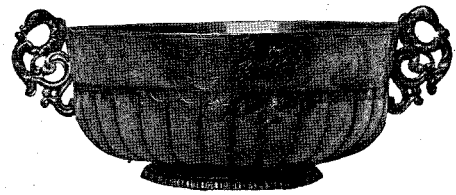
veals the artistic instinct which is still inherent in the humblest Mexican artisan.

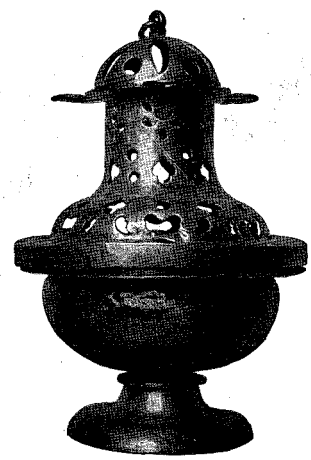
The wrought iron in the choir-screens of the churches, particularly those of Santa Rosa and Santa Clara, at Querétaro, of the latter half of the eighteenth century, are masterpieces of their kind. The grill-work is simple and effective, occasionally enriched with gilded arabesques. Two beautiful wrought-iron chapel screens in the church of Santa Angel de Analco, at Puebla, which was founded about 1532, are marvels of figure decoration combined with scrollwork and inscriptions.



Hand-wrought silver bowl. Eighteenth century.
From Oaxaca, Mexico.

Lacquered and painted *bandeja*. Mexican, seventeenth century.
From an old convent.

The Mexican silversmiths inherited their art from their Aztec progenitors, who were proficient in the craft before the Conquest. While they still employ the same primitive methods, their work, since the early part of the sixteenth century, reveals the influence of Spain. The silver bowl which is here shown was made by a native craftsman in Oaxaca in the eighteenth century. The form is Spanish, as are the conventional serpentine handles, while the etched ornament in floral motives and primitive representations of animals and birds combines the European and Indian ideas. The censer which was unearthed in the Valley of Mexico came from an old convent and is possibly of Spanish workmanship. In many of the old churches are yet to be found much silver work of similar character, while the native silversmiths in the larger cities are to this day noted for their beautiful work, second only to that of Peru.



Silver censer. Seventeenth century.
From an old Mexican convent.

The best art of the Mexicans is found in the churches where the works of the foremost painters, sculptors, wood-carvers, metal-workers, ivory-carvers, weavers, and tilers run riot in the exuberance of the decorations. The choir stalls are marvels of carving, while some of the ceilings, notably those of the church of San Francisco Acatepec, not far from Cholula, present a bewildering labyrinth of foliated design in gilded and colored reliefs, through which a host of angels and cherubs look out upon the worshippers below.

The walnut choir stalls of the church of San Augustin, in the City of Mexico, are superb examples of wood-carving in high relief, perhaps not equalled by any similar work in Europe. Originally there were two hundred and fifty-four exquisitely carved panels, but between the time of their removal from the church and their somewhat recent erection in the National Preparatory School in the capital the number decreased to one hundred and thirty-five. These panels formed the backs and seats of the stalls, and were probably executed when the church was built, toward the end of

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the seventeenth century. The subjects are varied, among them being figure scenes in the life of Saint Augustine and representations of the Garden of Eden. Many other structures bear testimony to the high degree of excellence which the wood-carvers had reached before the middle of the eighteenth century, notably the cathedral of Puebla, whose choir stalls are elaborately carved and inlaid with ivory, the work of Pedro Muñoz, finished by him about the year 1722.

While the native artisans of Mexico since the early part of the sixteenth century have adopted the arts of Europe as taught by the Spaniards, they have also perpetuated some of their own distinctive industries which were not practised in Spain. Among these are featherwork and painting on lacquer. The gorgeous featherwork, for which the Mexicans have been noted since the time of Montezuma, has received the encomiums of numerous chroniclers, and it is not necessary to consider it here. The historian Prescott, quoting from the early Spanish writers, mentions that the Mexicans made cups and vases of a lacquered or painted wood, impervious to water and brilliantly decorated. A superb *bandeja*, or circular tray, three feet in diameter, cut from a single section of a cypress-tree, such as those giants of the forest which are still standing in the park of Chapultepec, in a suburb of the City of Mexico, is exhibited in the Pennsylvania Museum in Philadelphia. It has been hollowed out in the centre to a depth of four inches and is covered with a black copal lacquer, over which has been painted an intricate floriated design in various shades of red and greenish brown, profusely heightened with gold interspersed with figures of animals and birds in white.

When the first white settlers arrived at Jamestown, Virginia, early in the seventeenth century, Mexico under Spanish domination had already made great progress in literature, painting, and architecture, and had become independent of Europe in the decorative and useful arts. But during the past century her once flourishing industries and architectural monuments have fallen into decay, and what remains of them today only serves to remind us of her former greatness.

EDWIN ATLEE BARBER.

Maiolica jar and drug vases.
From Puebla, Mexico, 1700–1750.

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THE ECONOMIC BURDEN

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

The Year 1917 in Retrospect

RETROSPECT of the year 1917, memorable in the history of the war and the history of the human race, will always separate that twelvemonth into three periods. The momentous political events of spring and early summer, comprising the Russian revolution, the entry of the United States into war, and the breaking of relations with Germany by most of the neutral outside world, made up the first. The military events of summer and early autumn, with their extraordinarily varied story of the Russian army's disintegration, the Allied successes on the western front, the reverses of the Italian army, and the virtual defeat of the German submarine campaign, came next.

But the year closed, as it was bound to do in default of a decisive victory, with the economic developments of the day, and the consequences which attended them, taking the foremost place in public interest. What those consequences were, the lapse of Russia into anarchy, with a usurping Socialist government treating separately with the enemy, has shown the most strikingly; yet they have also been indicated by the increasing demand, by no means least urgent in Germany, that the war somehow be ended. The upshot of this reaction of economic conditions upon political conditions remains to be fully disclosed in the progress of events.

How About America?

BUT how about the American position? There are, as I have previously pointed out in these discussions, seven main indicia to the state both of present and prospective trade activity and prosperity in a given country. They are the course of the stock-market, the rise or fall of the export trade, the movement of the foreign exchanges, the position of bank reserves in relation to bank liabilities, increase or decrease in the country's production of iron, the movement of railway earnings, and the amount of money changing hands each day or month, in payments made through checks drawn on the banks of the country whose affairs are under examination. We saw, when studying the movement of American affairs during 1915 and 1916, in what direction these seven weather-signs of finance and industry were pointing.

The stock-market of 1915 and 1916 was advancing persistently, rapidly, and at times very excitedly: notably the shares of companies engaged in manufacture; which indicated that the best-informed business judgment looked for larger profits, increasing industrial activity, and greater prosperity. The country's export trade was rising, both in quantity and values, to a height never before even imagined. During the calendar year 1916, shipments to foreign countries, as compared with the peace-time maximum (that of 1913), had considerably more than doubled.

This meant that our national wealth was increasing by leaps and bounds, as a result of our sales of merchandise to the outside world. Partly because of that achievement, and partly because of the confidence of foreign markets in our financial position and our currency, the foreign exchanges moved with such violence in New York's favor as to surpass any previous similar experience in our own market's history or in that of any other market. To this movement of the exchanges there were certain notable exceptions, even in the earlier years of the war, and to them I shall advert hereafter; but there was no possibility of mistaking the general tendency.

The so-called surplus reserve of the New York banks, representing the excess

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over the legally required percentage against deposits, reached $224,122,000 on September 11, 1915, whereas the highest surplus before the war (though on a somewhat different basis of calculation) was the $111,623,000 of February 3, 1894. No doubt, it was true that a very high surplus bank reserve might mean unemployed credit facilities as well as abundant credit facilities. But the large surplus reserve of 1915 was, nevertheless, a sign of promise for the immediate future, because it showed the power of the money market to finance a great trade revival.

As for the iron output, the increase which got under way in the spring of 1915, when monthly production began to exceed that of the year preceding, went on at such pace that in the autumn of 1915 all previous monthly records had been broken. In January of 1916 the output of American mills was exactly double that of the year before, while in May of 1917 (the high-water mark of the whole movement) they produced more iron by 18,500 tons per day than the best figure of any month before the war.

Finally, it remained to say that in September, 1915, monthly earnings of the country's greatest railway systems—both gross and net—were the largest in their history; that in the autumn of 1916 the earnings and surplus profits of the country's entire transportation system far surpassed all precedent, and that as for exchange of bank checks, all previous monthly records were surpassed in November, 1915, with the total for the calendar year 1916 rising 40 per cent above the largest record of the peace times.

WE know now what the conditions in this country were which these financial barometers thus indicated in the earlier period of the war. Any one who has studied these same barometers during the past few months will have found them telling a somewhat different story. This year's autumn stock-market went through a prolonged and agitating decline, which at its climax actually led to needless but characteristic rumors regarding the possibility of restoring the minimum-price rule or even closing the Stock Exchange. Our export trade of July, August, and September was in each month less than in the same month of 1916, whereas no other month since the war began had failed to show increase over the year before. The attention of the foreign-exchange market had for many weeks been concentrated on an exceedingly rapid movement of rates on neutral European markets—such as Holland, Spain, and the Scandinavian countries—against New York.

The Past Autumn's Market

In September of the present year, surplus reserves of the New York banks fell to $12,307,000; very much the lowest figure since the new banking system was established, and comparing with $95,300,000 in the same week of 1916. The country's monthly iron production decreased slowly but progressively in August and September; the September and October output being actually less than that of the same months in the preceding year—something which could have been said of only three other months since the spring of 1915. Gross earnings of the railways still reached new high levels; but net results, because of the mounting cost of operation, began here and there to show formidable decrease. The one exception to this seemingly general indication of a reactive tendency was in the total exchange of checks drawn on American banks, which last October reached their highest monthly figure.

Now there can be no reasonable doubt that, except for the one last named, these indications of the financial and industrial barometer point to a change in the general situation, as compared with 1915 and 1916. How much of a change there is or will be, and what must be assigned as its character and causes, are questions which require more than usual careful examination of the facts.

I HAVE shown in previous articles the reason for believing that in April, 1917, the country was financially and economically prepared for war. Subsequent events have abundantly shown that it was thus prepared. We found in the wartime financial experience of such belligerents as Canada and Japan—isolated like ourselves from the immediate area of warfare—that

Effects Due to Our Own Entry Into the War

(Continued on page 48, *following*)

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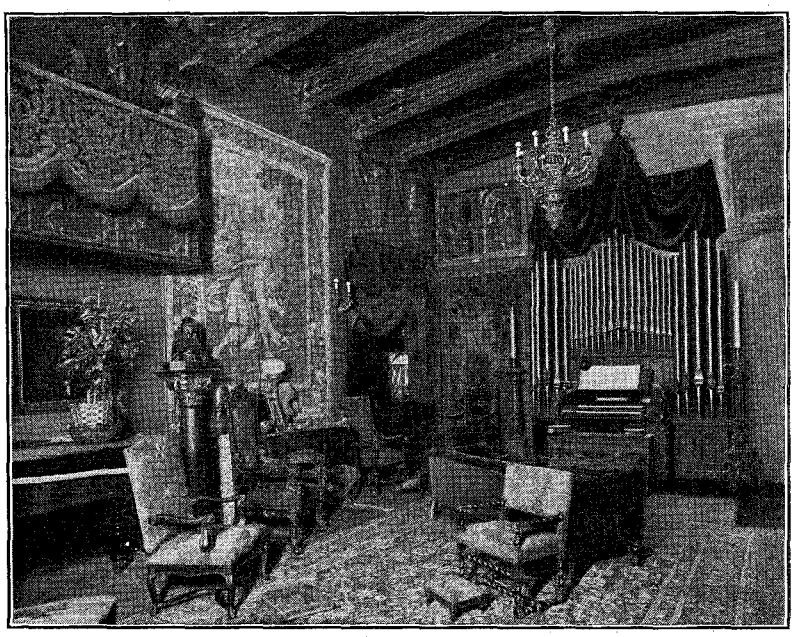

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prosperity could continue in such a country even when actively engaged in the European conflict. This was the view of Wall Street itself regarding the American position, and that view continued to be held even after our own participation in the war had begun.

If there has been any change in this point of view during the subsequent months—and it may be plausibly argued that the Stock Exchange at any rate has appeared to reflect a change—that change would be attributed by observant financiers, first to the unexpectedly rapid expansion of our own military and financial programme, and second to the inference, from recent military events in Europe, that the war would have to last much longer than was generally anticipated when we entered it. Taking the evidence of the stock-market alone, it will be observed that the first real heavy break in prices, that of October, occurred at the time when the full programme of war taxation and war loans had been agreed upon by Congress, and that the second decline of the same sort followed immediately

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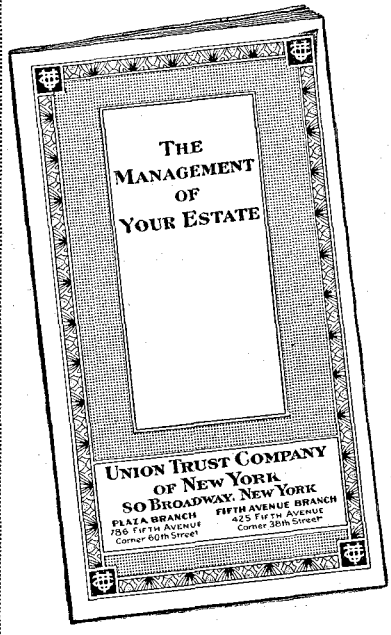

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on the defeat of the Italian army, the invasion of Italy by the Teutonic armies, and the overthrow of Kerensky's government by the Russian Bolsheviki.

Sudden Development of Government Financial Plans

LET it be observed that our government's finance plans developed with so great suddenness and rapidity as to make it extremely difficult for individuals or business concerns to adjust their own affairs to the prospective requisitions. It will not have been forgotten that in April the Treasury itself estimated $3,502,558,629 as our war expenditure during the first twelvemonth, and that Congress began to construct its tax plans on the presumption of raising about $1,800,000,000 in that way. For loans to our Allies, $3,000,000,000 was then authorized, leaving about $4,700,000,000 to be raised through other means than taxation.

In October, on the other hand, the final official summary of congressional appropriations and revenue schedules indicated that about $14,900,000,000 would be spent for our own purposes in the fiscal year ending next June, and that $7,000,000,000 would have been loaned in that period to the Allies; that something approaching $4,000,000,000 would be raised from taxation, the rest of the estimated total requirements of $21,930,730,940 to come from government loans. This enormous increase in estimates on both forms of requisition could not wholly fail to upset financial calculations, especially when the doubling of the estimate both on tax revenue and on loan issues for the year was done with such bewildering suddenness.

The episode adds great force to the demand, long made by economists and practical financiers, for adoption of a proper "budget system" by our government, whereby the probable public outlay of a fiscal year and the kind of taxes requisite to meet it may be worked out intelligently at the start and the present slovenly and procrastinating system be abandoned. Even the above-stated final estimate of October was certainly too large, because it included enormous sums which represented only "contract authorizations," only part of which could in any case be carried out in a single twelvemonth. In November Secretary McAdoo publicly stated that the $21,930,730,940 estimate was between three and four thousand million dollars in excess

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50,000	6 years	Nov. 22, 1923	500— 1000
50,000	7 years	Nov. 22, 1924	500— 1000
50,000	8 years	Nov. 22, 1925	500— 1000
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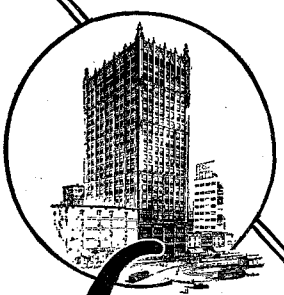

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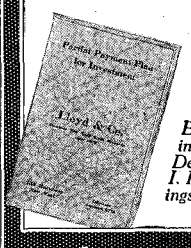

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of what would be spent. But the statement was made after the stock-market had gone through its period of heavy liquidation, and, furthermore, even this revision, made some weeks after the great oversubscription to the second war loan, figured out that $10,000,000,000 more would have to be raised through loans before next July.

How Italy and Russia Have Changed Forecasts

THESE great changes from original expectations and calculations regarding the actual war burden were one explanation of the decline on the autumn stock-market. It will also be remembered that, in the early stages of our own participation in the war, financial opinion had leaned strongly, and for very good reasons, to belief in peace negotiations by Germany before the end of 1917. This expectation was based on the known economic and political conditions in Germany and on the military situation on the western front. It did not take account, and in the nature of things it could not have done so, of what has subsequently happened in the internal politics of Russia and in the Italian military campaign. From the financial point of view, these events put at least a very different color on the prospect that Germany would offer a possible or acceptable peace, and to that extent they foreshadow longer continuance of the war. Naturally, the magnitude of the financial burden and its effects on other branches of finance and industry would be prospectively greater for that reason.

But as to what those effects are likely to be, that is something which calls for close study of the various financial and industrial indices to which I have already called attention. The case of the stock-market I have summed up already. It is even now a matter of some economic dispute how far the decline in stocks and bonds should be ascribed primarily to the causes above set forth and how far to something like automatic adjustment of investment values generally to a 4-per-cent market for United States Government bonds. What will be asked, however, by the business man familiar with the Stock Exchange as a prophet of coming prosperity or adversity, is whether the past autumn's severe decline does not mean financial reaction and hard times. To answer this question fairly, we must look closer into the other indications of reaction to which I have referred. Such

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examination will at least show that the influences at work are so peculiar and unusual as to make difficult the drawing of all the traditional deductions.

Why Exports Decreased

FOR example, the iron trade is well aware that its recent decrease in production did not in any way result from slackening demand. Production continued far below the actual combined requirements of governments and private consumers; but the mills, working under unprecedented pressure, had temporarily overstrained their own capacity, both in the matter of machinery and of quickly available raw material, and new foundries could not be built fast enough. In the case of railway earnings, the increase of operating expenses at a more rapid rate than increase in gross receipts was merely a side-light on conditions in markets for commodities and labor. The natural sequel was the appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission, in November, for an advance in rates.

These two movements were connected with the economic strain, and to that extent had a bearing on the world-wide situation. But the other weather-signs were more peculiar to ourselves. During former years, when export trade declined it was because the outside world was reducing its purchases or because some other exporting state was competing more closely. So far is this from being the case at the present time, that the urgent problem in foreign trade is not to find a foreign market for our goods, but to find home productive facilities in all lines of trade large enough to meet both home and foreign demand and to find shipping facilities sufficient to carry the merchandise to the outside world. The decrease of $150,400,000 in our export trade for the three months, July, August, and September, as compared with the same period in 1916, resulted unquestionably from this lack of sufficient ships; that lack being caused not wholly by the submarine campaign, but partly also because of the new requirements for sending to Europe our own troops and the supplies to feed them.

As against the total $150,400,000 decrease of those three months, the decrease in our exports to England, France, and European Russia was $177,200,000. In other words, the decrease came in trade with the very countries whose demand on our foodstuffs and munitions was virtually

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unlimited, but whose shipping facilities were able to transport from America to Europe a much smaller aggregate than in 1916. Allowing for the decrease to those three countries, our exports in the period to the rest of the world, taken as a whole, actually increased $26,800,000 over 1916.

In former years, when foreign-exchange rates moved against New York, it was either because the true balance of trade had turned against us, or because foreign capital invested here was being withdrawn, or because our own foreign indebtedness was becoming unduly heavy. Adverse exchange rates accompanied exactly those conditions in 1907, when our monthly imports repeatedly exceeded exports; in 1908, when Europe was recalling its large American loans of the three preceding years, and in 1910, when our own financial obligations to Europe were again becoming burdensome. But it will appear at a glance that none of these three causes can have operated in the exchange market of this past autumn.

Explanation of Exchange against This Country

WHAT, then, could be the meaning of a movement of exchange against this country, on every neutral European market, so violent as seemingly to match the depreciation of 1915, in exchange of the belligerent European markets at New York? When that earlier movement occurred, it was accepted as a sign of undoubted economic weakness in those European markets. It was explained partly by the heavy excess of merchandise imports into those countries over their exports, and partly by the depreciation of their currencies. But in the present case our exports, even to neutral Europe, continue largely in excess of imports, and it will hardly be contended that our currency is depreciated when it is redeemed in gold, and when a 60 to 70 per cent gold reserve is still maintained against it.

The explanation of this anomaly is curious and instructive. During the first half of 1917, while exports from the United States to the neutral European markets exceeded our imports from such markets by $162,000,000 (an excess never approximated in peace times), England imported from the same neutrals $137,000,000 more than she sold to them. This "excess of imports" into England from those countries was larger by fully one-third than in the similar half-year period before the war. From that fact, and from the fact that England did not send gold to them to meet the adverse balance on merchandise account,

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there necessarily resulted an abnormally heavy movement of exchange rates in those markets against London.

This would not have concerned our own market but for one interesting reason. Through the large advances of credit, made to England by our markets and our government, exchange on London at New York was more or less artificially sustained at a rate not far below normal parity. But there was no such sustaining influence in the neutral European markets; none of them had advanced credits to London. Therefore, at the moment when drafts on London could be sold in New York at a discount of only 2 or 3 per cent from parity, they could be bought, say in Stockholm, at a discount of 25 or 30 per cent, and last autumn the discount grew much larger. This made it possible for a Swedish banker to buy such a "London bill" in his own market at the low price, sell it in Wall Street at the high price, and, if he so desired, transfer the profits of the operation from New York to Stockholm. But the drawing on New York for that purpose would help to force our own rate of Swedish exchange against us, and that is precisely what happened.

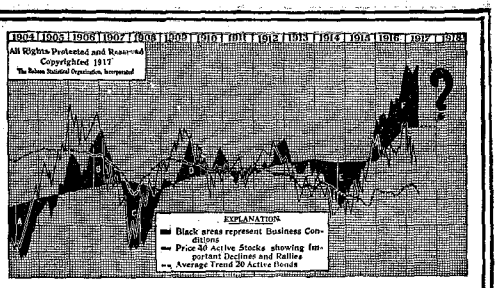
Not only so, but the Swedish banker's agent could afford to bid, for New York exchange on Stockholm, a price as far in excess of normal rates as should be measured, in a general way, by the difference between the depreciation of sterling exchange in Sweden and in America. This operation used to be described, even in years before the war, as the "triangular operation" in exchange. But it has never in the market's history had such scope as at the present time, and it applies in the case of every European neutral market.

Gold Exports Barred

IT was true this year, as always, that if New York had shipped gold in quantity to these neutral markets, the movement of rates, even under the prevalent conditions, would have been kept within much closer limits. But to ship gold across the submarine-infested waters to Holland or Scandinavia was financially out of the question, and in September gold exports from the United States to the European neutrals were virtually barred by the government, because of the possibility that the gold might pass from their hands into Germany's. That being so, the extent of the movement of exchange against us was regulated only by the difference between the depreciation of sterling exchange, on a given day, at New York and on the European neutral market.

If any doubt remained as to the artificial

Financial World, continued on page 56


1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918
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The Babson Statistical Organization, Incorporated
?
EXPLANATION
Black areas represent Business Conditions
Price 40 Active Stocks showing important Declines and Rallies
Average Trend 20 Active Bonds

What's Coming?

Babson's investment bulletin, which will be off the press about January 1, will carefully analyze

"The Outlook for 1918"

It will discuss the extraordinary conditions of the stock and bond market here and abroad.

This bulletin is of vital interest to investors and bankers, to whom it will be sent free.

Write at once to insure getting a copy.
Address Dept. H-13 of

Babson's Statistical Organization

Engineering Building Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Organization of its Character in the World

Standard Oil Dividends
At a Glance

A brief summary of the Standard Oil Subsidiaries from

1912 to 1917 inclusive

showing capitalization, cash and stock dividends, subscription rights, etc. **Now ready for free distribution.**

Ask for Circular S-42

"Partial Payment Plan"

L. R. LATROBE & Co.

Established 1908

111 Broadway New York

HOW the Odd Lot business is conducted. A handbook for investors who buy and sell Odd Lots. Send for Booklet K-17, "Odd Lot Orders."

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SPECIALISTS IN

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Main Office, 61 Broadway, N. Y.

New York, N. Y. **Brooklyn, N. Y.**
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Members N. Y. Stock Exchange

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exceptional Investment:

We offer to conservative investors who are in the habit of making their money earn over 6%, but who insist on the ultimate in safety, a series of investments having the following excellent characteristics:

1. Tangible, physical property as security.
2. A good and constantly increasing margin of value of property over total securities.
3. 6% cumulative interest.

ALSO

4. The right to share in PROFITS which accrue upon the sale of the property.

The PROFITS in similar cases have consistently ranged from 6% to 30% (average per annum) and even considerably higher (these being *in addition* to the guaranteed 6% cumulative interest); the PROFITS, of course, are available only to those who are willing to wait one or two or more years for maximum returns. The investment, therefore, makes its chief appeal to the experienced investor, though many investments as small as $100 are, nevertheless, made in these substantial securities.

Full details in booklet T-208 sent on request.

JAMES D LACEY TIMBER CO.

332 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago

QUICK RECKONING INCOME TAX TABLE

We will be pleased to honor your request for a copy of this new folder. By reference to it you can instantly know the total tax you must pay. Also it shows the exemption value of Municipal Bonds, *free from all Federal Income Taxes*, as compared with investments subject to such taxes.

STACY & BRAUN
Investment Bonds
Second National Bank Building, Toledo
New York Chicago Cincinnati Detroit

7% BONDS ISSUED BY CITIES OF CALIFORNIA

For the Improvement of Streets

Write for Circular S 11 and Prices

OAKLAND STREET IMPROVEMENT BOND CO.
Hall & Jennison, Oakland, California

Financial World, continued from page 55

character of the recent neutral exchange rates at New York, it would have been removed by the fact that, even in the spring of 1916—before the United States had entered the war, at the moment when our exports to neutral Europe were at their absolute maximum, and when our entire international position was strong beyond any question—exchange on Sweden stood nearly 10 per cent against New York. The only possible explanation of the movement was that then, as now, sterling exchange was "pegged" at New York while it was heavily depreciated at Stockholm. In other words, the extremely unfavorable exchange rates against New York in neutral Europe reflected, not a weak commercial or financial position of this country, but our own voluntary financial support of our Allies.

Prompt Action by Federal Reserve Banks

A SIMILAR interpretation may be put on our bank-reserve position. Reserves were high in 1915, both actually and in relation to liabilities, because England was sending us gold in unprecedented quantities. Since we joined the war, we have voluntarily released her from that task. But at the same time our banks have had recourse to the Federal Reserve Bank facilities.

The promptness with which that machinery was able to meet a decreasing reserve of the New York private banks was shown by the fact that one week after the $12,300,000 surplus was reported at New York in September, the figure had risen to $87,000,000, and stood at $113,000,000 in November, in the face of very large liabilities incurred by banks to finance the second war loan. Back of all these other considerations stood the fact that the amount of money drawn in checks on all the country's banks during October was not only 93¼ per cent above the same month a year before, but was nearly 4 per cent greater than the previous highest monthly record; that of December, 1916. In part, this extraordinary showing resulted from the higher cost of doing business; but it none the less reflected a volume of business actually under way, which was probably itself unprecedented.

What, then, is to be the conclusion from this singular way in which the familiar indices of financial prosperity or reaction have been moving in this country? That they mean an imminent trade depression, shrinkage of business—in short, what we usually call hard times—can scarcely be inferred from the analysis to which I have subjected them. They do very logically reflect, however, the extent of the economic burden

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which our country has taken on its shoulders.

How the Burden Is Felt

THE United States is building new ships, turning out war munitions, and constructing railway cars and locomotives for its Allies as well as itself. It is sustaining the international exchange markets of its Allies at the expense of its own. It is lending to its Allies credits which, at the end of our first year of war, will exceed those extended by Great Britain to its Allies during the period from July, 1914, to this date. It is doing this in the face of commodity prices which were left, even after the government's restriction, at the highest level since our own Civil War period and with war taxation, imposed in a single bill, exceeding that to which England's war taxes had been raised in three and a half years of war. Even the "wheatless dinners" and "meatless days" which are urged on our people by the Food Commission are suggested, not by actual lack of supplies available for home consumption, but by the need for strict economy in use of those foods at home if our export of them is to make up Europe's shortage.

The financial part of this undertaking is far beyond that of any other combatant in this war. Our country's capacity for meeting such a burden is greater than that of any other belligerent to-day; possibly it is greater than was that of any belligerent in 1914. The burden is, however, making itself felt, as it was bound to do, and as it will continue to do with increasing intensity, while the war continues, in the country's economic condition; not only by the pressure on financial resources, but by the actual strain on productive facilities. But the whole magnificent effort of our people was cheerfully thrown into the scale to win the war.

A Correction

While referring to results of our second war loan, in the "Financial World" article of the December SCRIBNER'S, it was stated that 10,000,000 separate subscribers may have participated, "against the 7,000,000 of the last British war loan, the previous high record." The figures were not accurate, and the correct facts are herewith stated. As officially stated by the Treasury later on, the $4,617,532,000 actually subscribed to the $3,000,000,000 war loan of October came from 9,400,000 separate subscribers. To England's war loan of last February, $4,943,500,000 was actually subscribed by 5,289,000 separate subscribers. The largest number of separate subscriptions to any German war loan was stated in round figures at 5,000,000.

HARTFORD

YOU cannot provide against misfortunes—except in one way—by insurance. The Two Hartfords offer every sort of protection to your property and your working capacity.

Any agent or broker can sell you a Hartford policy.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.
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INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may consult our Financial Department for information regarding their investments.

We do not prophesy the future of the speculative market or make decisions for our readers, but we do furnish relevant information to assist investors.

Readers will assist the service if they make their inquiries specific and furnish any important information regarding their present holdings.

Inquiries should be addressed to the Investors' Service Bureau,

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue - - - New York

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FINANCING A TWENTY-ONE BILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS

Responding faithfully to President Wilson's appeal and to the needs of a war-torn world, American farmers have produced this year a gross total of $21,000,000,000 worth of farm products.

The great American agricultural industry presents a serious problem in financing. Huge funds must be available for seed, cultivation, harvesting, improvements and new land.

Since 1871 we have financed farmers, negotiating mortgages on productive lands, and have provided investors with these mortgages for the safe and profitable investment of funds.

"INVESTORS' SERVICE TESTED FOR 46 YEARS" describes Maxwell service which has been perfected for you. *Write for this booklet.*

MIC

MAXWELL INVESTMENT COMPANY

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

THE FARM MORTGAGE AS AN INVESTMENT

By KINGMAN NOTT ROBINS

OVER half of the moneys in the savings-banks and trust companies of the State of Vermont are invested in "farm loans"—mortgages on farms in the South and West. The bank commissioner of Vermont states that in the ten years that he has been commissioner there has been only one loss on a farm loan, and in that case it was the title that was wrong through the dishonesty of an agent and not a deficiency in the security.

The life-insurance companies hold over $800,000,000 of farm loans. There is hardly a company of importance that has not a considerable holding of these securities, and one large company puts all its money into them. Thus every policy-holder is to some extent already an investor in farm loans.

There are somewhere in the neighborhood of $4,000,000,000 of farm loans altogether secured by farms in the United States. Evidently the business of financing the farmer is an important one, and his credit is obviously good with the most conservative investors. There is every reason why the farm loan should be a safe investment, for it is the personal obligation of the best type of citizen we have in this country, and is secured by a first lien or charge not only on the borrower's home but on his means of making a living. A farmer will take care of his mortgage ahead of every other debt, because he must. If he fails to do it, the holder of the mortgage gets the farm, at half price or less, and in these days a farm at half price is about the easiest collateral to dispose of that there is.

There is, therefore, no security offered the investor to-day that is based more nearly on bed-rock security that cannot be destroyed or run away or depreciate below the value of the investment.

"There is," as the bank commissioner of Vermont says, "no better investment for our savings than a farm loan, properly placed and properly looked after."

The Farm-Mortgage Banker

"Properly placed and properly looked after"—that phrase sums up the business of the farm-mortgage banker—the individual firm or corporation that makes a business of bringing together the farmer who wants to borrow and the person who wants

(Continued on page 60)

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THOMAS MORTGAGE COMPANY

In the 25 years we have been in business not a dollar has been lost by an investor through the purchase of our investments

SAFETY FOR INVESTED FUNDS

If you could learn how the largest, most conservative, and most experienced investors place their funds, if you could obtain the same grade of investments as they do, and if you could secure the complete service of a firm of bankers who for 25 years have served those investors with success and satisfaction—if you could do this, WOULD YOU?

Write us for the booklet: "Things You Ought to Know."

THOMAS MORTGAGE COMPANY

FARM AND CITY MORTGAGE BANKERS

EMPORIA, KANSAS

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.-DETROIT, MICHIGAN

FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

For twenty-seven years this Bank has been making loans in the Northwest without the loss of a dollar to any investor.

First Mortgages secured by improved and producing farms in

Minnesota, Montana and North Dakota

yielding 5½% and 6% afford the investor absolute safety and a profitable income.

Our booklet on Farm Mortgages and latest circular will be sent on request.

CAPITAL TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Chartered 1890

Capital and Surplus $500,000.00

St. Paul, Minnesota.

FIDELITY FARM MORTGAGES

The Same In War As In Peace

Market fluctuations do not affect farm mortgages. They are an individual investment over which the investor exercises complete personal control. They are always worth 100% and yield a sure and regular income. Most investments are subject to War conditions and losses—but not farm mortgages.

The average investor must depend, for safety of his investment and the highest consistent income, upon the bankers' ability and responsibility. We make farm mortgages to invest our own funds and sell some of them to other Banks, Insurance Companies, and individuals.

A 20-page booklet describing our methods, our facilities, and a record of our results will be sent upon request.

FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE BANK

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $2,000,000

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

6% FIRST MORTGAGES

secured by Omaha residence property or Nebraska farms.

The security in these loans is carefully inspected by competent appraisers and our Title Department stands back of all titles.

We see to the payment of taxes and insurance and make all collections without charge to the investor. Notes are in coupon form and range from $500 to $10,000 in amounts.

Price: Principal, plus accrued interest. Twenty-five years in business without a loss to an investor. Write for list.

E. H. LOUGEE, INC.

KEELINE BUILDING

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

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The First Safety Factor in Forman Farm Mortgages

The strength of Forman farm mortgages lies in the extreme care used in their selection. This care begins with the selection of the loan territory.

Some of the broader principles which guide us in the selection of a loan territory, such as fertility, moisture, etc., are enumerated in a 28 page booklet entitled How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made.

This booklet contains other interesting and helpful information for investors. A copy will be sent upon request.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Founded 1885
FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS
11 South La Salle Street. Chicago.

A·PATRIOTIC PROFITABLE SAFE·INVESTMENT

6% FARM MORTGAGES AND FARM MORTGAGE BONDS

President Wilson, in his proclamation of April 5, 1917, said: "*Upon the farmers of this country, in large measure, rests the fate of the war, and the fate of nations.*"

Individual farm mortgages, and farm mortgage bonds offer these two appeals to investors:

First, Investment of intrinsic merit;
Second, Patriotic employment of funds.

We negotiate small and large loans to help the farmers of the Northwest increase the world's supply of food, and to provide investors with a safe, profitable, patriotic form of investment.

May we be of service to you?

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS — CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $700,000

GOLD-STABECK CO.
INVESTMENT BANKERS
MINNEAPOLIS · · · MINNESOTA

(Continued from page 58)

to invest. These farm-mortgage bankers, some of them, have been in business for thirty, forty, fifty, and even sixty years, without allowing their clients to lose a cent of principal or interest, and there ought not to be any losses if they know their business and manage it properly, for the most that can happen to a farm mortgage is a foreclosure, and if the loan was properly placed there will not be any loss.

The business of farm-mortgage banking, like other businesses, is the product of a gradual growth and development. One of the first houses in the business started with the close of the Civil War, in connection with the financing of the purchase of railway lands in the West. The farmers who bought these lands had not enough money to complete their purchases, and so the business of getting loans for these farmers from Eastern investors grew up. In the '70s the business began to expand and became so popular in the '80s that it was overdone. The condition of overexpansion was aggravated by the presence in the field of many unscrupulous concerns and a lack of standardized methods. Like every other mushroom business, the farm-loan business went on the rocks under the pressure of the hard times of the late '80s and early '90s. The companies which were well managed on proper principles, however, carried their investors through without a loss, and many of them are leaders in the business to-day. It is to be remembered, too, that many of the best railway, corporation, and even municipal securities defaulted in the same period, over one-half of the country's railway mileage being in the hands of receivers.

Standardized and Systematized

Since that time the farm-mortgage banking business has been standardized and systematized until there is no investment banking business to-day on a sounder and surer foundation. The service of the farm-mortgage banker begins with the negotiation of the loan. It is his business to know everything there is to know about land values, farming conditions, market conditions, climate, rural population, and all the other factors that affect land security in his field. Presumably he has not only from ten to forty years' experience with these things, but a mass of classified statistics, field maps, systematically arranged records of land sales and values, etc., that give him a specialist's skill in appraising the security for loans. He, moreover, is not content with having sufficient physical security. He insists, also, on the farmer being thrifty and prompt in meeting his obligations. He

(Continued on page 62)

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Investing to Increase the World's Food Supply

IT IS BOTH safe and profitable to invest in farm mortgages, and it is patriotic as well, for we must finance the farmer whose duty it is to help increase the world's food supply.

WRITE FOR A report on food production in our territory, and for statistics on 6% first mortgage loans which we have made to progressive farmers, and which we offer for investment.

EMPIRE MORTGAGE CO.
CAPITAL 100,000.00
AFFILIATED WITH
CITY NATIONAL BANK
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

TEXAS FARM MORTGAGE LOANS

No investor has experienced a loss in one of our mortgages. We attend to all details and take all responsibility.

We do not place more than 50% on any security. We secure mortgages to net the investor 6%.

THE BONNER LOAN & INVESTMENT CO.
702 Western Indemnity Building
DALLAS, TEXAS

A Convenient Method of Investing in Farm Mortgages

Funds may be accumulated in our Savings Department for the ultimate purpose of investment in a farm mortgage. Such deposits draw 5% interest.

If a depositor eventually invests in one of our 6% farm mortgages his savings account is credited with 6% interest instead of 5%.

Write for details of our plan of saving for investment.

YELLOWSTONE VALLEY BANK AND TRUST CO.-SIDNEY, MONT.
CAPITAL $100,000
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 726. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. LAWRENCE, KANSAS

Farm and City Mortgages

First mortgages on farms and city property are the two classes of investments which we offer the investor. This company's established business has been built up along conservative lines. Our loans are confined to farms and cities in the black waxy land belt of Central Texas.

6% NET ON FARM MORTGAGES
7% NET ON CITY MORTGAGES

These investments are surrounded by all the safeguards that insure the investor of prompt return of interest and principal when due. We have been in this business 20 years.

Write for information and booklet entitled "Safe Investments."

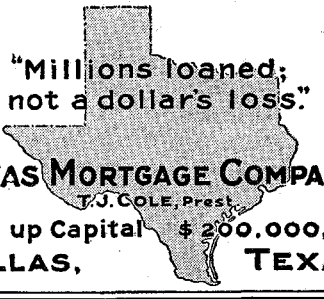
R. O. Cuff & Co.

MORTGAGE LOANS AND INVESTMENTS
TEMPLE, TEXAS

5% SAFELY SECURED FARM MORTGAGES 5½%

One of the strongest points in favor of a farm mortgage investment is the element of safety. Farm mortgages are safe because they are secured by productive, indestructible land.

We negotiate mortgages on farms in one of the most fertile, productive, prosperous regions in the United States,—the "Black Waxy Belt" of Texas. Therefore we offer the highest type of farm mortgage investments.



TEXAS MORTGAGE COMPANY
T. J. COLE, Prest.
Paid up Capital $200,000.00
DALLAS, TEXAS

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THE UNDERLYING SECURITY
in farm mortgages, farm land, is not only stable; it is self-sustaining. It can not be destroyed.
Life Insurance Companies demand
Safety and Income
That is why they are the largest investors in farm mortgages. We offer investors just such first mortgages netting 5% and 5½% secured by farms in Missouri and Kansas.

PIONEER TRUST CO.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $600,000.00
KANSAS CITY, MO.

E J L C
EST. 1883
Fixed and Certain Income
Our First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Gold Bonds, tested for 34 years without the loss of a dollar, yield a fixed and certain income. They never disappoint.
Bonds in $100, $200, $500 and $1000 denominations; mortgages $500 and up.
Send for pamphlet G and current offerings
E. J. LANDER & CO. (A490) Grand Forks
Capital and Surplus $500,000 North Dakota

Choice First Mortgages
on improved
Kansas and Missouri Farms
yielding investors
5%, 5½% and 6%
Sums range from $600 to $15,000
In each case the property mortgaged has been inspected by one of our salaried officers and we know the security behind each loan is worth at least twice the amount borrowed.
Write for complete descriptions
The FARMERS LOAN & TRUST CO.
of Kansas City
KANSAS CITY - - MISSOURI

WE SELL 6% TEXAS FARM MORTGAGES
and guarantee prompt payment of principal and interest. For 32 years we have protected every client. Inquiries solicited.
THE W. C. BELCHER LAND MORTGAGE CO.
Incorporated 1885. Capital & Surplus $350,000
FORT WORTH TEXAS

(Continued from page 60)

wants to loan to a man who will make money out of his loan. For modern farm-mortgage banking is like all good banking—the making of a good bargain for *both* parties. The mortgage of the melodramatic stage has no place in present-day mortgage banking, and the investor in farm mortgages need have no fear that he is *particeps criminis* in "grinding the faces of the poor."

Service for Investors

The service of the farm-mortgage banker does not stop with the making of the loan, the completion of the papers in proper form, and the resale of the completed mortgage to an investor. The farm-mortgage banker figures that the commission he receives from the borrower not only pays for getting the loan from an investor—it must also compensate him for keeping that loan good and satisfactory to the investor as long as it is on the books. For the farm-mortgage banking business makes its money not out of the first commissions but out of the commissions on reinvestments, and unless the investor is satisfied there will not be a reinvestment and hence no profit. If a motive of self-interest is sought for the remarkable record of service to the investor which so many farm-mortgage banking-houses have, it is to be found in the necessity the business is under of keeping its investors satisfied year in and year out.

To give this satisfaction the farm-mortgage banker sees to it that interest and principal reaches the investor promptly, that taxes and insurance premiums are kept paid, that the investor shall, in short, have no bother whatever in connection with the investment. Then, when the loan matures a new loan or a renewal is provided, so that there is no lapse of interest. An investment in a farm mortgage may therefore be either a short-term or a long-term investment, at the investor's pleasure. "He may eat his cake and have it too."

Selecting Your Banker

This service of the farm-mortgage banker is so important, from the standpoint of both safety and convenience, that it may well be considered the equivalent of 1 per cent or 2 per cent additional interest. It would certainly cost the investor more than this amount to provide equal service if he were to make his own loans without the assistance of the banker. So the first thing for the prospective investor in farm loans to do is to form connections with a good farm-mortgage banking-house. If he does not know any such already, he can make inquiry through his bank and the commercial agen-

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cies about the houses he sees advertised in the magazines or which are represented in his own town, or he can write the secretary of the Farm Mortgage Bankers Association of America in the Merchants Loan and Trust Company Building, Chicago, for a list of the firms in the membership of the Association.

Summary of Unique Investment Features

In choosing his banker or bankers, if he wishes to diversify his investment, he should assure himself that the concern has

1. At least ten years' experience, either as a concern or in the person of its management, with farm-mortgage banking, and preferably in the field where the loans are being made.
2. That the men who manage the affairs of the concern are of high personal standing in the community.
3. That the financial condition of the concern is good and the capital sufficient to make good the obligations it assumes.

A personal acquaintance with the concern is desirable, if possible, and it is worth a little time and expense, certainly, to invest advantageously and safely the savings of years of effort. When the investor has chosen his banker, let him select loans from the banker's offerings that do not exceed 40 or 50 per cent of the value of the land, apart from the improvements. There are numerous other qualities of a good loan, but the novice in farm-loan investing can safely leave the matter of choice on these points to the banker.

To sum up, the investor in a farm mortgage bought from an approved farm-mortgage banker gets, among other desirable features in his investment:

1. Security as nearly absolute as is obtainable.
2. A fair fixed rate of income from 5 per cent to 6 per cent.
3. Investment for a comparatively short term—usually five years—giving him the opportunity to rearrange the investment or use the money or reinvest as he chooses, at periodical intervals. This is in accord with the best modern practice in investing. By investing equal parts of his investment fund each year for five years in five-year maturities, the investor will have one-fifth of his loans maturing each year and therefore subject to his readjustment every year. There need be no lapse of interest, if he wants to keep his money invested in the same security, but on the other hand, if he does not, it is possible every year to take advantage of any special opportunity or meet any emergency.
4. An investment entirely free of care.

A DEMONSTRATION OF CONFIDENCE

One of our investors in Galesburg, Illinois, required a temporary loan. He offered his bank one of our $1000 mortgages as collateral and obtained the loan of $1000.

This incident not only shows that a farm mortgage is negotiable and is always worth par, but it also demonstrates an experienced financier's confidence in farm mortgages placed by this company.

Our booklet "Farm Mortgages as Investments," explaining why farm mortgages are safe and profitable, will be sent free upon request.

Write today—learn what an attractive investment the farm mortgage really is.

THE FARM MORTGAGE CO.
TOPEKA KANSAS

5. An investment entirely free of speculative quality. It preserves the principal absolutely intact, returning 100 cents on the dollar every five years.
6. An investment adapted to both the small and the large investor—the nest egg of $500 and the fortune of $1,000,000 or more. The farm-mortgage investment is adapted to the needs of the individual investor, the trustee, the endowed institution, the bank, and the insurance company, in varying proportion to their entire funds as their special circumstances dictate.

A Patriotic Investment

The least that can be said is that no investor can afford to be ignorant of what the farm mortgage is and full information is readily obtainable. It is a particularly appropriate investment at the present time, for two reasons at least:

1. It is based on the industry that is probably least likely to be radically disturbed by the readjustment during and following the war.
2. It is distinctly a patriotic investment at a time when the good American will put all his money where it will count toward the winning of the war, if possible. Next to the soldier and the Liberty Loan come the farmer and the farm-production loan.

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INVESTMENT LITERATURE

Directly from our advertisers or through our Investor's Service Bureau, readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may obtain, without charge, authentic literature pertaining to any investment or financial subject.

Readers may write direct to the following investment bankers at the addresses given, mentioning SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, or they may check the literature desired, sign the coupon below, and mail this page to the Investor's Service Bureau, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Income Tax Literature:
Tax Examples.
The Income Tax Chart Revised.
The Text of the New War Tax Law.
An Analysis of the War Tax Law.
The National City Company, New York City.

Investment Articles:
How to Invest.
Partial Payment Investments.
Bonds and the Investor.
The Farm Mortgage as an Investment.
Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Financial Pamphlets:
The Financing of American Foreign Trade.
The War Tax Law.
Trading with the Enemy.
Guaranty Trust Company, New York City.

The Management of Your Estate: *Union Trust Co., 80 Broadway, New York.*

Foreign Bonds: *Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York.*

The Key to Safe Investment: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit Mich.*

Investors' Service Tested for 46 Years: *Maxwell Investment Co., Kansas City, Mo.*

Acquiring Doherty Securities by Monthly Payments: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*

Blue Book of Investments: *Peabody, Houghteling & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

Things You Ought to Know: *Thomas Mortgage Co., Emporia, Kans.*

Customer Ownership of Public Utility Securities: *H. M. Byllesby & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

Schedule of the New Federal Income Tax: *The Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Northwestern Farm Mortgages: *Capital Trust & Savings Bank, St. Paul, Minn.*

Investing Your Monthly Savings: *Lloyd & Co., 135 Broadway, New York.*

First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Notes: *Mercantile Trust Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Quick Reckoning Income Tax Table: *Stacy & Braun, Toledo, Ohio.*

Farm Mortgages as Investments: *The Farm Mortgage Co., Topeka, Kans.*

January Investment List: *S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Bldg., Chicago.*

Partial Payments for Investment Securities: *Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York.*

Buying Odd Lots of Stocks and Bonds: *Sheldon, Dawson, Lyon & Co., 42 Broadway, New York.*

Farm Mortgages: *Fidelity Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*

Current Conditions in Haytian Sugar Industries: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad St., New York.*

Partial Payment Plan: *John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.*

How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

6% Real Estate Bonds Secured by Real Estate Exchange Building, Detroit: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

Doherty News: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York.*

Thomas First Mortgages Based on Detroit Real Estate: *Thomas Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

"We're Right on the Ground": *E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.*

Kansas Farm Mortgages: *Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kans.*

Safe Investments: *R. O. Culp & Co., Temple, Texas.*

Should Business Men Buy Stocks? *Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

6% Farm Mortgages and Farm Mortgage Bonds: *Gold-Stabeck Co., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Income Tax Questions Answered: *S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Bldg., Chicago.*

Investments in Texas Mortgages: *Bonner Loan & Investment Co., Dallas, Texas.*

Convenience for the Investor: *Yellowstone Valley Bank & Trust Co., Sidney, Mon.*

Sugar Stocks: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad St., New York.*

Par Value of Stocks Listed on the New York Stock Exchange (when par varies from usual $100): *Lloyd & Co., 135 Broadway, New York.*

Odd Lot Investment: *John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.*

First Mortgages on Kansas and Missouri Farms: *Farmers Loan & Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*

6% Investments in Omaha Residence Property and in Nebraska Farms: *E. H. Lougee, Inc., Keeline Bldg., Omaha, Neb.*

Back of the Investment: *H. M. Byllesby & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

Federal Farm Loan Act: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

Lacey Profit-Sharing Bond: *James D. Lacey Timber Co., 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

Invest in Missouri and Kansas Farm Mortgages: *Pioneer Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*

Bonds as Safe as Our Cities: *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Partial Payment Plan: *L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York.*

6% Central Texas Farm Mortgages: *W. C. Belcher Land Mortgage Co., Ft. Worth, Texas.*

Street Improvement Bonds: *Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co., Oakland, Cal.*

Millions Invested in Farm Mortgages: *Empire Mortgage Co., Wichita Falls, Texas.*

Farm Mortgages of the Famous "Black Waxy Belt" of Texas: *Texas Mortgage Co., Dallas, Texas.*

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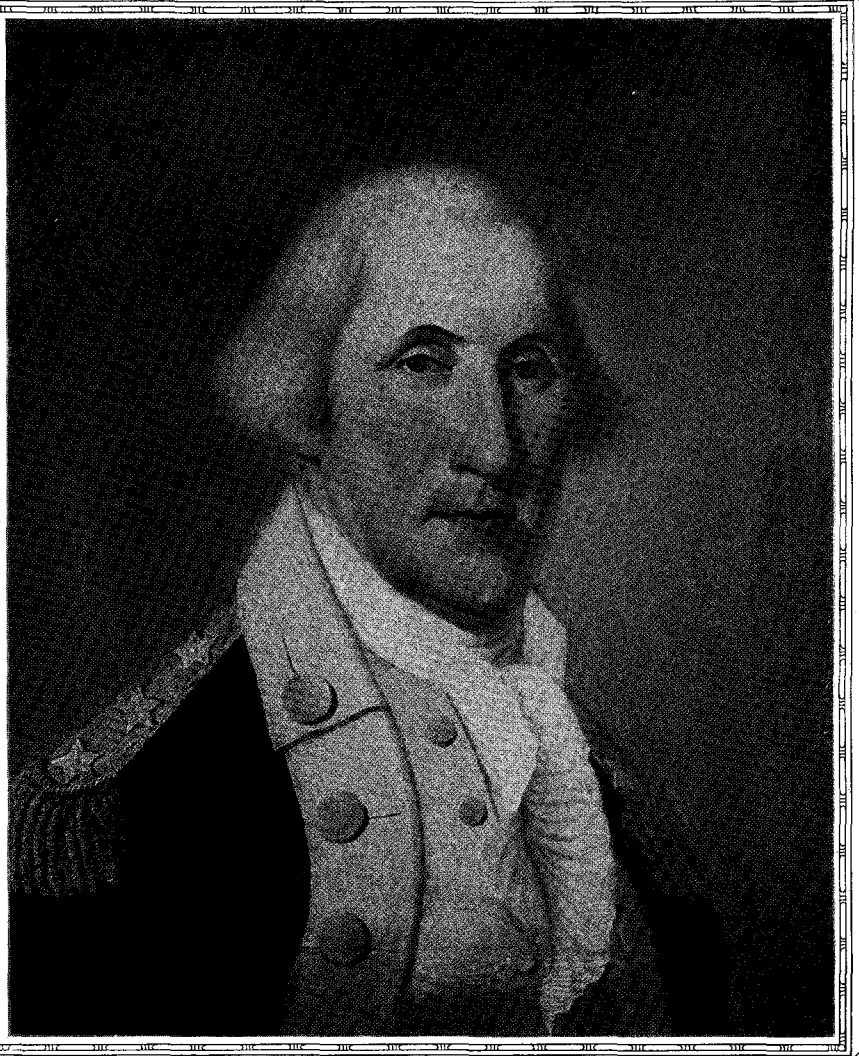

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